

Australian

PENTHOUSE

THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

OCTOBER 1980 \$2.50*



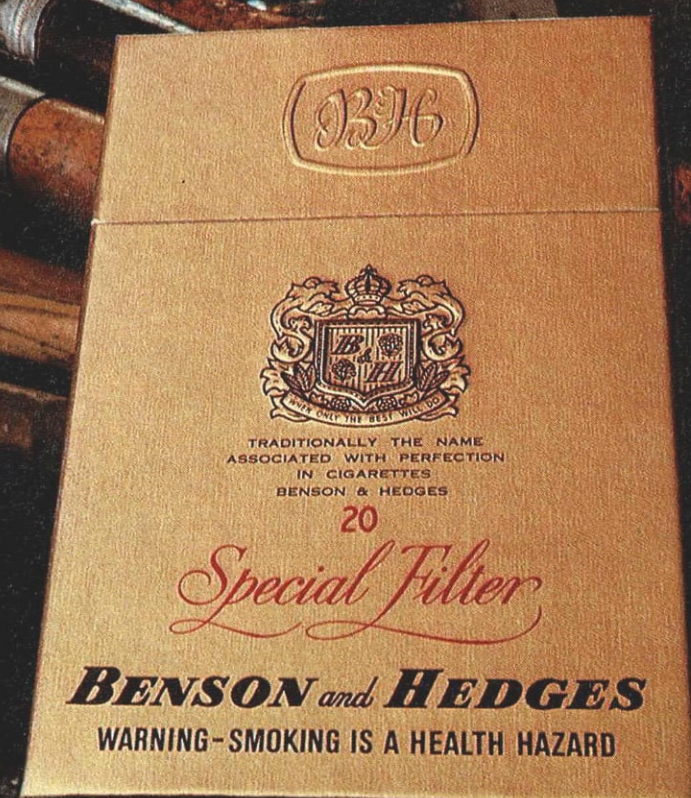
*First
Anniversary
Special Issue*

**FEATURING MENZIES, GORTON, FRASER
...WHICH ONE IS NAKED? PLUS...**



*First
Anniversary
Special Issue*

... AN EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEW WITH **BARRY HUMPHRIES** • WHY AUSTRALIA'S **BEER** IS THE BEST • THE PEOPLE BEHIND THE **NUGAN HAND** BANK COLLAPSE • THE LAST **PETER SELLERS** INTERVIEW • **ALLAN MOFFAT'S** ASSAULT ON LE MANS • PETS ANGIE, AMA AND SAMANTHA • GREAT BUMS OF THE WORLD



A touch of gold.

When only the best will do.

Australian

PENTHOUSE®



The International Magazine for Australian Men/Vol 2 No 1/October 1980

CONTENTS		PAGE
HOUSECALL	Introduction	6
FORUM	Correspondence	10
FEEDBACK	Opinion	21
VIEW FROM THE TOP	Comment	25
REVIEWS		
FILMS	Alex Anthony	28
TV	Neal Akerman	29
SOUNDS	Phil Jarratt/Carol Ashdown	30
WORDS	Edited by John Hampshire	31
THE BAFFLING CASE OF MR NUGAN & MR HAND	Article	Chris Pritchard 34
THE GREAT PRETENDER	Article	Martin Riordan 46
HAPPY BIRTHDAY PENTHOUSE	Satire	Alex O'Hara 51
ANGIE	Pictorial	Photos by Ross Barnett 54
FRASER: SURVIVING THE BROKEN PROMISES	Article	John Gorton 64
MOFFAT, LE MANS AND LE MASSACRE	Article	John Hampshire 70
BEER — THE BREWERS' SECRETS	Article	78
EARTH AND FIRE/AMA	Pictorial	Photos by Paul Abel 85
THE CENSORSHIP BATTLE GOES ON	Advise and Dissent	Mark Day 100
A CHILD OF THE PUSH	Article	Owen Thomson 102
GREAT BUMS OF THE WORLD	Pictorial	Photos by Carroll Holloway 110
STRANGENESS IN PARADISE	Article	Margot Marshall 116
PLAY IT AGAIN/SAMANTHA	Pictorial	Photos by Earl Miller 123
LEAGUE RULES, OKAY	Article	Bill Tuckey 132
BARRY HUMPHRIES	Interview	Rennie Ellis 144
THE LAST PETER SELLERS INTERVIEW	Article	Gordon Elliott 161
YOU AND THE NEW WOMAN	Quiz	166
RVs	Motoring	Ric Williams 170
TANNING WITHOUT TEARS	Service	176
OH, WICKED WANDA	Satire	Frederic Mullaly/Ron Embleton 178
SOUND INVESTMENTS	Sound	Wayne Elmer 186



The Great Pretender



Happy Birthday Penthouse



Pet of the Month



League Rules, Okay

EDITORIAL AND ADVERTISING OFFICES: 99 Elizabeth Street, Sydney, 2000; Box 4084 GPO Sydney, 2001. Telephone 233 7000. Printed by ADM-Paramac, 252-266 Mitchell Road, Alexandria NSW 2015, for the publishers, ADM Franchise Pty. Ltd., 256 Mitchell Road, Alexandria NSW 2015, in association with Penthouse, The International Magazine for Men. © Copyright 1980 ADM Franchise Pty. Ltd. All rights reserved. Portions are reprinted by permission. On request licensee will issue formal copyright assignments of licensed material appearing by permission of licensor. Price in Australia \$2.50. *Recommended and maximum price only. Registered for posting as a publication — Category B. Member of the Audit Bureau of Circulations. Fiction manuscripts are welcome but these must be typewritten, double-spaced, using only one side of the paper, and accompanied by a self-addressed, stamped envelope for return. Names and addresses should also be written on the manuscripts. Australian Penthouse does not accept responsibility for lost manuscripts. Please allow several weeks for return. Address manuscripts to The Editor, Australian Penthouse, Box 4084 GPO Sydney, 2001. All material published remains the property of Penthouse.



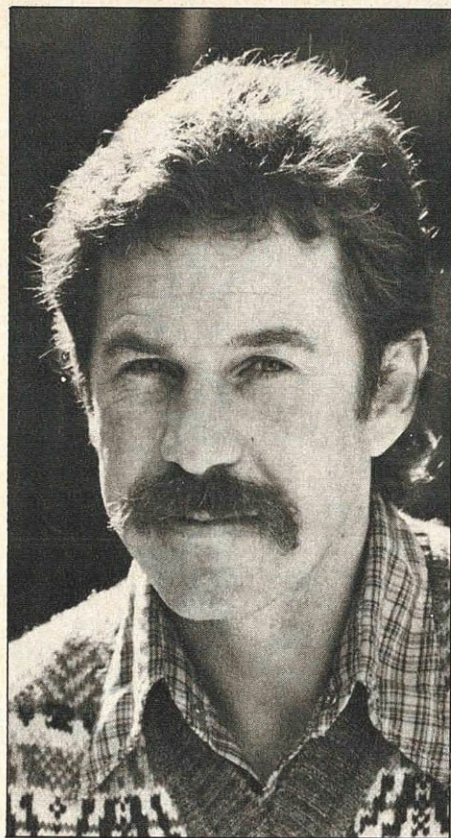
THE FAMOUS GROUSE
COUNTRY OF ORIGIN — SCOTLAND. NOTED FOR
ITS CHARACTER AND DISTINGUISHED APPEARANCE

Famous Scotch

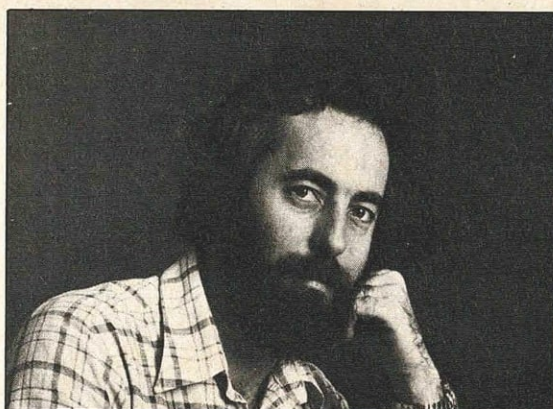
It takes a great scotch whisky to become a leading brand in Scotland.
The Famous Grouse is that great.
Great, because its smoothness impresses the most discerning whisky drinker, on its own or with whatever you like.

The Famous Grouse

Distributed by Elders.



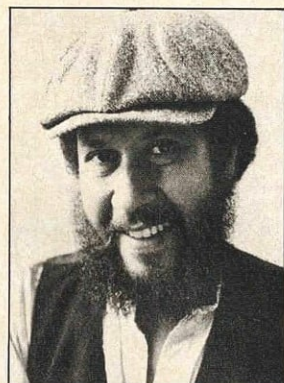
Rennie Ellis



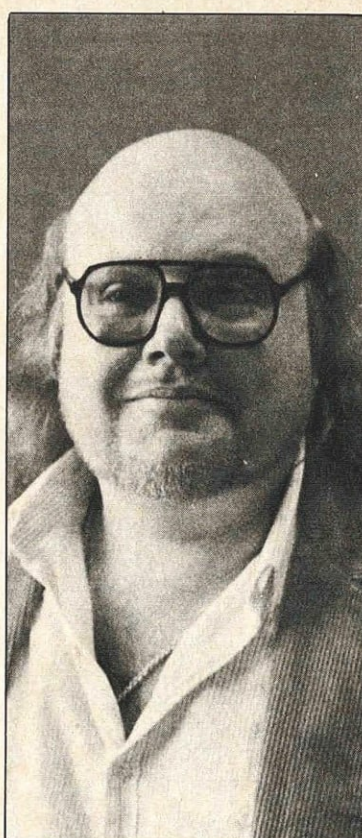
John Hampshire



Danny Burke



Carroll Holloway



Chris Pritchard

HOUSECALL

Happy birthday to us, happy birthday to us . . . Yes folks, it's our birthday but you get the presents — 196 pages of the best of everything. For starters you will have noticed that Menzies, Gorton and Fraser grace our pages on this special occasion. Which one is naked? Well, not Sir John Gorton, whose considerable writing talents appear in *Penthouse* this month for the first time. And not Malcolm Fraser, who is the subject of Sir John's highly personal profile, *Malcolm Fraser: Surviving The Broken Promises*, which begins on page 64. Yes, it's Menzies. Angela Menzies-Wills to be precise, and apart from the fact that she hails from Melbourne, Angie has very little in common with the late statesman. Turn to page 54 and see why we couldn't resist pulling your leg a little.

When Frank Nugan left the mortal state and Mike Hand left the country, they left behind a string of unanswered questions. In fact the rise and fall of the Nugan Hand financial empire is one of the most baffling mysteries in our recent history, incorporating allegations of murder, political intrigue and CIA involvement. *Australian Penthouse* sent writer Chris Pritchard out into the boardroom jungle to find out what sort of men Nugan and Hand really were, and how they managed to build an empire on fast talk and empty promises. His fascinating report begins on page 34. Art is by Danny Burke.

Our interview this month is also something special. Barry Humphries rarely gives them, but his old friend (and our Melbourne correspondent) Rennie Ellis cornered the comedian in a bistro in South Yarra and forced the issue. The results are hilarious and offer a rare insight into the private lives of Dame Edna, Sir Les Patterson, Lance Boyle, Norm, Kenny and many more. Ellis also accompanied Humphries for his morning nose hair trim in order to obtain our exclusive photograph. The fun begins on page 144.

If the name Barry John Faulkner doesn't ring an immediate bell that's probably because its owner has used it sparingly over the past decade. Faulkner is the Great Pretender — a man who lives not one but many lies. In recent years he has posed as an airline pilot, a social worker, an army officer, a doctor and rock

star Mike Nesmith, and most of his capers have landed him behind bars. Staff writer Martin Riordan, who first became fascinated with Faulkner when he covered one of his court cases for Sydney's *Daily Mirror*, has spent months piecing together the story of Australia's most bizarre con man. It begins on page 46.

Elsewhere, (page 70 in fact) Senior Editor John Hampshire tells the story of racing driver Allan Moffat's assault on the 24 Hours of Le Mans, and how Moffat's Australian career hangs in the balance because of the attitude of our motor racing bureaucrats. Hampshire flew to France and shadowed Moffat throughout his stay to get the story, which is a revealing look behind the scenes of big time motor racing.

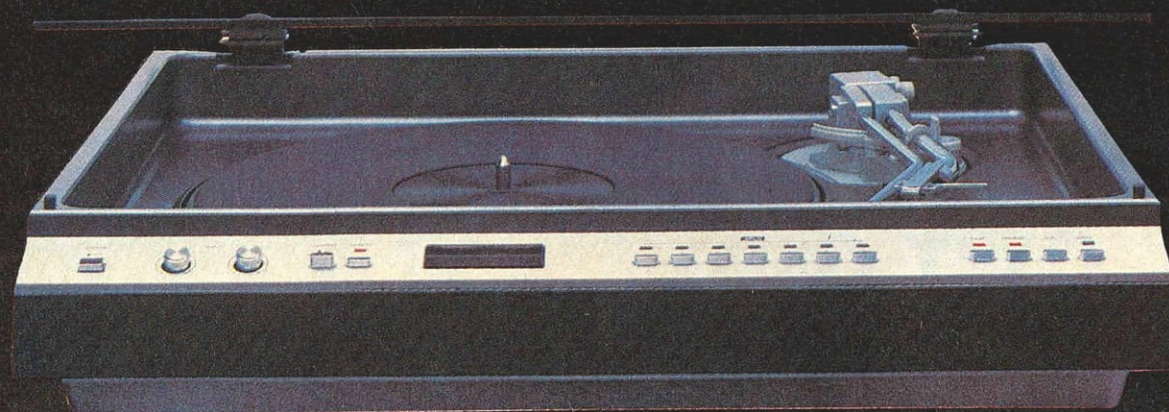
Still in a sporting vein, Bill Tuckey tells the tale of two footballers from different codes in *League Rules*, OK (page 132). He finds that while the games are different the players are basically the same — fuelled on beer and aggro. Then there's Ric Williams' guide to what's available in off-road vehicles (page 170) for those who are into boring up sandhills and attacking country tracks. And for those who are more interested in the gentle sport of elbow bending, we offer six pages of *Brewers' Secrets* (page 78) in which our investigative drinking team probes the making of Australia's best beers and discovers that there is still no such thing as a bad brew.

And there's much, much more: radio man Gordon Elliott (2UW Sydney) contributes *The Last Peter Sellers Interview* (page 161), recorded only a week before the actor's tragic death; Owen Thomson profiles artist Keith Looby, the man who didn't win this year's Archibald Prize; Margot Marshall reports from the New Hebrides on what the bow and arrow rebellion was really all about; cartoonist Alex O'Hara presents a visual report on our birthday party (page 51); and photographer Carroll Holloway presents his selection of Great Bums of the World (page 110).

Last, but — to coin a phrase — by no means least we present Pets Ama Blanchette, photographed in Sydney and on South Molle Island by Paul Abel; Samantha Faye, photographed in the US by Earl Miller; and previously mentioned Angela Menzies-Wills, photographed in Melbourne by Ross Barnett. We feel it's a fitting celebration of our first year of publication, and a great way to start the second. O+

OPTONICA

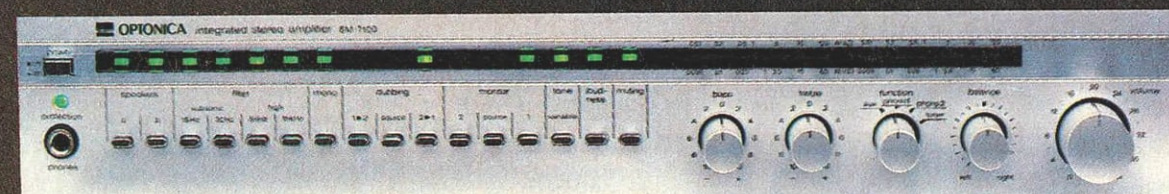
revolutionise Hi Fi with ultra-slim advanced digital technology



SHARP revolutionise Hi-Fi with new ultra-slim OPTONICA. Performance is smoother, components are slimmer.



Micro-computer for smoother performance and sophisticated operation. The sweet sounds of success are now slimmer, sleeker, smoother.



Greater sound from brilliant compact Optonica's Toroidal power transformer within these new slim amplifiers.



Advanced digital technology brings this major innovative breakthrough — and Sharp leads the way.

Think Slim, Think Sharp, Think Optonica

OPTONICA by SHARP

For technical specifications, brochures and your nearest Optonica retailer, please write to: Sharp Corporation of Australia, 64 Seville Street, Fairfield, N.S.W. Phone 02 728-9111

SHA 82D

IF DANDRUFF PERSISTS SEE YOUR SELSUN.



Unlike most dandruff treatments which contain zinc based remedies, Selsun is made from Selenium Sulphide. It's this ingredient that makes Selsun, with regular use, so effective in treating even the worst cases of dandruff.

If you have dandruff, treat it with Selsun twice weekly to begin with, then as often as necessary.

GIVE DANDRUFF THE SELSUN TREATMENT.

Australian PENTHOUSE THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

Published by
ADM FRANCHISE PTY. LTD.
Executive Director: Peter McWilliam

MARK DAY
Editor-in-Chief and Publisher

EDITORIAL

Editor: Phil Jarratt; Senior Editors: Carol Ashdown, John Hampshire, Owen Thomson; Art Director: John Byrne; Creative Designer: Bruce Morgan; Writer: Martin Riordan; Editorial Assistant: Verlie Nagel; Editorial Rights and Traffic Manager: Kay Klima; Photographic Consultant: Walter Glover.

ADVERTISING

National Representatives: Gower and Partners; Account Director: Robert Gower; Account Managers: Steve Bocksette, Ros Richards; Advertising Traffic Manager: Maree Robinson; Victorian Representative: Scrid Representations; SA Representative: Hastwell Media; Queensland Representative: Media Services.

ADMINISTRATION

Managing Director: Bruce McWilliam; Financial Services: Jacqueline Aldridge; Promotions: Rodi Wells; Office Communications Co-ordinator: Michelle Collings.

PRODUCTION

Production Manager: Ralf Lassen; Production Assistant: Lynette Harlen.

EDITORIAL AND ADVERTISING OFFICES
99 Elizabeth Street, Sydney, 2000; Box 4084 GPO
Sydney 2001. Telephone 233 7000.

DISTRIBUTORS

Gordon and Gotch (A'asia) Ltd.

PENTHOUSE INTERNATIONAL LTD.
(US edition)

Bob Guccione (Chairman and President)
Irwin E. Billman (Executive Vice-president)
Kathy Keeton (Senior Vice-president)
Anthony J. Guccione (Secretary-Treasurer)
Marianne Howatson (Senior Vice-president)

EDITORIAL

Editor in Chief: Bob Guccione; Editorial Director: James Goode; Managing Editor: Heidi Handman; Foreign Editions Manager: Suzanne Locatelli; VP/Art Director: Joe Brooks; Associate Art Director: Claire Victor

ADMINISTRATIVE

Associate Publisher, Kathy Keeton; Vice-president/Advertising Director, Marianne Howatson; Public Relations Director, Rich Jachetti; VP/Administrative Services, Jeri Winston; VP/Production Director, John Evans; VP/General Counsel, Joseph Kraft; VP/Circulation Marketing and Promotion, Bob Guccione, Jr.

EDITORIAL OFFICES

New York: 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Tel. (212) 593-3301. Telex no. 237128.
West Coast: 8732 Sunset Boulevard, Los Angeles, California 90069. Tel. (213) 652-8070.
London: 2 Bramber Road, West Kensington, London W14 9PB England. Tel 01-385-6181.

BUREAUS:

Washington, D.C.: William R. Corson, 1707 H Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. Berlin: Hans-Hohn, Enzianstrasse 1, Berlin 45. Rio de Janeiro: Andre Fodor, 98 Rua Mexico, 15th floor, Rio de Janeiro ZC39, Brazil. Budapest: Paul Kirlyhedgyi, 5 Regi posta utca, Budapest 5, Hungary. Zagreb: Cedimir Komljenovic, Strebriak 96, Zagreb, Yugoslavia.

OCTOBER

Somewhere on this 3 hour cassette a brilliant goal was scored.



Find it in seconds with Sony 'Picture Search'.

Sony Betamax C7 solves one of home video's more frustrating problems with 'Picture Search'. Now it's simple to locate programme material in the playback mode. Picture Search plays in forward or reverse at 11 times normal speed with all the action on the screen. That means 3 hours of recorded programme can be reviewed in just 16 minutes. Now you can find that last minute goal without playing extra time. But then, Picture Search is just part of the magic Betamax C7. **A choice of viewing speeds.** From 3 x normal speed to single frame advance, or variable slow

motion, that's the viewing versatility of Betamax C7. Sony's superior U-loading system ensures optimum quality in every mode. **14 day, 4 programme timer.** Pre-set recording times for up to four different programmes on the same or different channels up to two weeks in advance. Betamax C7 also features a cordless infra-

red remote control unit which puts all major functions including 'Picture Search' in the palm of your hand. **Sony leads in home video.** 1 million Betamax recorders and 20 million tapes have already been sold. With Sony Betamax C7, you enjoy all the benefits of Sony research and leadership.

Sony Betamax C7



There are two different Betamax units available, the C7E and the C7EC. For areas which require channels 3/4/5/6A, please specify C7EC. Your television should also have a UHF tuner.

PENTHOUSE FORUM

In which editors and readers discuss topics arising out of *Penthouse* — its contents, its aspirations and its areas of interest. Letters should carry name and address (in capitals), but these will be withheld by the Editor on request. Letters become the property of *Penthouse*. Send to Penthouse Forum, Box 4084 GPO Sydney, NSW 2001. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

Very classy

I had what I thought was an unusual academic experience recently and thought you might want to know about it. I attend the New South Wales Institute of Technology part-time, where I do business studies.

In the past I have heard tales of male lecturers eliciting favors from female students in return for a guaranteed pass in their subject, but until a couple of weeks ago I had never heard of female lecturers doing the same thing.

I was doing badly in my Business Communication subject, mostly because I could never concentrate when in the same room with the lecturer, who was about the most gorgeous blonde I have ever seen.

She has long, shining blonde hair, bright sparkling blue eyes, full poutingly sensuous red lips, a gorgeously cute face and creamy smooth lightly tanned skin. To top it all off she has a fantastic slim body and long supple legs and smallish, but wonderfully firm breasts with large inviting nipples.

All during classes I could do nothing but dream of what it would be like to have those beautiful legs wrapped around me as I sucked and caressed those soft, taut breasts which seemed to poke through the sheer fabric of her dress.

A couple of times she caught me staring at her but didn't say anything until one day she asked me to see her in her office after lectures. Despite what I thought of her, my behavior and bad grades convinced me she was going to fail me in that subject.

When I got to her office she told me to sit down on the small lounge next to her desk while she sat on a chair, with her legs crossed in front of me. I was very nervous. "What do you think of my subject?" she asked me. I told her I liked it. "Which do you like most?" she said, "the subject or me?"

I didn't know what to say. Then she came over and sat next to me on the lounge. "You seem to be preoccupied with something all the time in class," she continued, "perhaps I could help you get rid of this terrible fixation you seem to have." With that she put her hand on my thigh and began to move it upwards. I felt as though hit by an electric shock as I suddenly realised what was happening.

I leant towards her and kissed those warm, moist, succulent lips as she began to rub my crotch with one hand, undoing my buttons and slipping her hand inside my shirt. I reached for her breasts and began to rub and gently squeeze them making the nipples hard and erect under the flimsy fabric of her blouse as she unzipped my pants and reached inside for my now hard member.

Quickly we divested each other of our garments then, as I sat on the lounge she knelt down before me and lowered her hot mouth on to my aching penis. I caressed her silky smooth hair as she bobbed gently up and down until I thought I would explode, but at the last moment I raised her head and told her it was her turn.

She reclined in front of me on the lounge with her legs parted as I began to kiss her, starting with her knee, then along the inside of her thigh, until I reached her juicy love nest and buried my face in her thick pubic bush. She began to moan and pressed my face closer as she came in a series of gasps and spasms. Then, as she subsided, she said: "Now, please, I want you to come inside me." Joining her on the lounge, I spread those luscious legs even further as I entered her in one long, slow movement and then began a rhythmic pumping and twisting that grew faster and harder as I came in the most tremendous orgasm I had ever had. I continued until she came again and finally lay spent and exhausted beneath me.

My work improved after that but sometimes, if I don't pay enough attention in class, we resume this most enjoyable therapy. And needless to say, I haven't missed a class since. — *I.W., Bexley, New South Wales.*

Breast stroke

I never thought that I would have an experience exciting enough to write to *Penthouse* about. When I came to this city I despaired of finding any sex at all, except with myself. Fortunately, luck has ruled otherwise since I joined a swimming club.

My flatmate, Fred and I discovered in our first week of swimming lessons that our swimming instructor was more interested in sinning than in swimming. We found this to be true one Friday night after class. As he and I were leaving, she

called us back to her office. (We were a little uptight, because we had been fooling around with a couple of nice-looking girls in the pool that day, even though our actions were distracting to the rest of the class.)

She sat down and looked at the clock. As she did, she spread her long, well-tanned well-shaped legs just a little. Our eyes almost popped out of our heads. She turned back in time to catch our glance, and said she had to reprimand us for being naughty during class.

Her hair was still wet, and the water was dripping down on to her full, 37-inch tits. Her glance fell upon our bulging crotches.

Then she smiled provocatively and asked if we would like to sit down. She got up, reached behind her, and untied her bikini top. When she let the top down, we nearly came in our pants.

She next asked us if we would like to suck on her boobs. Needless to say, she didn't have to ask twice. Within a matter of seconds she had removed our bathing suits and was stroking Fred's cock and sucking on mine.

We were both about ready to explode when she stopped, stood up, and pulled her bikini bottom down. She jumped on to her desk and spread her legs, and Fred began licking and sucking her.

Suddenly, she shouted to me. "Screw me!" So I did. She squirmed and jerked in as many different directions as she could.

It was over as quickly as it had begun. We all dressed and parted. She smiled and added, "I enjoyed having you both in class; we'll have to do it again some time." We have been seeing her on a regular basis of about once a week and we have taught her a few new strokes in our naughty swimming sessions. — *Name and address withheld.*

Cutting loose

We have been married for almost 13 years, and the last four have been anything but satisfying for me until a recent experience turned all that, and more, around. I'm an attractive brunette with a great figure, as a result of a diet that finally worked.

A few years ago my husband "cut me off" for reasons that I'll not go into, and our relationship developed into a totally

You always do look good in red.



There's a certain art to choosing the right colour for any occasion. Take red for instance. A colour which must be treated with some reverence. A little too much and it will clash. A little too little, and you achieve nothing. Red must be chosen with the utmost discretion. Then

and only then will it achieve the right kind of result.

It's like choosing a fine red wine. Take McWilliam's Cabernet Sauvignon for instance. It's a classic claret style with a pronounced varietal aroma and flavour, excellent balance, firm tannin finish and good colour.

McWilliam's Cabernet Sauvignon is the right red for almost any occasion. Chosen with the utmost discretion it will achieve the right kind of result...no matter what you're trying to achieve.

McWILLIAM'S

platonic marriage. Well, recently he changed jobs and was transferred to the city.

My son and I followed him, though I had considered staying in our old hometown and filing for divorce. With our son in school or at some activity most of each day and my husband (I'll call him Sam) spending long hours on his new job, I soon became so bored that I decided to go out and find myself a job.

The girl at the employment agency told me that I was very attractive but would find my chances better if I were to wear skirts with long slits in front and casually revealing tops.

At first I was appalled and felt she intended that I appear somewhat "whorish". After giving it more thought, I found the idea a little exciting and went on a shopping trip to update my wardrobe.

I also remembered a few sexy items my husband had bought for me that I had never really worn and decided to get a little use from them also.

On my second interview for a receptionist position with an office identified as "exciting" and "looking for an attractive girl who could satisfy an appreciative boss", I suddenly found myself accepting the job over cocktails at a quaint little bar.

My boss, Ralph, was an older man with distinguished grey hair and a gentle, charming manner. He commented about liking my appearance and asked if I was

wearing a suspender belt. I replied, rather sheepishly, that they were panty hose.

The following day I found a package on my desk containing expensive dark stockings and a lace suspender. I went straight to the rest room and changed, while realising there were no panties to go with my gift.

When Ralph arrived that morning, he was with a gentleman I didn't know, who accompanied him straight to his office. After several minutes Ralph called for me to come into the office. As I entered and asked what he wanted, he smiled and winked, looking at my legs.

He then introduced me to the other man and asked him what he thought of my legs. I was somewhat embarrassed, as the two of them commented on how sexy and perfect they were. I took a seat across from Ralph's desk at his request. He then asked if I would like to close the office and join them for a late business lunch. I think I surprised myself when I agreed.

On our way to the intimate little place he had chosen, he asked me to accompany him to an exclusive ladies' shop, while the other man went ahead to meet us later. He said that he wanted to buy me a dress that would compliment my beautiful legs. I insisted that it was not necessary, but his mind was made up, and I *did* find it a rather nice idea.

After I tried on three different selections he had chosen, he decided on a dark blue dress that was slit nearly to the waistline and had a rather daring front slit in the skirt. So off we went, with my skirt, blouse and bra in a box from the store, and me in the most revealing dress I had ever worn, with only the hose and suspenders underneath.

After a heavy lunch we settled back in a secluded booth in a dark remote area of the dimly-lit lounge. After more glasses of wine than I cared to count, Ralph gently kissed me and whispered that I should relax and not worry about constantly adjusting the neckline of my dress each time I moved.

The wine in me giggled as I complied with his wishes, and I leaned forward for another glass, half realising that my entire left breast was completely exposed to their view. Feeling a need to drink the entire glass in one gulp, I sat the empty glass down and leaned back with my head resting against the top of a cushion and closed my eyes.

I felt my dress top very slowly and gently being parted. Still, with my eyes closed and my head spinning, I felt two gentle, warm hands caress each now fully exposed breast. From the position of the hands I could tell that each of them had one to themselves.

I muttered some faint protest but did not move and just kept my eyes closed. Their response was a gentle kiss on my left shoulder as I felt the strap on that side being slowly dropped down my arm and under my elbow.

A gentle kiss to the nipple of that breast was followed by the other strap being lowered in the same fashion. I found myself instinctively lifting both arms slightly to allow the top to completely drop free. The action on each breast intensified, and I felt I would just float away.

I believe it was Ralph who first started caressing my leg just above my knee with his free hand. Soon there was another hand releasing the buttons at the front of the skirt, above the slit. I felt myself go totally limp as I relaxed even more and parted my legs slightly.

Soon the belt was unfastened, and with the entire front of the dress now open and laid to each side of me on the cushion. I was aware that I was sitting there naked with the exception of the stockings and suspender belt.

The man who was there with Ralph seemed to enjoy roughly squeezing the breast on his side and would pinch my nipple with what seemed like all of his strength. It hurt terribly, especially in comparison with the gentle way that Ralph was caressing the other one, but the wine had numbed me somewhat, and this new experience of sexual pain was actually quite stimulating.

With all of the other action my body was experiencing, I wasn't immediately

...anyhow have a Winfield 25's



Five
smokes
ahead of
the rest



"We the undersigned, would like to congratulate Australian Penthouse on the occasion of their first anniversary."

aware that they were now also fingering my pussy until one of them began to massage my clitoris.

As they were bringing me to my first climax, I heard the waiter advise Ralph that he would ensure our total privacy and asked if he might bring more wine. Ralph answered affirmatively, and I heard the waiter leave.

Before I came to the next climax, the waiter was back and talking with Ralph as I heard him open and pour the wine. I continued to keep my eyes closed as the fingers within me were withdrawn and one breast was momentarily abandoned as they drank their wine.

I thought the waiter had gone until I heard him ask if "the lady" would care for another glass. I nodded yes without otherwise moving. Soon a hand was placed behind my head to gently lift it forward as the glass was placed to my lips.

Then something was said that I didn't understand, and there was suddenly another set of hands rubbing the tops of my knees. It was the waiter joining them. I felt myself tense up, and Ralph kissed me again and told me to relax once more.

The extra hands left my knees, and I felt my head being lifted as another glass of wine was placed at my lips. As I started to drink, I realised a much larger water glass had been substituted for the wine glass. I continued to drink until it was gone, and with my head laid back, the waiter began to rub my legs.

The two hands on my crotch moved to my thighs, and I felt my legs being lifted apart and placed over a knee to either side. The waiter's hands continued to move toward my crotch, until there was gentle, warm breath against me and he started licking. I moaned so loud that I must have half screamed when I climaxed again.

After at least another hour of this "heaven", we slowly began to wind down. My legs were lowered, and I felt the men returning my dress over me. I placed my head on Ralph's shoulder as he kissed and hugged me. I could not believe how drunk I was as I was helped to my feet, and we left through a rear door into a parking lot, where the waiter had brought the car around for us.

Ralph and I were now alone as he drove me to his house. I expected that we would be in the bed soon but instead found myself being undressed and put in the shower. I stepped out to have a large fresh towel wrapped around me.

Ralph served me several cups of coffee rather than taking me to bed as I had expected.

Then I changed into my old clothes, and he took me home.

The following night was a Friday, and I had been horny all day. Before Sam got home, I changed into the "new" outfit (our son was camping over the weekend, and I wanted my husband to take me out). He could not believe the outfit, but it ex-

cited him enough that he agreed to go out for the evening.

After two bottles of wine, I asked him to take me to a strip club, as I had never seen that type of thing before. Once there, and after several more drinks, Sam became aroused by the show. He began to fondle me. I permitted one side of my top to drop, and he almost ripped my breast off, making up for the years we had not touched each other.

I suggested that we go home and he almost pulled my arm off, heading for the door.

Since that night my entire wardrobe has changed, and Sam and Ralph are constantly giving me something newer and more daring. The two of them have met and become close friends and now we even do threesomes together. — *Name and address withheld.*

Duplicate parts

Being a twin has its ups and downs. My sister, Patty, and I are both 20 and are identical. Our parents are practically the only ones who can tell us apart.

Patty has been going out for about six months with a guy named Mike, but she is getting tired of the relationship. When another guy asked her out last Saturday, she accepted, even though she had already made a date with Mike.

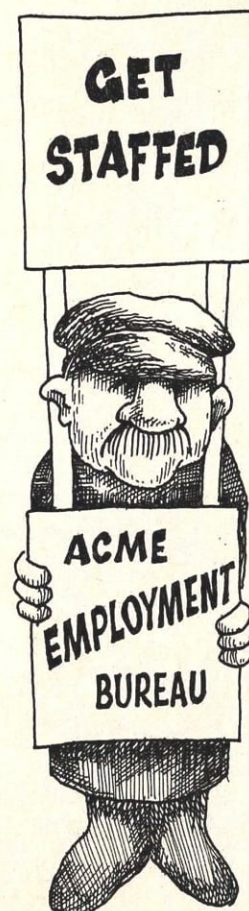
Since Mike didn't know I was home on holidays, she suggested we could get away with pulling a switch on him. I was reluctant at first, but the more I thought about this well-hung stud, the more interested I became.

After taking a long, warm bubble bath. I went to Patty's room to dress. (I obviously had to wear her clothes as part of the charade.) She handed me a pair of pale blue bikini panties to wear, saying that she always wore that color, and anything else would make him suspicious. "What makes you think he'll see them?" I asked, grinning. "Because" she said laughing, "I know you, and you can't resist a good-looking guy."

I put on her panties and her jeans. I'm about four pounds heavier than she is; so they fit like a layer of second skin. She then handed me a beige turtleneck jumper. After sliding it on, I looked in the mirror. I went braless of course. My breasts are high and taut, and my nipples were protruding very noticeably.

Mike was at the door at eight o'clock, and we immediately left. He suggested that we go to his place to listen to his stereo and have a few drinks. It sounded good to me. After I entered his flat, I slipped off my jacket. He glanced quickly at my breasts. It was a very cold night, so my nipples were stiff and erect and even more noticeable than usual.

We sat side by side on the couch, listening to music and drinking Scotch. Mike happens to be tall and well built. He is sexy enough to make a nun forget her



LARRY BURNS

Michal



Chopard
GENEVE

Join An Exclusive Clientele

Chopard of Geneva's exclusive range of beautiful watches is universally admired ... but not universally available. See us for these styles ... priced from \$1600 ... all cases in 18 carat gold

Michal Pty Ltd Jewellers. 15 Cross Street, Double Bay, Sydney 2028. Australia. Phone 328 6355.

vows. He also happens to be handsome as hell. I really liked him and was glad I wore Patty's panties, because I knew Mike would be seeing them for sure now.

After a few more drinks, I lost my nervousness about pretending to be my twin. Soon he looked down at me with an almost shy smile and said: "Patty, I never noticed that your nipples were so large." I didn't know what to say. Patty's nipples aren't as long as mine when erect.

Although Mike is very observant, he didn't realise that I wasn't Patty. He put his arm around me and turned my face toward his, gently kissing me. His tongue searched my mouth, and his kiss made me tingle all over. Then his hand found its way to my breast. He fondled it gently. Then he reached behind me, unzipped my jumper and pulled it off.

Sitting there naked from the waist up, with my bare breasts exposed, didn't bother me at all, thanks to the Scotch.

Then he took a nipple in his mouth and sucked on it, driving me crazy with passion. Mike sensed my need, withdrew his mouth from my tit, and carried me into the bedroom. He unsnapped Patty's jeans and peeled them off along with her panties. Well, he licked, sucked, and chewed me so passionately that you would almost have thought he knew I wasn't Patty.

I came with a shudder in about five minutes; so I took his cock in my mouth to

reciprocate. Then I desperately wanted him and told him so, but he began teasing me. He started sucking on my nipples again while his hand softly caressed my inner thighs. I begged him to enter me — which was just what he wanted to hear — and when he stuck it in me, I came on the very first stroke.

We rested for a few minutes, and then I started sucking him until he came a second time. Needless to say, he'd about had it, and nothing I could do could get it up again.

Luckily, when we dressed and drove back to my house, my parents had gone to bed. He kissed me good night at the door and said: "You sure were a tiger tonight, darling." I smiled and went in. I literally crawled up the stairs to my room. Patty had just arrived home, and when she saw me, she laughed. I must have looked wasted. My hair was all damp, and I had her jumper on inside out. "A tough night?" she asked grinning. "Just get me to bed," I mumbled. I fell on the covers and passed out immediately.

The next morning Patty told me that the new guy wasn't worth a damn so she wanted to remain with Mike.

I was disappointed, but after all, she had found him first, but it made me feel even closer to my twin to know that we now had something besides our looks in common! — *Name and address withheld.*

The sporting life

I'm a virile male, aged 19, experiencing the joy and sorrow of life.

My sorrow stemmed from the fact that I had moved into an all-male house. My ecstasy, I soon discovered, lay in the form of the all-female house located next door. The females living there provide ample recreation of various forms.

I play Soccer and enjoy athletics immensely and have, of late begun, to enjoy athletes — as I will now explain.

I met Joanna, a tennis-playing, tall brunette, over a poor excuse for lunch. However, on her suggestion ("Let's eat out"), the fare seemed more favorable.

We spent no time ripping our clothes off once we got to her place.

Joanna has long, sensuous legs leading to one of the finest arses ever to grace this country. The love of sports obviously accounted for the delight I derived from parting those firm, smooth thighs and enjoying the best time I'd had in a good long while.

She soon discovered my cock and wasted no time in applying her skills to it. Intermittently stroking forehand and then backhand, she drove me wild.

Soon I simply had to get inside her and demonstrate my "strokes". My member thrust mightily between those tanned thighs time and time again, and Joanna began shuddering in waves of delight.

We both climaxed and lay together, catching our breath for a short while, when suddenly Ann, her roommate, walked in. Ann exemplifies the beach-babe type, except that she is ranked among the top female divers at this uni. Her physique excites one as being turgid yet creamy soft; blonde and baby-blue-eyed, she truly warranted attention.

She seemed relatively unperturbed about finding us in bed but put her books down and left the room. Joanna decided to shower and scurried off with a towel clinging to her shapely buns.

I wrapped a sheet around me and got up to gather my things. Ann returned and it took me several minutes to notice that Ann had no underwear on.

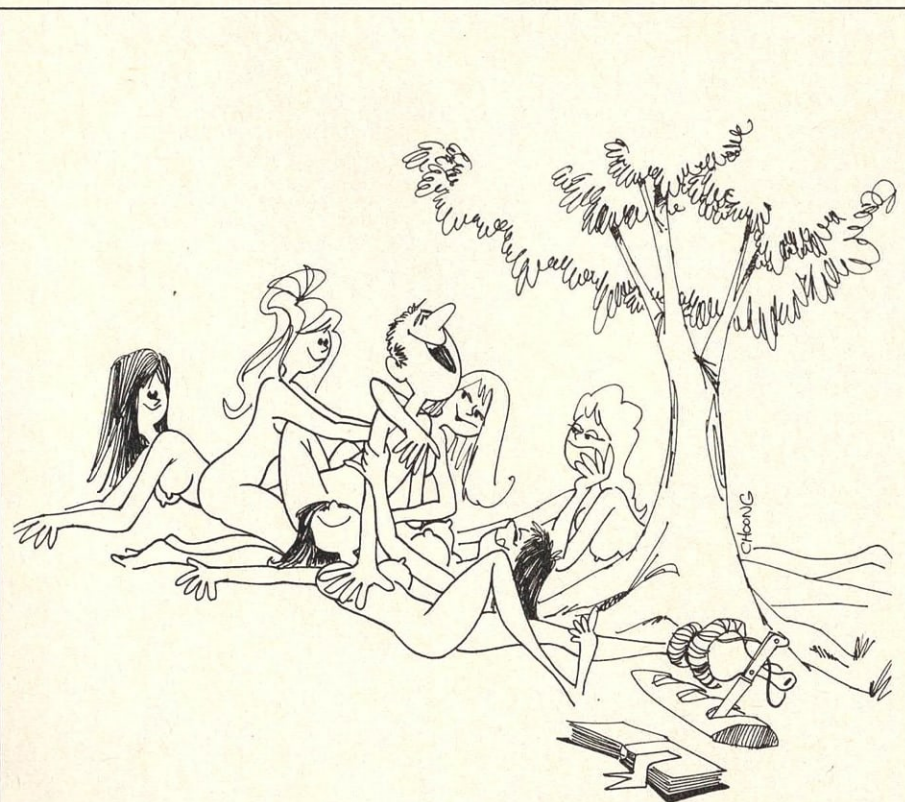
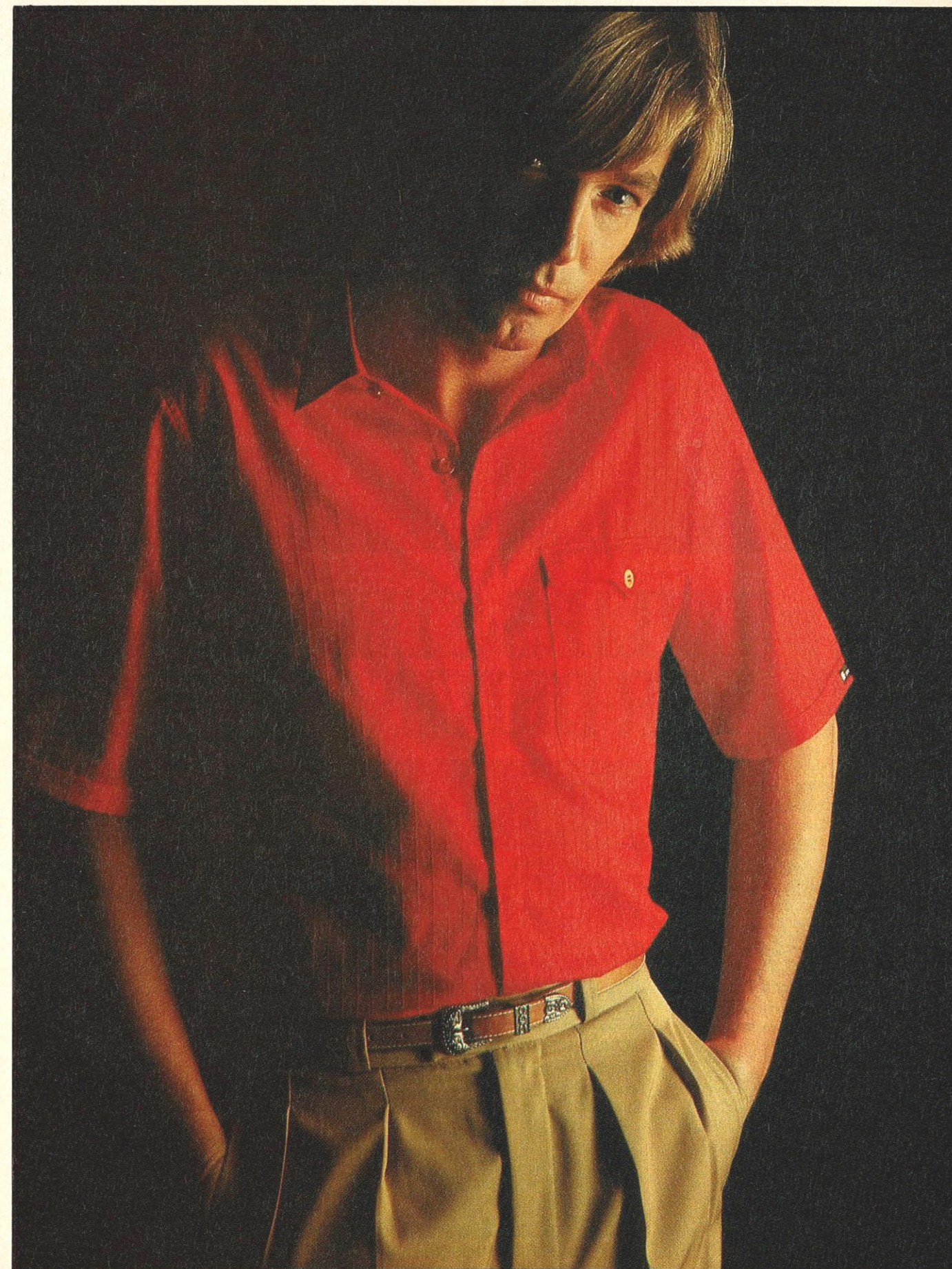
As the sheet immediately in front of me rose, I managed to ask her about diving. She complained of tired and sore muscles, and I offered to massage them. One thing led to another, and soon I found myself exploring her athletic body.

She jumped in immediately, slowly fondling my balls while stroking my shaft. My tongue wandered over her thighs up the leg and began nibbling her. Her lips began gyrating faster and faster, and she cried: "Screw me . . . harder, faster."

Soon I had Ann screaming for more as our love juices flowed.

I've had each girl again, separate and together. Athletes now seem to stimulate me. My latest adventure involves another female athlete. Janet, a rower. — *Name and address withheld.* ○✶

Unfortunately some people believe when they're wearing a designer's label they're wearing the designer's design. But when you wear a Guy Laroche label you are wearing a Guy Laroche design. And, a design that comes straight from this great couturier's Paris collection. Guy Laroche shirts for men; where the fashion and the label are one and the same. **GUY LAROCHE**



"... A loaf of bread beneath the bough, a flask of wine, a book of verse — and thou, and thou, and thou, and . . ."



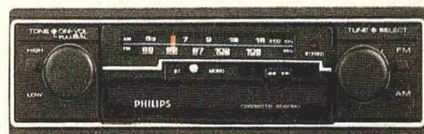
PHILIPS STEREO IN YOUR DRIVINGROOM.

Now that you're used to fine sound reproduction in your home, doesn't it make sense to extend this experience to your other living environment. Your car?

Philips think so. And have proudly proved so, in their fine range of Mobile Stereo equipment. Completely integrated. Attractive. Compact. And designed, component by component, for your special needs.

You can choose Stereo Cassette Players with DOLBY*. AM/FM Stereo Tuners with auto search. Combination AM/FM Radio/Cassette Players. Power Amps. Equalizer/Boosters. High performance Speakers. And more.

You simply tailor the Stereo system in your car, just as you built up your Hi-Fi system at home – component by component. Your Philips Mobile Stereo system might sound even better!



AC738 – AM/FM MPX Radio/Stereo Cassette Player. Features auto eject. Locking fast forward/rewind. FM noise Blanker. Output 2 x 4.5 watts (10% THD).

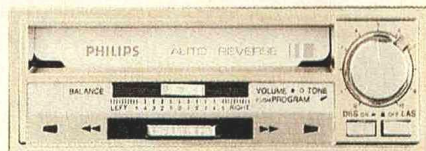


AC748 – AM/FM MPX Radio/Stereo Cassette Player. Features auto reverse. Locking fast forward/rewind. FM Noise Blanker. Output 2 x 4.5 watts (10% THD).



AC868 – AM/FM MPX Radio/Stereo Cassette Player. Features auto tape stop with LED

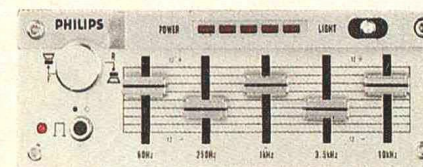
indication. Auto switching to radio at end of tape. Locking fast forward/rewind. "Turnolock" push-button tuning. Output 2 x 6 watts (10% THD).



AC490 – Stereo Cassette Player. Features auto switching from tape to radio. Auto reverse. Locking fast forward/rewind. Separate bass boost and muting switches. Output 2 x 6 watts (max.).



AC290 – Stereo Cassette Player with locking fast forward/rewind. Features auto eject. Auto switching from tape to radio. Separate bass boost and muting switches. Output 2 x 6 watts (max.).



AP120 – Hi-Fi Stereo Equalizer/Booster. Features five ± 12 dB slider controls operating at 60, 250, 1000, 3500, and 10,000 Hz. Output 2 x 20 watts (10% THD). 2 x 10 watts (less than 0.5% THD).

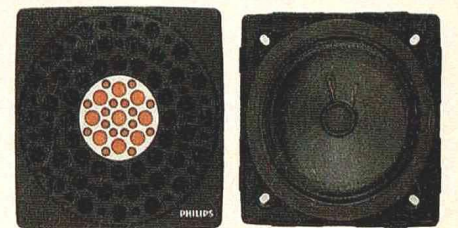


The "Ten Compo" System by Philips comprises:

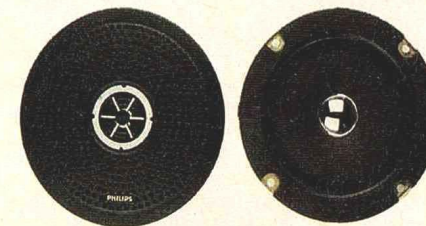
SP711 – Stereo Cassette Deck with DOLBY*. Features auto reverse. Separate controls for bass and treble. Lockable high speed rewind and fast forward.

AT7831 – AM/FM Stereo Tuner with Auto-Search. Features bass/treble controls for AM and FM. Automatic station selection at a touch. Built-in Noise Blanker.

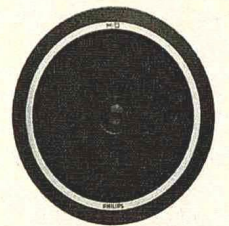
CA100 – Control Amplifier. Features six input circuits. Centralized controls. LAS (Level Attenuator System), DSS and bass/treble controls for fine tuning. LED Indicators.



EN8359 – 112 mm Single Cone Speakers. Door mounted. 8 watts max. input.



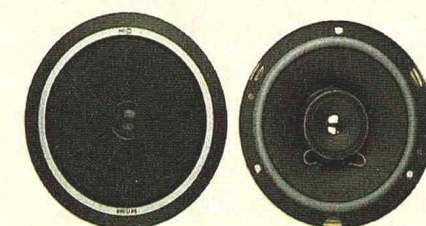
EN8354 – 137 mm Single Cone Speakers. Slimline. Door mounted. 20 watts max. input.



EN8302 – 160mm Dual Cone Speakers. Flush mounted. 20 watts max. input.

For a sound-check, see your nearest **Philips Car Radio Specialist**. They can help you create the right sound system for you and your car.

*DOLBY and the double-D symbol are trademarks of Dolby Laboratories.



EN8303 – 160mm Co-Axial Speakers. 25 watts max. input.

PHILIPS

We want you
to have the best



PCPD9110/R

"Since he joined the Racquet Club the girls all call him Ace."



"There was a time when the only playing around he'd do was on the tennis court.

But since he changed to Racquet Club, things have really changed. Now it's a grand slam no matter where he is.

So if you'd like a little advice from a happier woman, after your man showers or tubs, make sure he joins the Racquet Club. And you, too, can play all day. And all night."

Racquet Club. The grooming gear for men who want the physical advantage. Now available at selected chemists and department stores.



PENTHOUSE FEEDBACK

is a serious dialogue between readers and editors concerning the editorial content of *Penthouse* — its aspirations and its areas of interest. Letters for publication should carry name and address (in capitals, please), although these will be withheld, on request, by the Editor. Send to Penthouse Feedback, Australian Penthouse, Box 4084 GPO Sydney, NSW 2001. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

Controversial

Congratulations on your decision to publish information on the very controversial fluoride affair. Since first becoming interested in the fluoridation question in 1966, I have sought information from sources in the UK, US and in Australia, and it is incredible that so little information gets through to the people.

The very authorities whose duty it should be to inform the public appear to very deliberately withhold the facts which the people are entitled to know.

Your articles are most valuable contributions to the cause of public awareness. The evidence against this form of mass medication is immense and continually increasing. — R. Gelling, Cairns, Queensland.

Commendation

On behalf of the members of the Anti-fluoride Association, North Coast Group, I wish to commend you on the stand you are taking on fluoride. We have no doubt there will be pressure applied to stop this publication in some way as those who stand to gain in a financial capacity will go to a lot of pains to keep the public ignorant in this area. We will be looking forward to the subsequent issues pertaining to fluoride and the dangers associated with its use. Keep up the good work. — M.H. Wotherspoon, Secretary, Lismore, New South Wales.

Over dramatised

Geoffrey Smith's article, The Fluoride Fallacy (*Australian Penthouse*, July 1980) certainly raises some valid points on the increasingly controversial fluoride issue. His argument has some merit in that it suggests the possible consequence of fluoride ingestion.

However, I feel that he has over dramatised his argument to the extent that people are less able to approach the subject with open minds. His form of presentation of the topic has distorted caution into a dramatic fear of the drug, regardless of its benefits (which I feel he belittles).

As much as he puts forward some very interesting evidence showing fluoride's dangers, pro-fluoridationists have just as much evidence and as many statistics and studies to show its safety.

I feel Smith's article is very misleading to the general public, who have little other

real knowledge of fluoride and who rely on publications and articles such as his from which to form their opinions. — H.T., dental therapist, Virginia, Queensland.

Genius

Your pictorial called Intimate Explorations (*Australian Penthouse*, August 1980) was true to life. I believe Polish photographer Jacek Samotus is a genius.



He expresses man's most primeval aspirations in an abstract and more culturally applicable art form. Poland's loss is Australia's cultural gain. — D. Alcorn, Clayfield, Queensland.

Send-up

Congratulations to cartoonist Ross Bateup on a brilliant send-up of the Olympic Games Sexual Olympics, (*Australian Penthouse*, August 1980). I totally agree that the Olympic Games have become an international fiasco, and Bateup's novel alternative would be far more satisfying for all concerned.

I also commend you on your excellent coverage of Linda Ferguson. She must have one of the most beautiful bums I have ever seen. It ranks with my fiancée's — and that's no mean feat. With such high quality pictorials, it is no wonder you are Australia's top-selling magazine for men. — R. Borgert, West Chermide, Queensland.

Tracey's No 1 fan

I have the pleasure of being your July Pet of the Month's [Tracey Wallace] boyfriend.

I am writing to express the pleasure I received from seeing my woman looking so feminine and beautiful. It made me feel very proud. — Allan Lewis, Bondi, New South Wales.

On with the shoe

Thanks to my perseverance in asking my wife to forget about new shoes for the kids and invest in a copy of *Penthouse*, I am now able to enjoy the charms of your July centrefold, the delightful Tracey Wallace, who must surely be one of God's best creations.

It looks like the kids will have to go barefoot next month, too! — J.S., Merrylands, New South Wales.

Philanthropy

The Alms Race by Brian Blackwell and Martin Riordan (*Australian Penthouse*, July 1980) rightly denigrates incompetent or spurious organisations but omits, among other things, the real value of philanthropy.

Philanthropy is a two-way street. The personal reward of the donor who demonstrates freedom of choice by contributing to a worthy project and the wonderful response of recipients enabled to take a step that would otherwise be impossible.

Personal philanthropy direct from donor to recipient would seem at first glance to be the most cost effective method of this civilising aspect of human behavior, but there can be recriminations when the donor is unable to continue support or unable to finance specialist equipment or training.

Almost all volunteer welfare agencies provide highly specialised services that can only be cost effective through group support and group recipients. Governments do nothing unless there are votes to be won or a powerful lobby exerts its pressure.

Perhaps a little more *genuine leadership* from Canberra through the States, local government and the business world, a little less rip off, a little less red tape strangulation, would be reflected in a more willing response of people helping people. — John Russell, Croydon Park, New South Wales. ☐

Your next Evening Arrangement

Setting the scene.

For obvious reasons, keep it simple. Get your priorities straight: even with a less than perfect apartment and fast-food from around the corner, you can triumph with a well-set table and handsome accoutrements; and the right wine. Don't shun flowers; they can be heady. And if you're lucky enough to have an open fire, count a hundred points ahead.

Planning the food.

Note we said 'planning'. Planning and presentation are everything. Maybe you long to show off your soufflé but save it for your mother: you'll need one hell of a masculine charisma to live down the frilly-apron scene. Good simple food and an irreproachable wine like Black Tower will keep you in authority. You've got better things to do than twitch about the kitchen. If you really want to impress, splurge on a tiny tin of Beluga.

Getting the drinks.

Forget the scene where you mix up batteries of martinis. Most of today's ladies don't need it. She'll be more at ease with another glass of fresh light white, like Black Tower, than the offer of another innuendo-loaded cocktail. (She knows what you're up to, but she doesn't want you to be transparent about it.) It's easier just to pour, than to mix-and-shake-and-pour...and that leaves you one hand free to organise romantic music from your impeccable sound equipment.

The setting.

Glasses are handmade in Denmark: Idielle by Holme Gaard from Opus Paddington. Stainless steel cutlery is Elophans, also from Opus, as are the Japanese salt and pepper shakers. Dinner plates, logically, are oven-to-table-to-washer; stoneware called "Caliente" from Habitat, who also supplied the English cotton serviettes. The bunching wall-unit in Philippines cane is from the Design Warehouse. Ashtray by Wartsila, Finland from King Agencies, Pyrmont. The talking-point candlestick is an old match-holder, made about 1920 by Raphael Tuck & Sons, London: it carries a poem by Rudyard Kipling. The sound equipment is Technics from National Panasonic and that's about as good as you'll get.



The wine.

We began by saying 'keep it simple' and that's what Black Tower Liebfraumilch can do for you. German. Imported. Impressive. Tall handsome black bottle. A light white wine to go all the way with, from your Beluga through to fruit, (stay away from strong cheese). If you want to impress the lady, the light touch of Black Tower is what'll do it. All the way.

The Black Tower.

The wine is Black Tower Liebfraumilch, a fresh, fruity wine from Germany. It should be served chilled. Black Tower isn't all that expensive and is absolutely perfect to serve right through your next evening arrangement.

Black Tower Liebfraumilch
White wine from Germany
Distributed by the House of Seppelt.



Black Tower Liebfraumilch
White wine from Germany
Distributed by the House of Seppelt.



Before discovering Australia the Dutch had already developed the art of making fine cigars.

Long before Abel Tasman discovered Australia in 1642, the Dutch were practising the art of producing and enjoying fine cigars.

Holland's seafaring explorers and traders—most of whom were employed by the Dutch East and West India Companies—had brought back fine tobacco leaf from their voyages to Cuba, Peru and Brazil.

The subsequent colonisation of the Dutch East Indies (known today as

Indonesia) led to the introduction of Sumatra Sand, an exceptionally fine tobacco highly prized for the outer wrapping of a cigar; and which can only be harvested once every four years.

On maturity, each leaf is separated into two halves and rolled into either a 'left hand' or 'right hand' cigar.

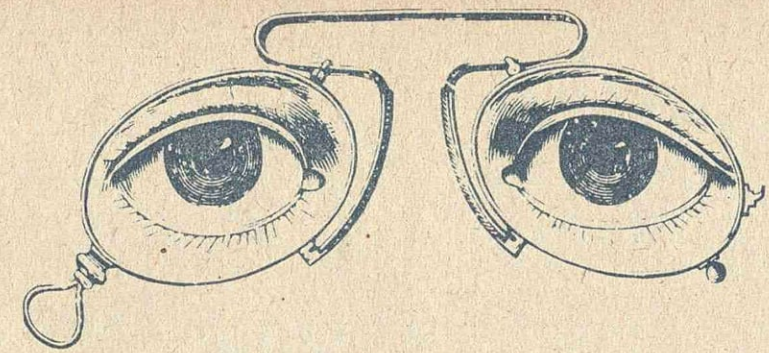
Today, the House of Ritmeester still blends Sumatra Sand leaves with others from Cuba, Brazil and Java to produce their

fine cigars. The pleasure of such quality is a discovery you can share with the Dutch the next time you enjoy a Ritmeester cigar.

Ritmeester—a discovery the Dutch would like to share with you.



PMC/117



VIEW FROM THE TOP

BOYS' NIGHT OUT

BY RENNIE ELLIS

As a post pubescent lad with an unquenchable yearning for Brigitte Bardot, I had heard about bucks' nights and couldn't wait until I was old enough to be invited to one. The key to having a great time, I'd heard, was to get as drunk as a skunk before they brought on the stripper and her promise of unspeakable acts. The highnote of the performance was supposed to be a bit of gratuitous audience participation. With a bit of prompting the groom-to-be, who should be more or less paralytic, might overcome his brewer's droop and become part of a spontaneous double act. Or, if it was a footy club night, a promising young half forward flanker who was shy with girls and suspected of being a virgin, could find himself propelled on stage and de-dakked by his team-mates. I mean, jeez Kev, she might go the gobble.

I was never quite sure if I approved of all this, but peer group identification and a voyeur's curiosity got the better of my finer sensibilities and when, at age 18, I was finally invited to a bucks' night, it seemed like a giant step up the stairway to manhood.

In fact the night turned out to be my first confrontation with the credibility gap, that gaping chasm between illusion and reality. It was a total disaster. I didn't get drunk because I really wasn't all that much of a boozier, the stripper never turned up, and on the way home my mate Arthur, travelling in the back seat of the VW, cleverly managed to chunder over my head as I negotiated the Punt Road Hill.

That was the first and last bucks' night I went to. That is, until a few weeks ago.

I have a good mate called Nadine, an extraordinary woman of the demi-monde, who wears her sexuality like a neon badge and converts life into a speedy pursuit of danger and decadence into which she flutters like a dayglo butterfly on an erratic flight pattern.

Nadine told me that for \$200 she had agreed to perform a striptease act at a "sports night" for a local minor league footy club. It was a fund raising occasion

you see — boys only. Nadine agreed that I could accompany her on this titillating excursion into Australian popular kulture and record on film this peculiar phenomenon of the ocker syndrome.

Mind you, she hadn't stripped professionally before but occasional spontaneous performances at parties had been rivetting and she felt quite confident of pulling it off, so to speak.

She was told to be at the club rooms at 10pm, and that they'd have some great stripping music all set up and she'd be on after the sports panel and the comedian.

We arrived late, but it didn't matter. The sports panel, under the chairmanship of the ubiquitous Ernie Sigley, was still in progress.

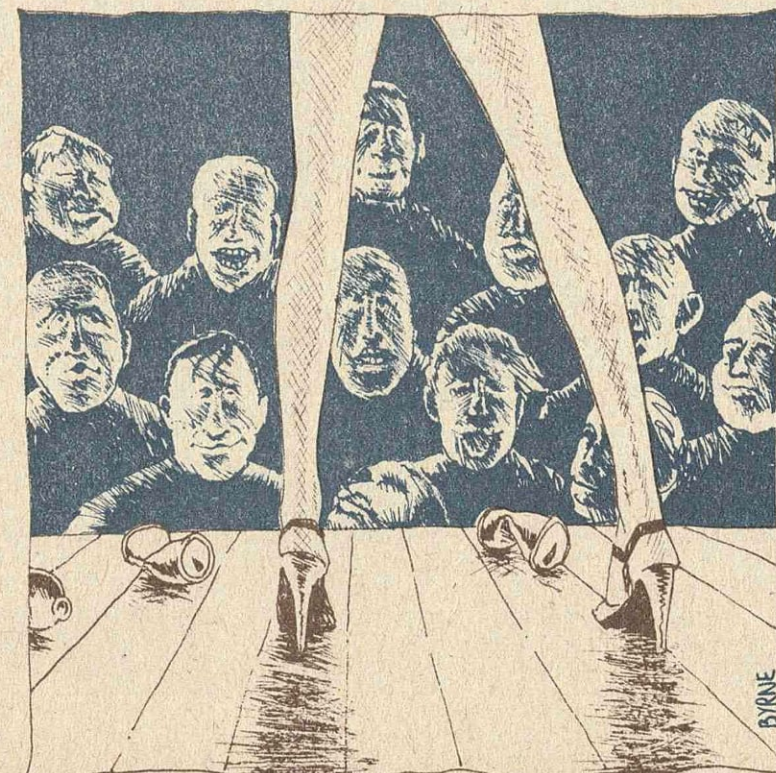
We let ourselves into a smoke-filled room of the Besser brick and bare fluorescent tube architectural vernacular just as Ernie — a committed Aussie Rules footy buff — introduced one of the panel of VFL star footballers... one of the most graceful, courageous footballers this country has produced, let's welcome... etc, etc.

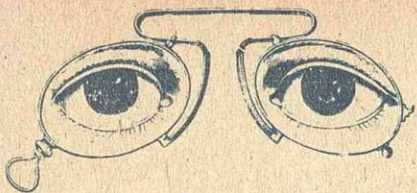
Wall-to-wall tressle tables provided a grid for shoulder to shoulder footballers and guests. Beer cans and jugs littered the tables, evidence of mateship and a common and insatiable thirst. We were ushered into a tiny kitchenette at the back of the room

where several wives and/or mothers were imprisoned behind a closed door among the debris of a prawns and pavlova repast. These were the "untiring workers without whom this night would not be possible". Devoted to club and kin, these fine ladies welcomed us to the dressing room.

Nadine slipped out of her clothes and climbed into her neo-nazi leather and studs outfit. As she explained later, ostrich feathers and sequins were dreadfully passe. She adjusted the gold ring that fits through her left nipple, an exercise the five wives/mothers from Average Street, Suburbia, accepted with great equanimity.

Beyond the kitchenette door, out there in the battle zone, an excited official broke in on a football star's





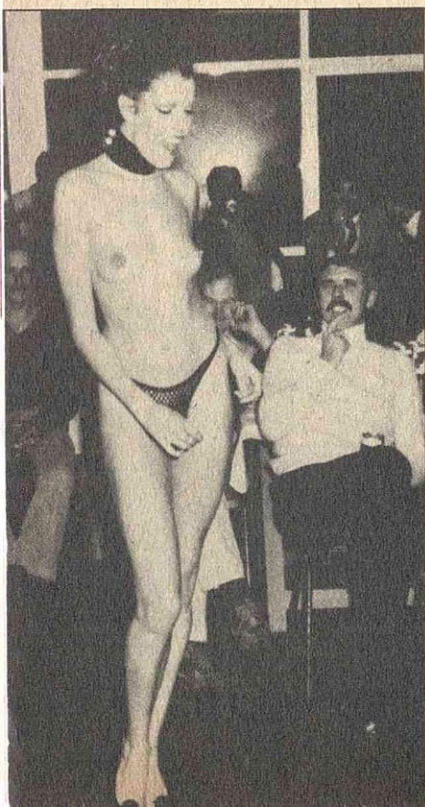
revelations about an ex-coach's sex life to announce that a record has been broken.

"Yes fellas, we've put away two eighteens, two nines and twenty dozen cans and it's only ten to eleven. Last year it was after midnight before we reached that total. Not bad for 120 blokes, eh?"

The unanimous affirmative response sounded like a giant belch which sent a sudden gust through the smoky fog that hung in the room. "Now we're sending out for more beer, but we're short on cash. There'll be a quick raffle for a \$50 ham and a dozen and a half cans. It's a dollar a ticket and let's do it quickly."

Meanwhile Nadine discovered that all was not as it should be in the production department. The sound system turned out to be an el cheapo portable cassette player with a malfunction and the most erotic tape was MacArthur Park. The actual strip, she was told, would have to be done on a table, otherwise the blokes wouldn't see you properly. The suggestion was made that perhaps they could

Nadine in action.



raffle her off at the end of the strip — a real good fund raiser and a bit of incentive for the boys, too, eh!

The idea was not well received by Nadine and she had a few suggestions as to what this official might like to do with himself.

Nadine was getting toey. The sports panel was rambling on through question time — will the mighty Barrass coach in Sydney next year? She asked for her \$200 up front and passed it to me for safe keeping, which instantly identified me as her heavy, a role that did not enthrall me at all.

In an effort to help, I used my new found authority to despatch a committee member to the front of the room to plug in the cassette player. The sports panel ground to a halt and set up its table as a stage. But before preparations were complete some blundering official flicked the lights on and off and good ol' Nadine was told to get out there and do it.

She was led to a table at the wrong end of the room where the lights wouldn't work. The cassette player up at the other end refused to emit the slightest sound. Nadine, not quite knowing what was going on, made a few perfunctory bumps and grinds while the boys en masse made strange animal noises orchestrated round that classic chorus of "get it off!"

I keep gesturing to her to go to the front of the room where she was expected. She climbed down off the table and, throwing a despairing look at me, pushed her way forward through the tressle tables. There was lots of noise but still no music. The boys burst into the club song and Nadine started her routine.

Leather dropped from her body with each pull of a zip. She was quickly down to her G string and paraded in front of "the boys". A big bruiser called

Animal clutched at her and pulled her down into the seats.

A couple of sharp elbows from Nadine and she disengaged herself from the gropers. "What's going on?" she mouthed to me. "Where's the music?"

The man who was supposed to be organising the music was unable to cope and had excused himself and gone for a piss at the critical moment.

The club song had been replaced with a rather more earthier plea from 120 drunken, demanding voices.

Nadine, who by this stage had no intention of removing her G string, jumped off the table and headed for me. "Let's get outa here," she hissed and dashed for the kitchenette while a policeman member of the club called for a bit of order. He accused the non-member guests of being noisy trouble-makers.

This in turn precipitated several confrontations in which chins were stuck out and fists raised and nervous bravado kindled.

While the pie-eyed audience engaged in macho games, I picked up discarded leather gauntlets and leggings and slipped them into a Sportsgirl plastic bag in preparation for the hasty exit. Passing mountains of beer cans I rejoined the kitchenette and, with a Scarlet Pimpernel flourish Nadine and I phantomed off behind the backs of the bickering audience. We ran to the car and slipped off into the night, honor and pride almost intact.

"Buggered if I know if that was the hardest or the easiest \$200 I ever made," she said with a kind of high C guffaw.

Meanwhile, back at the club rooms the blokes were still getting into the slops in preparation for the drive home, part of the bucks' night ritual that will put others on the road at dreadful risk. Oh yes, it's a great Australian institution, all right.

SCENES



DOUBLE ENTRY

A document of major social consequence has fallen into the hands of *Australian Penthouse*. The document, titled "List Of Guests Invited To the Launching Of *The Book Of Lists*" raises many important questions about the state of the art of free-loading in this country and places in jeopardy the cocktail circuit future of several hitherto well-established social butterflies.

Why, for example, do the names of Mr Bob Rogers, Mr Michael Willesee and Mr Graham Kennedy appear, but not those of Mr John Laws, Mr Jack Thompson or Mr Tony Barber? Why Mrs Margaret Whitlam and not Lady Gorton? Kerry Packer and not Rupert Murdoch? Strop but not Hoges? What were the criteria for invitations to partake of the pate de foie and sausage rolls on the 65th floor of Sydney's MLC Centre? These are the questions being asked in the sitting rooms of the nation.

Moreover, why did the Computer Resources Company — which prepared the printouts of the 300-odd invitees — see fit to pair Ms June Bronhill with Jack Brabham? Is there some kind of steel-belted comic opera connection? Why does Mrs Diana Fisher share a line with Mr Lang Hancock? And why, for God's

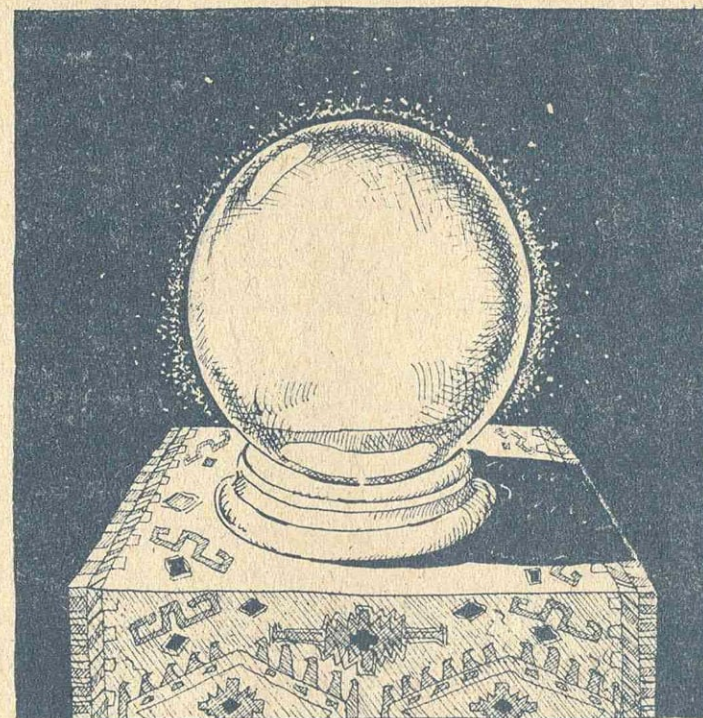
sake, does this magazine's correspondent rejoice in a position parallel to Dame Margaret Guilfoyle? Does this mean that, had he attended, he would have been asked to sit with the good lady? Now what sort of new social order is that? Perhaps the computer malfunctioned. Perhaps some crazed anarchist fed it the wrong information. Whatever, reliable witnesses report that the bash, put on by publishing house Cassell Australia, qualified for the next edition of *The Australian Book Of Lists* on two counts — stingiest free-load in history and worst attendance ever.

PSYCHIC SUPERMARKET

Since clairvoyant Doris Stokes became a household word there's been a rush to listen and speak with the psychics. But in most States, the law has stood in the way. Only in NSW is it legal for this form of spiritualism to be practised. The recent repeal of the Summary Offences Act by State Attorney-General, Frank Walker, regarding soliciting, has placed the soliciting of witchcraft in a new perspective. And so it comes as little surprise that some enterprising soul has cashed in on the growing psychic trade.

Sydney businessman and entrepreneur, Mark Aussie-Stone, has opened Sydney's first clairvoyant shop. Aussie-Stone, who tried to enter the Senate in 1974 by adding "Aussie" to his name by deed in a vain bid to grab the so-called Donkey Vote, thinks he's hit upon a bigger winner than his failed political bid.

Although he freely admits that he's never visited a clairvoyant or psychic, and never wishes to, he claims they are all professional at their tasks. In what looks more like a doctor's surgery than a psychic shop, Aussie-Stone allows a group of souls to work in his tiny abode



called the Crystal Ball. Says Aussie-Stone: "Gypsies have been roaming around charging money for this service for years.

"Now anyone interested can come to a central spot where all these clairvoyants and other psychics can be found."

At the Crystal Ball anxious clients sit quietly waiting for their allotted appointments with the stars, or, as organiser Chris Beckwith prefers to describe them, the "practitioners". *Penthouse* went through three "readings". First was palmist and dream interpreter, Sue Williams. After a few quick drawings on the hand, she came to the conclusion we would soon be seeing many hospital beds but that it was likely we would live until about 65. "If you reach 70 you'd just fade rapidly," she said, reassuringly. "And you won't go senile".

With that encouraging news we then rushed to the resident clairvoyant. In her cramped cubicle, Shirley Sharpe asked for a watch or ring so she could "transmit the vibes!"

After a few minutes she poured forth with news of life —

past and present. The bad news was that a family member would soon "fade away". We would be visiting hospitals and it was certain that we would be involved in a serious car crash. Finally, for the bad news, she warned that a building society would crash within two years. "I can see it," she said. The good news was that we would be getting a pay rise soon. Editor, please note!

Last was astrologer David Emille. He also saw disaster "around the corner" with family deaths and accidents. After two-and-a-half hours at the Crystal Ball not even an invitation for more coffee could encourage us to stay.

Clairvoyant friends say it's the new way to search the soul and "inner-self".

At \$8 for 20 minutes and \$16 for 40 minutes, we're not so convinced. Neither, it should be noted, is the Editor...

MYSTERY WRECK

Why was an armed American ship lurking off the West Australian coast 20 years before the British arrived to annexe what was then

known as New Holland? The accidental discovery of her wreck by skin-divers has led inevitably to fascinating conjecture that her mission might have been to forestall the Union Jack by the Stars and Stripes, and but for her ill-luck Western Australia might have been one of the United States. The possibility is given added drama by the fact that the ship, a 500-tonner carrying at least eight cannon, apparently foundered in or about 1812.

The wreck was found by spearfishermen at Ningaloo Reef, about 1100km north of Perth. She has been identified as American by silver dollars and cents (the latest dated 1809) and a barrel (still containing bones) with "MESS BEEF: BOSTON, MASS." burned into its lid.

Was the ship on a secret mission to threaten British supply routes to NSW by establishing a base on the WA coast.

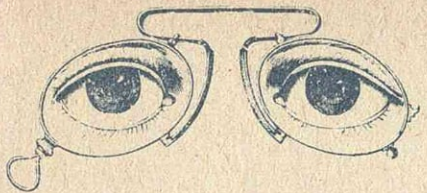
Western Australian historians and maritime archeologists think it unlikely, although they admit that the ship carried an unusual number of cannon for a peaceful merchantman.

Meanwhile, Frank Paxman and his three fishing mates, who discovered the wreck and recovered more than 10,000 pieces-of-eight, are grinning rather ruefully at the aftermath.

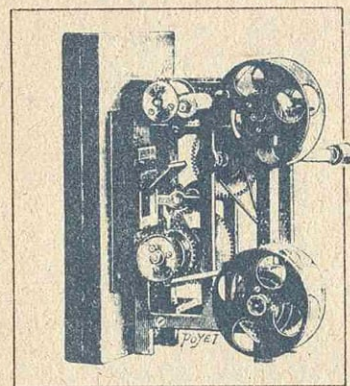
The coins were worth more than \$75,000 in silver bullion value alone, so on returning to Perth they wrote to the Commonwealth Government.

Expecting a prompt and even enthusiastic response, they put the treasure in a tin trunk in a verandah sleepout. In fact, it took two more letters and three months before the Commonwealth deigned to reply, instructing them to hand over the 198kg of silver to the WA Museum.

In the United States, wreck discoverers are awarded 75 percent or more of their value. Mr Paxman and his group have been awarded a total of \$17,500 — less than 24 percent.



FILMS



A JOB WELL DONE

His exploits shook an empire and made him a legend... so claims the press release for the South Australian Film Corporation's production of Bruce Beresford's new motion picture, *Breaker Morant*. Was the man a hero or was he a murderer as accused? Was he, as he said, a scapegoat of the empire, a pawn in a power play that cared not that his life, and that of his two fellow officers, mattered not in the least if the goal, an end to the Boer War, was achieved?

These questions are all dealt with, in great detail, in Beresford's strong, if wordy, script. But yet, that's not to imply that a wordy script is wrong in this instance. Just the opposite. For in *Breaker Morant*, it is an advantage in studying this 80-year-old controversy.

Set basically as a courtroom drama interspersed with suitably timed flashback action, it's a method that works well, and mainly because of the judicious casting of Edward Woodward as the Breaker. Best known for his lead role in the television series *Callan*, Woodward skilfully portrays Morant as history has depicted him, a bushman, a poet (he wrote for *The Bulletin*), an Australian folk hero who was intelligent, well-read and well-educated.

As his two fellow officers, Bryan Brown as Lieutenant Handcock and Lewis Fitz-Gerald as Lieutenant Witton, both put in carefully etched character portrayals that, like Woodward's Morant, are almost larger than life.

Based on historically documented fact and on such serious research as *Scapegoats Of The Empire* by G.R. Witton, Beresford's strong film opens by establishing who Morant was, the method of his incarceration, and finally, his courtmartial.

Morant's friend, Captain Hunt (Terence Donovan) is killed and mutilated. It's the middle of the Boer War and the year is 1901. Morant hunts down Hunt's murderers and dispatches them according to the laws of war with the help of the crack British unit (made up mostly of Australians) the Bushveldt Carbineers.

Lord Kitchener (Alan Cassell) uses this as the "evidence" he needs to put his peace plan into action. To display to the world, and to the Boers specifically, that British justice is impartial, Kitchener put Morant and his officers Handcock and Witton on trial for the murder of Boer prisoners of war. By doing so, Kitchener hoped to bring about a quick start to peace talks between the British government and the Boers and thus end the costly and wasteful Boer War.

The fact that a German missionary C.D. Hesse is mysteriously murdered at about the same time only added more fuel to Kitchener's strategies. "If these three men have to be sacrificed to help convince the Boers... it's a small price to pay," Kitchener confides to his aide Colonel Hamilton (Vincent Ball).

Lord Kitchener, to be fair in his wayward manner, appointed Major Thomas (Jack Thompson) to defend the three accused... the next day. The prosecution was led by Major Bolton (Rod Mullinar), who had five weeks to plan his strategy.



Edward Woodward skilfully portrays Morant.

What follows is the most famous — and controversial — courtmartial in military history. And it's here that Beresford centres most of the 105 minutes of his drama, within the courtroom walls, as charge after charge is brought against the men, as witness after witness is discredited by Major Thomas... and to no avail. As history documents, Morant and Handcock faced the firing squad one bright dawn, while Witton was sentenced to imprisonment for life.

Don McAlpine's cinematography is perhaps his best work to date, turning stark South Australian bush into a semblance of South African vistas that have the war-torn oppression required — a component much needed for the overall look of the film. Period settings and designs are the realm of art director David Copping who has devoted much time to detail.

Breaker Morant, to its credit, was the official Australian entry in competition at the 1980 Cannes Film Festival. The reason it was chosen was simple: it was

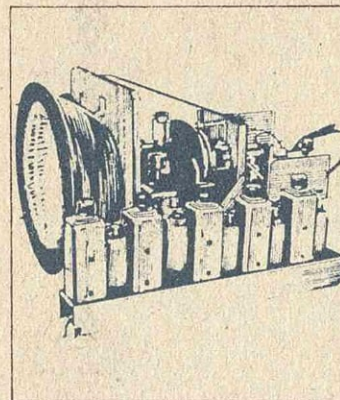
the best of an exceedingly poor lot of feature films produced in this country during the past 12 months — 12 months which managed to churn out such thoroughly uninspiring rubbish such as that "international" feature, *Harlequin*.

Not only was *Breaker* the official entry, but for the first time since Australians have made the annual pilgrimage to that citadel of commercialism, an Australian film has taken out one of the coveted and prestigious awards: that of Best Supporting Actor.

This honor went to our very own Jack Thompson. And it is, in fact, an award he deserved. For although in the past our Mr Thompson has only managed to portray his favorite character — himself — this time round, he has focused his attention on the matter at hand and plays to perfection the role of Major Thomas.

Breaker Morant is what the Australian film industry should be about — producing indigenous Australian product with class. Three cheers for a job well done. — Alex Anthony.

TV



OUR COMEDY IS NO JOKE

The comical and perceptive Fred Allen, who knew exactly where the funny bone was located on the human frame, once remarked: "Radio and television sure are funny — all except the comedy programs." Let me say immediately that Mr Allen was not referring to Australian comedy on television. Such an observation would have been impossible. Australian TV comedy does not exist.

Of course there are programs that quaintly call themselves comedy shows, but I doubt if the description would bear close scrutiny under the Trade Practices Act, or even the laws protecting the environment.

Comedy has but one function and that is to provoke laughter. As often as possible. As the 18th century observer, Sebastien Chamfort, said: "The most completely lost of all days is that on which one has not laughed."

The good Chamfort, had he relied on Australian comedy, would now be suffering from extreme melancholia.

Now I'm willing to go along with the argument that comedy is a highly personal thing. That one man's banana skin is another man's concern over littering. But I believe I have an average sense of humor. For instance, I tend to roll in the aisles

over the Marx Brothers, *Dad's Army*, *Barney Miller*, *Fawlty Towers*, Doug Anthony and my lady when she is attempting to park a car.

However I cannot raise even a smirk when I am confronted by our only indigenous comedy which is called *Kingswood Country* and which, for some inexplicable reason, scores high ratings for the Seven Network.

There are other comedies, but these are British and have been optimistically transplanted to Australia in the hopes their original successes would be repeated.

The two most recent of these are *Father*, *Dear Father* and *Are You Being Served?* Certain television executives thought it a great idea — nay, an almost divine inspiration — to bring to these shores the British stars of the programs, Patrick Cargill and John Inman, and toss them a few scripts rewarmed from cold to tepid.

The television executives reasoned that this would produce instant laughter and high ratings which would allow the said executives to go back to what they do best, which is taking four-hour lunches.

Alas, comedy cannot travel in this fashion. It cannot pack its subtleties and background into a Globite, move halfway around the world to where things are done differently and hope it will remain fresh and uncreased.

The local versions of *Father*, *Dear Father* and *Are You Being Served?* know not the meaning of comedy. Only crassness.

But back to *Kingswood Country*. It began reasonably well with its exaggerated picture of an ocker Australian who ranted and raged against Italians, Catholics, Valiant cars and his wife, not necessarily in that order.

But from there it went downhill. Now it relies almost entirely on insults which it delivers with all the subtlety of a kick in the head. And the insults are aimed directly at migrants.

Samples:

"Hullo, wog!"

And: "Shut up, wog!"

As well as: "I won't eat wog food my dago son-in-law made."

Ross Higgins, who plays the main character, Ted Bullpit, is totally convinced that such insults are not offensive to the huge community of Italians in Australia.

Said Higgins: "They see through Ted's stupidity and narrowness in his attitude to his Italian son-in-law."

"They see he's pathetic. The thing is, Ted knows all his waffle about wogs, Catholics and the depression and war is a load of bull. But he imagines fondly that the family likes him to go on like that."

Maybe he's right. Maybe Italians are sophisticated enough to see through the prejudices, the racial insults, the disparaging remarks about their food, their customs and their culture.

But I'm inclined to think the same could not be said for many Australians. I fear that they laugh at the insults because they use them in everyday language. Bullpit's insults merely reinforce their belief that they are indeed wogs when they

refer to the Italians up the road as wogs, dagos and spaghetti-heads.

Of course, there is no reason why the mickey cannot be taken out of ethnic groups. They have some highly entertaining traits.

But it has to be done with finesse, a certain style, as in the British series, *Till Death Us Do Part*. It should not be rammed home with a sledgehammer.

Australia has had a sad history when it comes to television comedy. There was the *Mavis Bramston Show*, but it got its laughs mainly from being outrageous, for actually daring to say "bum" on the screen.

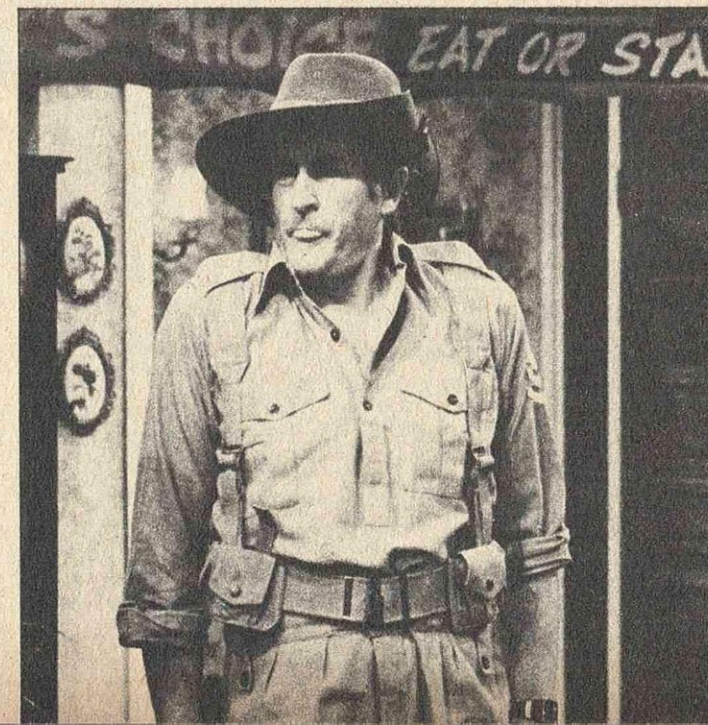
Then there was *My Name's McGooley — What's Yours?* which in its time was one of the most popular programs on television. Again I failed to see the joke. The show seemed to consist of actors opening cans of Foster's, or possibly KB, and when that palled they would shake the can and allow the beer to shoot skywards.

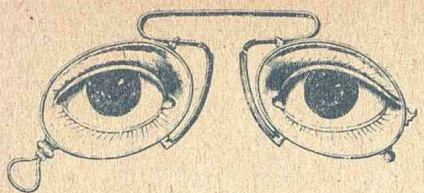
I often do that at home. I usually weep at the result.

Norman Gunston amused me, but only at the very beginning of his series. He was a one-line joke who quickly wore thin.

And as for Paul Hogan...

Ross Higgins as Ted Bullpit in *Kingswood Country*.





well, he was another one-line comedian who failed to enlarge his repertoire. Hogan should be seen in a three-minute segment, not in an hour program. Some of the great comedians in the world would shy away from such lengthy exposure, arguing that a good joke is a fast joke.

All that's left is Graham Kennedy. Unhappily, he seeks the classic thing of a juggler wanting to sing, or, in his case, a comedian wanting serious roles.

So where is our comedy?

In truth, because we are basically a humorless mob and laugh only at the ugly things of life, it exists when we are being serious. It can be seen when the Festival of Light earnestly explains that dirty books will drive you mad, when a politician tries to cover up a lie, when Roger Climpson is trying to sound genuinely emotional in *This Is Your Life*. — Neal Akerman.

SOUNDS



HOOKED ON THE DUGITES

The Dugites self-titled debut album (Deluxe) really starts to happen on the third cut — Mamma Didn't Warn Me — which pits Lynda Nutter's compelling vocal style against Peter Crosbie's crazy keyboards and sends in Gunther Berghofer to referee with a wailing guitar break. It gets you up and jumping, and what more can you ask? In fact, one listen to this song



Jo Jo Zep and the Falcons prove they can reproduce their live sound.

and you're hooked on the Dugites. (The name, incidentally, is apparently a reference to a suburb of Perth, rather like a band from Brisbane calling itself the Brissos, which would, no doubt, earn it an instant ticket to oblivion, but Perth is so far away the Dugites seem to have gotten away with it.)

I found myself playing it eight or 10 times, then going back to discover the pleasures I'd missed, like South Pacific (an ecological message song but don't let that put you off, whale-haters), the moody (almost pouting) Gay Guys, the witty 13 Again and the surprisingly sombre Amusing.

The Dugites put down your basic Sixties pop with a hard edge, a la B52s or locally, The Reels, but what makes them so special is the infectious enthusiasm with which they approach a fairly dated musical form. When their sophisticated musicianship is allowed to surface, it comes not as a surprise but a tantalising taste of the riffs that lie ahead. The Dugites are going to be big.

Last year's *Screaming Targets* proved conclusively that **Jo Jo Zep and the Falcons** had dis-

covered how to reproduce on record the power and magnetism of the band's live performances. *Hats Off Step Lively* (Mushroom) proves conclusively that it was no fluke.

Jo Camilleri's rocking reggae outfit barely lets up from the first bars of Puppet On A String through to the close of play, Hand Me Down. Peter Solley's sympathetic yet disciplined production is the perfect complement to Camilleri's energetic vocals and driving sax breaks.

But this is truly a band effort, as one would expect from a group comprised of the survivors of most of the best Australian bands of the past 10 years.

The only track I can't get into is the orchestral and somewhat stagey I Will Return, which may be a clever parody but just sounds like bad Del Shannon to me. But that's small criticism. The rest of it is great, particularly Too Hot To Touch, which showcases what this band is all about — funky, raw, zany and alive.

Jimmy Ruffin looks like a slimmer version of Barry White, and the similarities are not only physical. Ruffin also has a big voice. *Sunrise*, his debut album

on RSO, is basically middle of the road disco ballad stuff, but Ruffin's vocal strength and the superb production set it apart from other offerings in the genre.

It must be said of RSO that the label looks after its own. This album features a galaxy of Stigwood stars. Produced by Robin Gibb, songs written by the Bee Gees and Andy Gibb, backing vocals by Eric Clapton's former sideperson Marcy Levy — with help like that you could hardly fail. Ruffin doesn't, but it's doubtful that his material is original enough to constitute a major hit. My favorite cut is his duet with Marcy Levy, Where Do I Go.

Take one of the finest jazz/pop crossover artists of our time, add for seasoning some of the best jazz and rock session musicians in the world (like, say Lee Ritenour on guitar, Larry Williams on flute, George Duke on keyboards, Herbie Hancock on synthesiser), throw in a Marty Paich string ensemble and get Quincy Jones to do the arranging. And what have you got?

George Benson's latest album, *Give Me The Night* (Warner Bros.), that's what.

Benson, one of the best mood guitarists and scat singers ever, hasn't put a foot wrong since *Breezin'*, and he certainly doesn't blow this, his first outing on Quincy Jones' new Qwest label.

He works his relaxed way through a selection of old and new songs, never missing a beat through a series of pace changes. The consummate pro, his scat on Off Broadway and Dinorah, Dinorah is a delight, his trading of verses with Patti Austin on Moody's Mood is slick, and his guitar playing throughout is superb.

For those in need of a quick hit of the very best of Benson, try Paul Williams' Love Dance on side two — a masterpiece of timing, subtlety and musical understatement.

A lot of people thought the game was up for old **Grace Slick** when she finally bailed out of the Starship, parachuted into a large liquor store and hit the piss with a vengeance, which made her earlier efforts look like paid promotion stunts for the Temperance Union.

Not so. Grace has bounced back with a solo album, *Dreams* (RCA) which shows that there's life in the old girl yet.

I don't know who plays on this album (the sleeve doesn't say), but I suspect that it's a session band rather than a collection of Starshippers. There's a fresh feel about it, something lacking in Grace's work with Jefferson Starship 'since *Red Octopus*, and diversity.

El Diablo features some lovely flamenco guitar, Face To The Wind rocks out with as much power as we've heard from Slick since Bathing At Baxters, and on Seasons she plays the role of den mother to a gypsy choir. So here's one in the eye for you, Kantner — Grace Slick is dead, long live the reborn Grace Slick.

You could write off **Benny Mardones** as a Springsteen

clone and ignore *Never Run Never Hide* (Polygram), but you'd be missing a tight and surprisingly powerful offering which suffers little from the inevitable comparison with the other, better known East Coaster.

Mardones is a tough rocker with a great band behind him, the lyrics are witty and the production is first class. This could be a real sleeper. — Phil Jarratt.

Back in 1956, a song called Crazy Arms spent 45 weeks on the country charts. The song, sung by Ray Price, is still holds third place for longevity. Now Price returns to sing it again with Willie Nelson on the new CBS album, *San Antonio Rose*, **Willie Nelson** and **Ray Price**.

The two weave their way through a bunch of country classics such as the Bob Wills title track, Nelson's Funny How Time Slips Away and Night Life, which still sound fresh despite the umpteen versions by the writer.

Harlen Howard and Hank Cochran's standard, I Fall To Pieces, gets a traditional treatment here, and Crystal Gale guests as backup on Faded Love.

Price's smooth, rich voice

blends well with Nelson's slightly more raspy one, and the record is a striking contrast to the recent Leon Russell-Nelson teaming. A must for country fans.

If you used to frequent the Troubadour in Sydney or Traynors in Melbourne in the folk days of the mid-Sixties, you probably had some recordings by **Judy Collins**, one of the top female folk singers of the time.

Miss Collins, now a mature 41 years old and with more than 16 albums to her credit, is still using her silky, spectral voice to advantage, especially on her best effort for some time, *Running For My Life* (Elektra).

One of the reasons this set works could be that the lady produced it herself, and she should know her stuff by now. The songs are a long way from folk, yet they still have the down-to-earth feeling and honesty associated with that style of music.

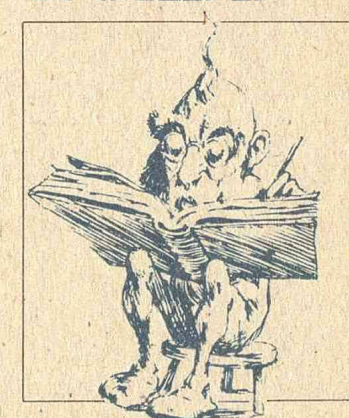
Some of the songs (not enough) are self-penned, such as the title track and the beautiful Wedding Song she wrote for the marriage of her younger brother, and there are a couple of Stephen Sondheim

songs from the musical, *Sweeney Todd*.

For some reason, Miss Collins has re-recorded the Jacques Brel song, Marieke, which she first recorded in 1971, but the show stopper is the traditional ballad, Bright Morning Star, which, perhaps, proves for Miss Collins that life really does begin at 40. She attempts Rainbow Connection, but who can compete with Kermit?

Running For My Life is a well balanced, superbly delivered album for listeners of quality music, and the cover, featuring those famous blue eyes, only enhances it. — Carol Ashdown.

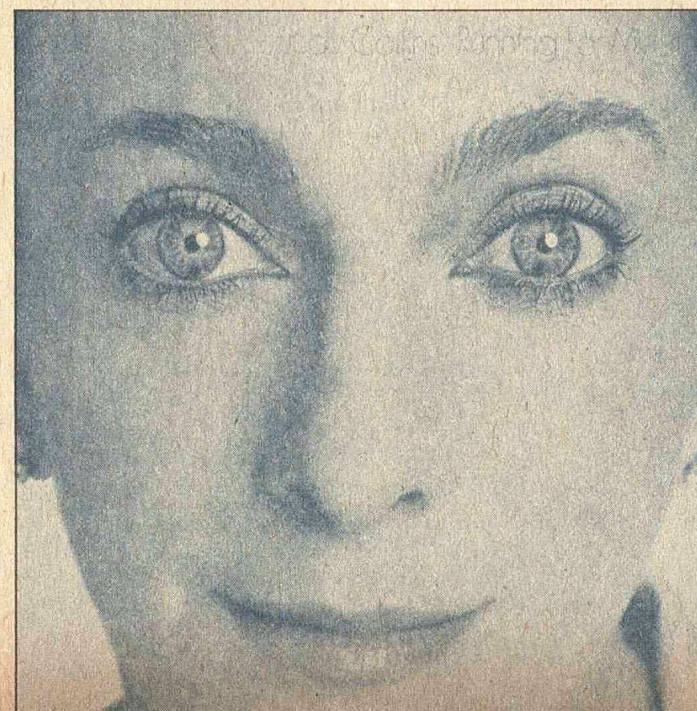
WORDS



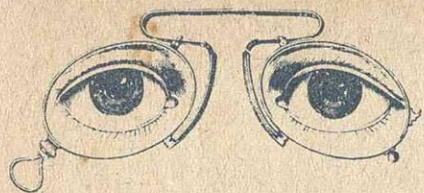
IRRESISTIBLE READING

The first question that one must ask about Gay Talese's fascinating study of the selling of sex, **Thy Neighbor's Wife** (Collins, \$15.95), is how did the author discover so many incriminating facts about his subjects? How, for example, did he learn that Hugh Hefner's first sexual experience with his future wife occurred in the back of a bus? And how does he know that for months said lady pleased Hefner orally in order to preserve her virginity, and that Hef copped it sweet because he, too, believed that only bad girls went all the way?

Did Talese come right out and ask Hefner all this stuff? Or did



Judy Collins delivers her best for some time.



the great man volunteer the information? "Say, Gay, did I ever tell you about the time Mildred and I were in the back of this bus and she..."

Speculation about the author's sources is great entertainment for an inquiring mind, but it is only the beginning. *Thy Neighbor's Wife* is full of revelations, wisdoms and witticisms about contemporary sexuality.

Talese, like Capote and unlike Mailer, writes in the disciplined yet flowing style of the pioneers of "faction", weaving his story around the economics of journalism.

He is not a hound for elaborate detail, like Tom Wolfe, and yet he manages to describe the minutiae of everyday life of the famous in such a way that the reader comes to fully understand the thought processes of the men he profiles.

Although Talese tells the stories of a variety of sexual entrepreneurs — Screw publisher Al Goldstein and free love guru John Williamson among them — his portrayal of Hefner is by far the most fascinating section of the book.

Brutally honest throughout, Talese presents the *Playboy* publisher as a lonely, somewhat pitiful character, deserving of sympathy as much as awe. He says of Hefner on the eve of *Playboy's* debut in 1953: "He saw his life so far as a mistake. He had played by the rules and lost... And now in 1953, at the age of 27, he had a failing marriage and a 1941 Chevrolet."

When the first, undated issue hit the Chicago news-stands, Hefner, whose financial future depended on its success, prowled the streets surveying the business activity.

Says Talese: "Parking his car, he walked from one stand to another watching the browsers from a discreet distance. Approaching a stand, he would pick up a copy of *Playboy*, examine it as if for the first time; if

the vendor was not looking, he would move his magazines to a better position... He wished that he could personally promote his magazine to the people passing, could make a sidewalk speech heralding its arrival. Occasionally he observed a man picking up a copy and thumbing through it. If the copy was bought, Hefner felt a surge of silent excitement."

Anyone who has been financially — or even creatively — involved in the birth of a publication will identify with that. And anyone who counts magazines and sex among his primary interests (at a rough guess everyone I know) will find *Thy Neighbor's Wife* irresistible. — Phil Jarratt.

As surely as a hangover after New Year's Eve, a successful movie is followed by "The Making of..."

It's all part of the packaging as the makers wring every last cent out of their triumph, knowing full well they have only a few months before the next spectacular to hit the screen traps the fickle public's imagination and dollars.

Generally, such books are only mildly interesting to all except devoted students of the medium and professional buffs, but occasionally one has a special approach or character which lifts it out of the ruck.

One such is *Giger's Alien* (published by Big O, available AllBooks, Sydney, \$22.50), which — obviously enough to those who have seen the film — owes its impact to H.R. Giger's overwhelming graphics.

For those who haven't seen *Alien*, Giger is the man responsible for the film's gloomy, intestinal sets and the alien itself in each of its quite remarkably loathsome three stages.

The film's success has to be attributed in large part to the breadth of Giger's extraordinary vision, since it has almost no plot. This is why the book's pictorial essay on the development



Giger's *Alien* in the making.

of the various creatures and sets is fascinating, since we share in the workings of one of the most bizarre and competent graphic geniuses of today.

Giger also shows a talent for recording the daily grind of making a big-budget film and is adequately informative — did you know they used children in space suits to make the giant pilot's body look bigger? — but by far the most interesting excerpts from his diaries cover his relationships with the film's production team, and his own journeys between enthusiasm and despair.

Even if sometimes we get the feeling that Giger is working very hard at being Giger, the text makes an important contribution to the stunning graphic content of a highly-entertaining book.

The odds are that Australians are the biggest gamblers in the Western world, on a per capita basis. The amounts we bet on horses, dogs and numbered ping pong balls each week would probably be enough to feed the starving masses, with enough left over to rescue the Hunt brothers in case they couldn't get a \$900 million loan next time they crash.

This alone almost guarantees the success of *Memoir of a Gambler* (Jonathan Cape, \$17.75) by Jack Richardson, but anyone who takes a punt on the book solely from its title better be ready for some hard-edged reality.

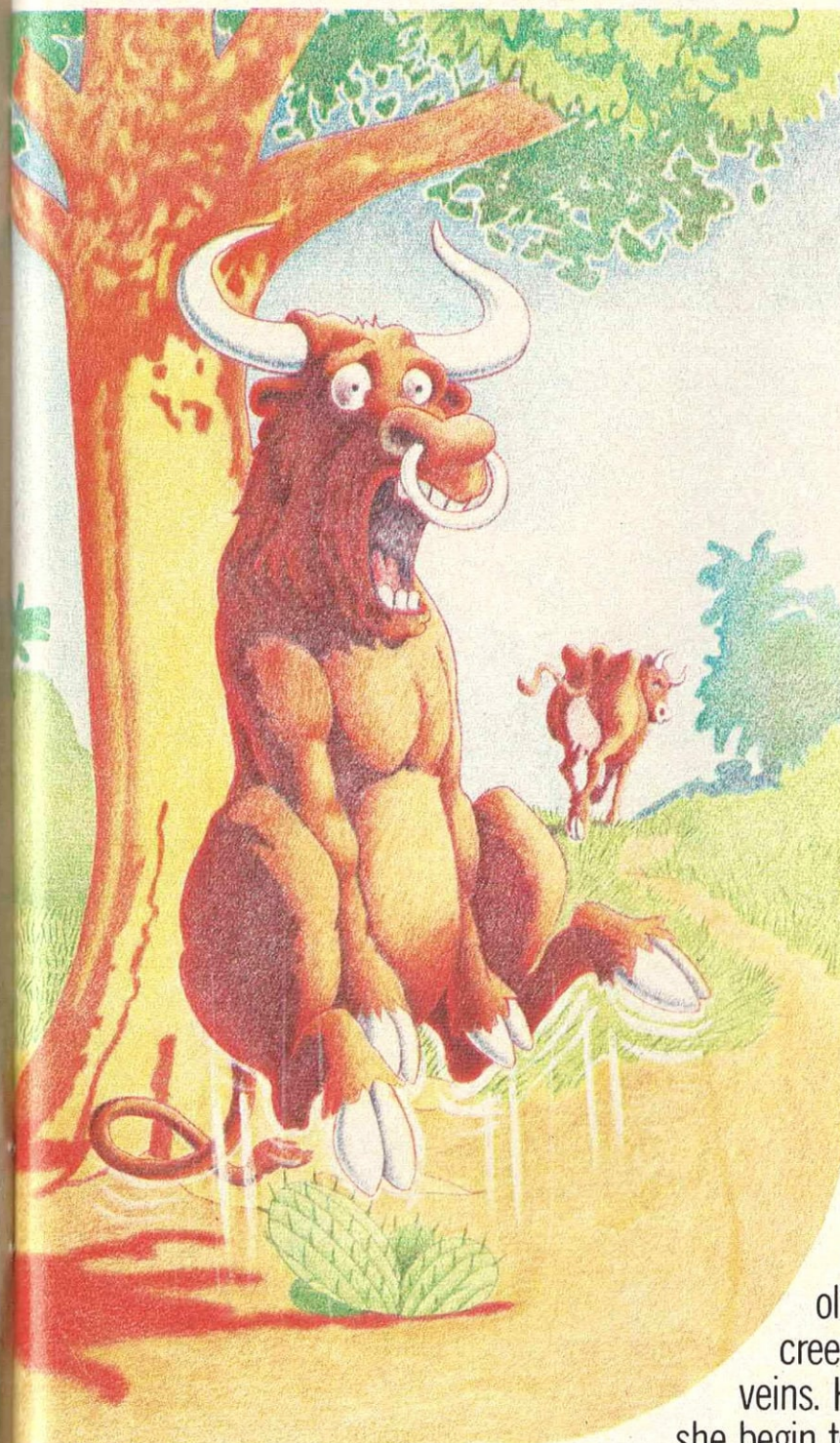
This is no star-spangled journey to success, through disaster, to a final James Bondian coup where the hero sweeps off with a barrow load or two of the casino's money. It's an almost dispassionate view of the life of someone who lives for the tables, and the good and the bad things about that life — no more, certainly no less.

If we are to believe Richardson, a successful writer in other areas, he has placed himself under a merciless self-scrutiny few people could achieve anywhere except on the psychiatrist's couch. He makes no apology, nor seeks our approval, and it is this stance as well as his personal honesty which lends the book an authority rare among such works.

If his style at times is unbearably pretentious — a quick musing on Kant in relation to a fling with a prostitute, and an excruciating and largely irrelevant account of his friend's coming to terms with homosexuality — then it seems only to reinforce the reader's feeling that this is indeed the man himself, warts and all. While the greatest priority is given to the author's experiences and views, he does display a flair for establishing the other characters — and that's the right word — who cross his path.

Essentially, what I suspected would turn out a trite and boring load of rubbish is in fact a well-written and quite powerful story of the pursuit of the Big Win. — John Hampshire.

A bull story from El Toro.



Thees ees the story of El Toro, the greatest stud bool in all of Mexico.

Unteel, one fateful afternoon, after a particularly torrid engagement, he peek the wrong place to seet down to a siesta.

Poor Toro... he seet on a cactus.

"Aiiiiiieeeeeeeeeey!" cry Toro.

An' who can blame heem?

'Cause when eet come to the business of stud booling... a prickly pair don't help wan leetle beet!

Soon, there were no more "ole's" coming from the cows in the pastures at night.

But just when it looked like El Finito for El Toro, a cute leetle cow blow in his ear an' said... "Hey Toro, how 'bout you an' me 'ave a leetle dreerk and fool aroun' eh?"

Weeth that she produce a shaker of salt, a lemon, an' a bottle of El Toro Tequila.

An' she leek. An' he leek.

An' she seep. An' he seep.

An' she suck. An' he suck.

A-a-a-a-and CARAMBA!!

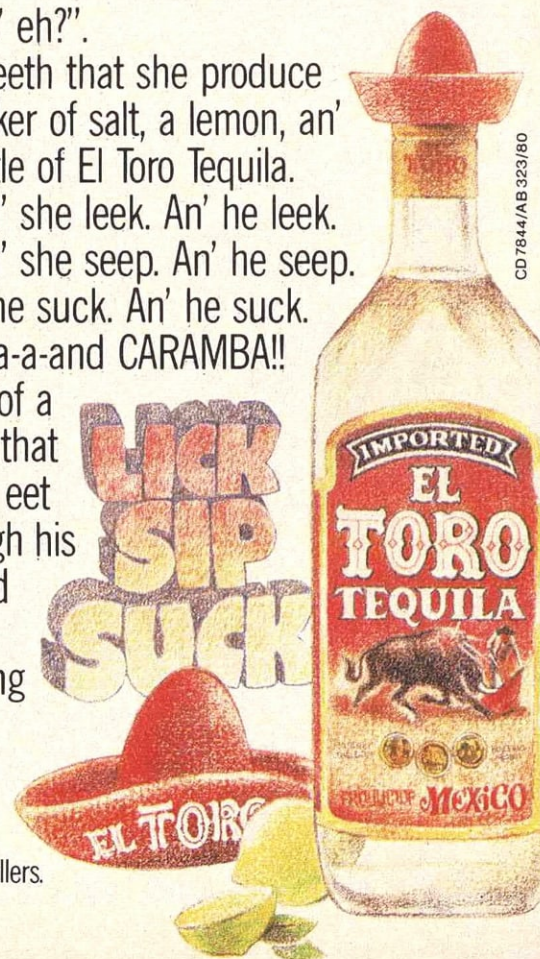
All of a sudden that ol' feeling eet creep through his veins. His blood she begin to boil.

An' before you know eet, that ol' El Toro is back to proving the point that one and one make three!

Which brings us to the moral of this story. When your spirit she is down... get it up with El Toro.

An' that's no bull!

Imported from Mexico by Continental Distillers.





Frank and Mike set out to show the world how quickly fools and their money could be parted. Now the money is gone, Frank is dead and Mike has mysteriously disappeared.

The Baffling Case of Mr Nugan & Mr Hand

BY CHRIS PRITCHARD

A player in a strange death ritual, the dark-suited banker boarded planes in Australia, Asia and North America, checked in at fine hotels and unfailingly kept to a hectic schedule. Back in Sydney, he told his associates of the big deals he had pulled off — before setting off on another foreign spree of financial wizardry, of banking exploits to make others marvel at his skill. The papers reported his return from one of these trips. His success was news — and nobody, at that stage, probed too deeply.

The plane trips were real enough. So were the stays at top hotels. There may or may not have been a hectic schedule of meetings. But the wheeling and dealing, moving and shaking, that so impressed those who knew him were all in his mind.

Finally, he blew his brains out — if we accept the official version of what happened. That rifle shot also blasted open a can of worms, a mass of confusing strands from which the complete story almost certainly will never emerge. Indeed, those who were closest to him say the full, tangled picture existed only in the banker's brain. The bullet, therefore, permanently removed access to it.

These same associates suggest some of the banker's records would have provided a barely complete outline of what had gone on. But the shredder had its way with many of them. Others, volunteers another source, "have almost certainly been filed in Sydney Harbor". The banker's partner could tell at the very least, a part of the story. But he has disappeared, with — at the time of writing — conflicting reports putting him in South Africa and the Philippines.

Illustration by Danny Burke

The banker, Francis John Nugan, co-founded the strangest banking empire in Australian banking history. Now there is no bank. There are no founding partners. There's no money either, of course. But few of the upwardly-mobile citizens of Australia and South-East Asia who entrusted their funds to Frank Nugan and his partner, Michael Jon Hand, are complaining — except in the privacy of their own homes. Complaints would draw attention to the money, something they desperately want to avoid.

Frank and Mike, central figures in a spectacular international banking crash, were as close as two business partners could be. Everyone agrees on this point. In fact, when Mike quit Australia for a while in 1973, pleas from Frank, saying things went better when they worked together, brought Mike rushing back.

They were an odd couple, these two burly bankers: gregarious Frank, 37 when he died on January 27, and dour Mike, a year older. Frank, an Australian, the son of a Spanish immigrant family who made it big in the fruit-packing business, was raised to be proudly Australian. Spanish was seldom spoken at home. Catholicism gave way to the Anglican Church.

His brother Kenneth took over the running of the family business (and currently faces conspiracy charges connected with its internal operation which Frank, as a director, also faced at the time of his death), while Frank studied law, later working as a tax lawyer in Canada and the United States.

Heavy-smoking, hard-drinking Frank teamed up with abstemious, Christian Scientist Mike. Tough and quiet-spoken, Mike had been a Green Beret in the US Army Special Forces in Vietnam. Military service left him a highly-decorated war hero, holder of the Distinguished Service Cross.

One of six survivors of a Vietcong ambush that killed several dozen soldiers, he carried his wounded commanding officer on his shoulders until they were out of range of the enemy. Discharged by Uncle Sam, he spent some time in South-East Asia, before settling in Australia.

Mike, an American who later married an Australian, and Frank, an Australian with an American wife, linked up to make a killing in the property market, courtesy of American post-Vietnam retirees who wanted to settle in Australia. Success followed on the buoyant stock market at the beginning of the 1970s.

Then — and this is really the beginning of a cautionary tale for all those who want to get rich or richer with the help of self-styled whiz-kid bankers, or who have a little money requiring a personal laundering service — they figured the world was ready for the Frank and Mike Show, which was to demonstrate how quickly fools and their money could be parted.

Nugan Hand Needham Ltd was set up in July 1973. When a partner dropped out it became Nugan Hand Ltd, the key company in an expanding international banking empire.

With Mike spending much of his time in Singapore, it was Frank who moulded the operation. Then politics played a part. Mike dropped out of active participation for a while, fed up with involvement in an Australian operation because the country, as he saw it, was finished.

It was in the grip of Gough Whitlam's Labor Government. To Mike, a Ronald Reagan-type right-winger, this was tantamount to communism.

He fled the "pinko" scene — to Rhodesia and South Africa, racist nations which would leave him alone to make money comforted by their constant, rabid anti-communism.

Frank's messages brought him back. The show needed both of them as it grew,

There were books kept . . . they were altered, replaced or destroyed at will and never gave any indication of what went on.

he pleaded. Mike flew back to play a full role in Nugan Hand Ltd.

Frank's life and behavior, it should be mentioned, were also affected by Australian domestic politics. He was an ardent Liberal, vocal in his support of the party, until the Nugan family began to view the Liberals as responsible for what they saw as their persecution. They blamed various Liberals for troubles relating to the conduct of the Nugan Group, which had grown into the country's largest fruit-packing concern, and of brother Ken who runs the company.

Frank, no socialist, switched his support to Labor and, according to a former business associate, spoke of donating \$70,000 to the party during the last Federal election campaign.

The Sydney operation was essentially Frank's in the early days. Mike was usually in Asia after his return from Africa. But, each day, the two men spoke at length by telephone and exchanged long telex messages. Associates doubt, therefore, that Mike was as much in the dark about what Frank was doing as he claimed after his partner's death.

Mainstream bankers were standoffish about the Nugan Hand operation.

As the bank spread its net to Hong Kong, British bankers in the Crown colony made no secret of their dislike for the people they regarded more as "cheeky young pups" than as crooks. Nugan Hand continued to prosper.

Frank's personality ruled the head office in Sydney's financial district. A former senior staff member there, now anxious to put as much distance as possible between himself and his links with Nugan Hand, talked at length about the operation on condition his name be kept out of it.

"It was basically a Mickey Mouse operation," he says. "Frank kept information in his head or on scraps of paper. It was amazing. There were books kept, of course. But they didn't even give part of the picture — they were criminally sketchy, with no resemblance to the reality of the thing. They were altered, replaced or destroyed at will and never gave any indication of what went on. They didn't even keep proper dummy records — and Frank didn't seem to care." This informality extended into most aspects of Frank's behavior.

On a working day, he would be earliest to arrive at the office, before 8 usually, and the staff member first called in to see him would find him at his desk with a glass of Johnny Walker Scotch at his elbow. "Come in," Frank would yell. Or, "No, go and get us two more Scotches and then come in."

(A few months before his death he had stopped drinking because his doctors had warned him his ulcers couldn't handle all that booze, but he continued to smoke more than two packs of cigarettes a day.)

In his private talks with aides, Frank had plenty of soft soap for them. "Look," he'd say. "We're not going to get rich here. We're just fooling around. We can't compete with the big guys. But at least we'll make some money and have some good times and good booze while we're trying."

Some believed it. Others were suspicious. They had seen the boss working on prospective clients and knew he was a master at handling people. One of his favorite techniques to get depositors was to have an across-the-desk heart-to-heart with a would-be client.

First came the social chit-chat. Then the little speech about how a small bank could offer really personal service (but with no pitch for business). Then the disclaimer about how busy Frank was and that he possibly couldn't handle any more business. By now the target would start to give details of his financial situation — and Frank would pounce with: "It sounds to me as if you've got one hell of a tax problem."

Frightened now, the prospective client

Sanyo G Series Systems. One great feature on top of another.



At the top of the Sanyo range of G Series music systems is the G-4, pictured here.

At the bottom of the picture, a cassette deck with wow and flutter of just 0.08%, timer standby and Dolby noise reduction.

Above that, a 40 watt per channel amplifier with all the controls you could ask for, and LED power output meters.

Then, a sensitive AM/FM tuner, with filters, and LED signal strength and timing meters.

On top, a fully automatic turntable with

DC servo motor and stroboscope.

Housing it all, a matching rack with room for your records and with glass doors on the front. Beside it, 3 way speaker systems with 25 cm bass drivers.

Other systems in the Series are the less expensive G-3 and G-2 systems.

Each of them is a neat idea in the way of hi-fi.



would ask what he could do. Frank would offer: "What the hell. We need depositors. We're a small bank. I tell you what. Why don't you come on board and invest. We'll handle your investment for you and, since I'm a tax lawyer, I'll take care of the tax problem, too."

So, another depositor was hauled in. Nugan Hand's main business was the taking of deposits to be invested. It had a money-market book of about \$30 million. Other income came from commissions and service fees.

There was some dabbling in commodities deals, too. But these brought losses and were quickly dropped.

Nugan Hand didn't lend money — but Frank Nugan did. Clients would ask for loans and magnanimous Frank would point this out. "How much would you like?" he would ask on such occasions. He would explain it would have to be a personal loan and would pull the, say, \$50,000 out of a drawer in cash (not all these loans were cash, but many were).

Frank usually didn't bother about security. The borrowers were sometimes friends of his, lawyers and other high-income professionals, businessmen, a few entertainers and sports personalities — even a couple of NSW politicians. It was all on the basis of trust.

Some loans were interest-free because Frank valued the friendship or felt it could open doors to other business. Indeed, Frank in his early banking days had the reputation of being an easy touch for a loan. The point could well be made that it was other people's money he was generous with — but it seems the generosity was genuine enough. It made him feel good to be big-hearted.

There is no evidence that the borrowers knew Frank was using Nugan Hand money to make personal loans. Records of some of these loans were not kept and there is speculation that there could be several dozen lucky people who will not have to repay amounts in the vicinity of \$50,000 and \$100,000 because of this.

Nugan Hand's all-round "personal service" included tax avoidance. The methods were varied. Frank, remember, was a tax lawyer — some of his associates had doubts about how good he was. His talent was more in sitting back, cradling a Scotch in his hand, and thinking up some grand scheme which was then passed to the tax consultant on his staff for evaluation in terms of the Australian tax laws.

Sometimes the consultant would barge into colleagues' offices and say: "Look at this crazy scheme Frank wants." It would take him days to confront the boss with the news that the scheme could not work. (Despite the informal atmosphere in the office, Frank's dominating personality and his ability to shout down opposition ensured he

always got his way, unless totally convinced one of his ideas would not succeed. General manager Graham Edelsten described his boss as "tough as nails". When he complained that overheads were too high he was called into Frank's office and told to leave the running of the company to its chairman.)

One tax avoidance scheme that was used successfully by Frank for his high-income clients involved Orange Spot drinks franchises. Frank, among his business interests, controlled Orange Spot and, says an associate who knew the Nugan Hand operation from the inside, used it to benefit his clients.

Another way of dealing with "black money" — funds to be concealed from the tax man — would involve the use of one of Frank's often moribund "shelf companies". Again, a man with \$100,000 could — for a fee estimated to be about 18 cents in the dollar — give the money to

Some of the individual depositors wanted primarily to have their money moved and hidden from the tax man.

Frank. One of his companies (an associate estimates there were 64 of them) could then, for instance, buy a property and give it to the client.

Getting undeclared income out of the country was another special service on offer. Associates scoff at talk of couriers taking planes to Asia, with bags bursting with cash.

"It's not like that at all — nothing so romantic," one former Nugan Hand employee says. "Frank always used to say — even though he had total contempt for keeping proper records — that there was no harm in full disclosure in such cases. In other words, they could be committed to paper because, on paper, it would all look legitimate. One company would be sending a service fee or a payment to another company but, in reality, it would be an unrelated individual getting Frank's help to slip his money into foreign bank accounts."

Nugan Hand activities were, essentially, the actions of the two partners. The confusing, tangled web of companies and interlocking boards was merely a method for conducting a very persona-

lised business. However, the key companies were: Nugan Hand Ltd, based in Sydney, with Frank as chairman and Mike as deputy chairman until he became chairman after Frank's death; Nugan Hand International Holdings Pty Ltd of Sydney; Yorkville Nominees Pty Ltd, one of Frank's own companies; plus other companies in Australia, the Cayman Islands, Hong Kong, Malaysia, the Philippines, Singapore, Thailand and West Germany.

Outside Australia, the most important company was Nugan Hand Hong Kong Limited, with a staff of about 40 compared to the Sydney operation's 25. In the Cayman Islands, a small British colony in the Caribbean which has become one of the world's foremost tax havens, the Nugan Hand Bank was headquartered. In an apparent effort to add a touch of class to Nugan Hand, a majority shareholding in the small West German F.A. Neubauer Bank, which had its beginnings in the last century, was bought in 1978.

It may appear that Nugan Hand was particularly talented at getting money out of Australia. However, its deposit-taking abilities in Asia meant also that there was a regular inflow of funds to this country from Asia.

The targets aimed at by Nugan Hand officials were members of the Chinese merchant class, particularly in countries such as Malaysia, the Philippines and Thailand where the Chinese are a minority. There is no evidence that similar business was conducted in Indonesia, where there was no office, but it could have been handled without difficulty from Singapore.

In Malaysia, Nugan Hand capitalised on the nervousness of the Chinese racial minority. There is constant Chinese demand for safe havens for their money, just in case the political scene turns ugly.

Frank's 12-hour days in his Sydney office, when he was in town, were a turn-on for him, say his associates. He enjoyed being at the helm. "It was a big buzz for him," says one of the men who worked most closely with him. "He was disappointed when it was time to go home." He expected the same dedication of the men he called his "gunslingers".

Frank's "gunslingers" were, in effect, salesmen. They pulled in deposits in Sydney from suburban councils, licensed clubs, a couple of supermarket chains, plus well-heeled individuals in business and professions.

Many depositors were merely looking for the better interest offered. But some of the individual depositors wanted primarily to have their money moved and hidden from the tax man. The minimum accepted for deposit was \$100,000 — or \$50,000 in the case of some people, often Frank's friends.

The "gunslingers", who were expected to use Frank's methods to obtain

deposits, were fast-talking, ambitious and often relatively young. They, like most of the overseas representatives, are believed to have avoided asking too many questions.

It has not been possible to discover how much they knew of the details of Nugan Hand operations.

The "gunslingers" earned \$100,000 a year. Hired as consultants, they were paid their full fee, leaving them free to make whatever tax arrangements they thought appropriate. Frank's tax avoidance skills were, however, available to them.

Four of the top five men in Sydney had Mercedes-Benz cars provided for their personal use. Frank had a Mercedes, too. He was so generous with it that even relatively junior staff members could ask to use the car, to impress their dates or whatever. Frank, if he didn't plan on using it, would casually toss the keys across his desk.

Nit-picking over expense accounts or telling staff to stay in cheaper hotels was not Frank's style. Though he could be rude and ruthless in steamrolling over others' opinions, he normally worked hard at being Mr Nice Guy.

"He didn't have the stomach for firing people," an ex-employee recalls. "He didn't have the balls to tell a secretary she had to go. Firings waited until Mike was in town. Mike was much colder, quieter. He exuded a military toughness. He seemed to like being feared. Guys would keep in line because they feared Mike would include them in 'You, you and you — you're fired!' When the Sydney staff had to be trimmed a couple of years ago because the overheads were enormous and many people had nothing to do, Mike flew in from Singapore and, in one afternoon, cut it from 42 to 25."

Frank, in essence, liked to display style. When he travelled — first class, always — he presented an image of success. He ran up a tab of \$700 a day during a stay at the Manila Hilton, partly because of a Rolls-Royce on 24-hour standby. A 10-day stay last year with his wife, Charlotte Lee, six-year-old daughter, Nicole, and four-year-old son, John, at the Disneyland Hotel in Anaheim, California, resulted in a \$17,000 bill.

A party, spread over two days, for friends and associates in the United States cost \$68,000. His home, in the Sydney suburb of Vacluse, cost \$500,000 in 1976. When the family moved in a year later, \$70,000 had already been spent on an elaborate front garden landscaping job.

Mike lived in a luxurious Darling Point home unit after returning to Sydney.

The lavish life styles and rapid business growth were expected to continue indefinitely. The syphoning off of millions of dollars for Frank's personal

use and to his companies could, indeed, have continued indefinitely if, according to bankers who watched Nugan Hand, the momentum of deposits had continued to grow quickly. But this didn't happen.

Banking observers trace Nugan Hand's downfall to the publicity the Nugan family received last year at NSW Royal Commission into Drug Trafficking. No link between Nugan Group, the fruit-packing company, and the illegal drugs industry was found. But the Nugan Group is based in Griffith, NSW, which was said at the hearings to be a major centre of marijuana cultivation. The damage was done. A banker who worked at Nugan Hand's headquarters recalls that there was "a run on deposits at the time. A significant number of people withdrew money."

After Frank's death, at a hearing on March 27 this year of the NSW Royal

Nugan ran up a tab of \$700 a day during a stay at the Manila Hilton, partly because of a Rolls-Royce on 24-hour standby.

Commission into Drug Trafficking, an American lawyer named Harry Wainwright was questioned. He now lives in Australia but reportedly defended organised crime figures in the United States, where he is wanted on tax evasion charges connected with the alleged skimming of cash from topless bar profits in San Francisco.

The police questioned him about his associations with drug offenders and crime leaders in Australia.

At the Royal Commission hearing he was asked about links with several businessmen, one of whom had been jailed in 1978 for conspiring to allow marijuana to be grown on a Northern Territory property. Another name was that of Michael Hand. Wainwright replied that he had, on one occasion, transferred \$15,000 to Hong Kong through Nugan Hand and had met Michael Hand. Frank Nugan, dead, was unable to be named by the publicity, as he was by that which followed earlier hearings.

But the Wainwright episode indicates how, without any demonstrated drug links, the mentioning of the bank in a drug

inquiry context could be enough to raise doubts in the minds of respectable clients. It's the sort of publicity a bank can do without.

Was there a drug link? Did the bank function as a conduit for the international movement of drugs industry money? There has been no real evidence presented anywhere that Nugan Hand was a drug merchants' bank. What is clear is that Frank, whenever drugs were mentioned in conversation, was forceful in his condemnation of them. Even the recreational use of marijuana appalled him, or so he said. Associates didn't find his attitude phoney. They found it natural and spontaneous. After drug innuendoes became public, and the subject became more than a casual topic of conversation, Frank's comments about drugs were a greater source of interest to those who worked for him.

Later much was made of the fact that the inquest into Frank Nugan's death was told that among his personal papers was a list with the names of 194 individuals and companies. These included Patricia Haywood, with \$20,000 written against it, and P.J. Haywood, with \$21,000 written against it.

Frank declared repeatedly that his one ambition for the bank was that it should grow rapidly, without losing its ability to deal with its clients in many countries on a personal basis. To do this, Frank's argument ran, it had to look squeaky clean — and involvement with criminals could not be part of his plan.

The correctness of Frank's view cannot be disputed. Bad publicity, which he had feared, resulted in a rash of deposit withdrawals.

This would have been bad for a straight bank, but for a crooked one that syphoned off other people's money it was more than it could stand.

After Frank's death Nugan Hand changed its name to Nuhan Pty Ltd in a last-ditch attempt to keep the balls in the air. Former Nugan Hand general manager Graham Edelsten acknowledged at the inquest into Frank's death that the change of name had been because of "the bad publicity Nugan Hand was receiving and innuendoes in the press of drug involvement".

Whether the bank was or was not involved with the illegal drugs industry didn't really matter. The allegations were enough. For a dishonest bank, perhaps that's some kind of market-place justice.

As Frank and Mike developed their international banking business they craved respectability. The fact that conservative bankers wouldn't accept them and treated them with suspicion (wisely, it turned out) was something they found genuinely galling. They felt that they looked respectable, and they desperately wanted the acceptance that went with such respectability, both for business

reasons and because of their considerable self-esteem.

Mike's background is military, and when military types were brought aboard it was assumed this was part of the quest for acceptance.

Certainly, the old soldiers (and sailors) opened doors, particularly in the United States. They also brought, in their wake, suggestions that they might be part of a United States Central Intelligence Agency link, that the bank was engaged in moving CIA money to fund clandestine operations or make pay-offs or whatever. If a CIA link existed, it would have been Mike's baby, mostly, according to a bank insider.

Frank, however, liked the glamor of having these people around — rather like a man who reads *Soldier of Fortune* magazine and believes something of the described mercenary exploits rub off on him.

A bank staff member had, on occasion, to contact several of these foreign-based ex-military men to ask for their help. "I usually got no reply, even though they were working for the bank," he remembers. "Actually, they struck me as pretty dumb. They didn't know much about banking, that's for sure."

"One, perhaps two, of them did highly valuable work for Nugan Hand, opening doors and making the right connections, particularly in Washington DC. But, other than that, we didn't hear what they were doing, how they were earning their keep. If they were just an indulgence on the part of Frank, they were a mighty expensive one."

If they weren't, one should add, then what was their real role? Mike, who was responsible for hiring them, is not around to explain.

Among the military men were: Rear-Admiral Earl P. Yates (Retired), known as "Bud", who had been involved in drawing up US Navy strategic plans for Asia and the Pacific region and who was president of the Cayman Islands-based Nugan Hand Bank; Brigadier-General Edwin ("Ed") Black, the Nugan Hand representative in Hawaii who worked from his Honolulu home; General Roy Manor, who ran the Philippines operation; Walt McDonald, based on the doorstep of Washington in Maryland, a former CIA intelligence officer and an economist who had reputedly served in a senior economic role with the agency; Guy Pauker, also US based and believed by workers in the Sydney office to have had a CIA work history; Dale Holmgren, another American with a senior military background.

(A former head of the Nugan Hand office in Thailand, John Owen, a Briton, was an ex-Royal Navy officer. He was described by an ex-colleague as "not really in the same league as the Americans — and, anyway, Frank fired

him for wanting more money soon after he landed a few good deposits".

What did these men do? Very little, it appears, that was directly connected with the bank. But they were seen by the partners as valuable assets.

With Frank dead and Mike missing, the question of their purpose in the scheme of things remains an open one. It raises other queries which may never be answered. If the CIA did use the bank, did the agency accept that the outfit was not above board but continue to use it in order to have available the facilities of a compliant bank? Were any of the ex-military men still CIA agents, placed in the bank to supervise the movement of funds and perhaps ensure the agency was not ripped off? Was there a pay-off to Nugan Hand to ensure silence? The answers, unfortunately, cannot be found in the back of the book.

When the empire began to fall apart,

“
According to a
bank insider,
if a CIA
link existed,
it would have been
Mike's baby.”

with less money being deposited and more being withdrawn, the "public Frank" successfully hid his private identity. He appeared unperturbed by the bad news and so upbeat was the image that his "gunslingers" and other employees continued to believe that survival was possible.

His exhortation didn't seem ridiculous, even then: "Visualise 100,000 customers worldwide. Prayerise. Actualise." The aim was to serve these clients through 30 banks, with a total of 300 branches globally. The "gunslingers" thought there wasn't another Frank, that the open, confident, unflappable personality was the only one there was. That another, more real Frank existed became apparent only after his death.

It appears the real Frank realised only too well that the money machine had stopped working properly, that the crash was coming. He turned to religion, becoming a regular church-goer (contrary to some reports, he was High Church Anglican, not Catholic).

He said he planned to base himself in the US for business reasons, but it is now

believed he had begun to face the fact that his marriage had become shaky and that his wife, unable to take the mounting pressure in Sydney, had gone ahead of him to live in the US with the children. Associates believe he could not have handled what he would have considered the humiliation of a broken marriage. He began to work at a frenzied pace. Employees began to ask where new funds would come from and would be satisfied with his answer: "The money market."

One, who was not satisfied, tried to pin him down and Frank said, as if confidentially "You know those trips I've been making to the States? Well, there are some really big tax clients over there, and they're paying a lot for the service." The employee says he realised at once that even if this were true and fees were unbelievably high, the amounts would have been of little significance, considering the Nugan Hand plight.

There were no such tax clients, as the others in the office discovered after Frank's death. The man who had tried to obtain a straight answer from his boss now says: "I have to admit it. Frank was a liar. I now wonder how many lies he told. He was a crook — a nice guy but a crook."

Donald Beazley, an American, who is a former top Nugan Hand official has been quoted in an interview published overseas as saying that the only US business handled by Nugan Hand was arranging mergers and acquisitions. There was, in his comments, no reference to any tax-related business using Frank's skills as a tax lawyer to earn cash.

What Frank did on his final series of overseas trips remains a mystery. It is widely assumed he was trying unsuccessfully to drum up business.

But when he returned to Sydney at the conclusion of each trip, the facade was intact. Smiling Frank announced further successes.

So engrossed did he become in what he portrayed as his immense good fortune that he stayed at the city's Wentworth Hotel, rather than go home to Vaucluse, on several occasions for up to two weeks "to be close to the office".

The crescendo of increasing — and unproductive — activity ended on January 27. Outwardly casual, Frank met staff members at the office on Saturday, January 26.

An informal chat about business matters, including abandoning a proposed staff superannuation scheme as too expensive, progressed uneventfully.

An employee had arranged to borrow Frank's Mercedes to use at a family wedding that weekend. Almost as an aside, Frank bent forward across his desk and said: "Oh, by the way. Do you mind if I keep the car? I might need it for something." The staff member, naturally,

The revolutionary Challenge X2.

Now your chances of returning a difficult shot are this much bigger.

The 'sweet-spot' is the section of the strings which gives you that satisfying 'thunk' when you connect just right with the ball. Giving you maximum power and control, without twisting or jarring.

But on a conventional racket it's a small area. Hard to connect with every time.

To get a larger 'sweet-spot' you would need a larger racket.

So here it is — the Challenge X2. As you can see from the dotted line, it gives you a monster 'sweet-spot'.

So now your chances of returning a difficult shot are much bigger.

And because you get more balls on the 'sweet-spot', you've got greater control over where the ball goes. Accuracy that can help you pick an opponent's game to pieces.

Notice that the 'sweet-spot' is closer to the centre of the strings as well. Which means you get more energy out of them. More ball-speed.

The new Challenge X2 has been designed by Slazenger, Australia's most famous racket makers, to take advantage of Australian conditions.

And it's totally accepted under the official rules of tennis around the world.

We think the only racket that will stand up against the X2 this season is another X2.

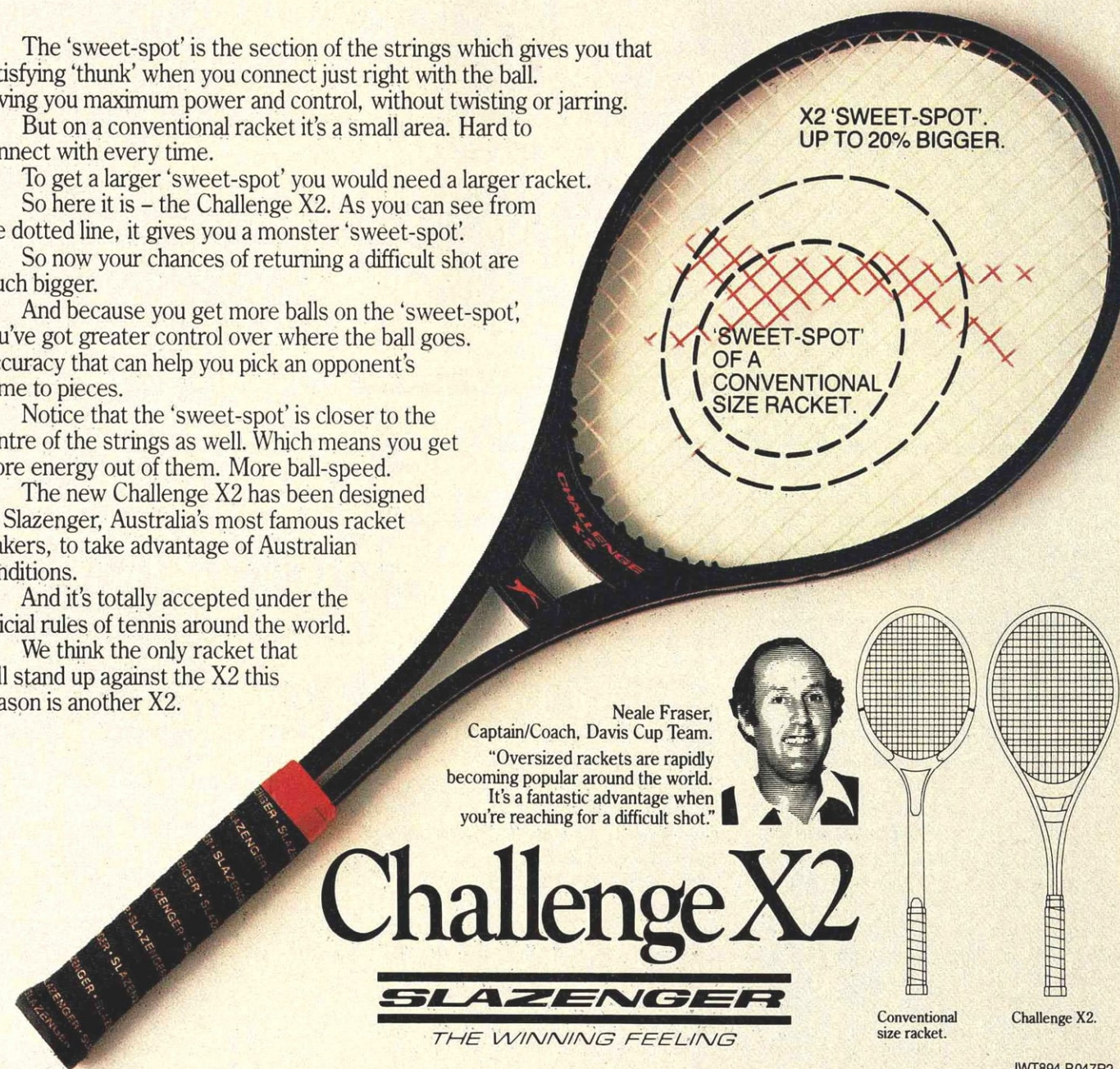
Neale Fraser,
Captain/Coach, Davis Cup Team.

"Oversized rackets are rapidly becoming popular around the world. It's a fantastic advantage when you're reaching for a difficult shot."

Challenge X2

SLAZENGER

THE WINNING FEELING



Conventional size racket.

Challenge X2.

JWT894.P.047R2

raised no protest and the meeting broke up jovially.

Next morning, on a lonely road near Lithgow, in NSW, Francis John Nugan was found dead in that Mercedes, killed by a bullet fired from a rifle he had previously bought.

Frank's death led to a flurry of activity in the Sydney office of Nugan Hand the next day, Monday. A few words of shock and sympathy were spoken. Then the look-after-number-one philosophy took over. Telexes were thrown out or shredded by the few staff members who understood Nugan's business methods. As an associate puts it: "The shredder could have blown a fuse, it was so busy."

One highly interesting point has been missed by the investigators of Nugan Hand: Frank's death occurred on January 27. On January 31, the Nugan Hand books were due to be balanced.

Frank had promised Donald Beazley, a banker with a sound reputation who had recently joined the bank, that he would be able to examine the books after January 31. In fact, after Frank's death it was found that what books there were would not have lived up to Beazley's expectations. Beazley quit Nugan Hand soon after.

Frank's inquest lent itself to extreme speculation. Was it because of a deliberate attempt by Frank to sow doubt that the business card of former CIA director William Colby was found in the car in which he died?

The card, with the name of Hong Kong's Mandarin Hotel scribbled on the back, fuelled speculation at the inquest — but what, if anything did it mean? Colby, now a member of a Washington law firm, acknowledged he "did some legal work for Nugan — and that's all".

One of Frank's close associates said at the inquest that his boss had been "tough as nails". Mike Hand said Frank regarded banking as "open combat" and would not have killed himself. Insurance company lawyers — Frank was heavily insured — sought, because of unusual clauses in the contract to show that it wasn't suicide but murder, disputing that the bullet would have entered from the angle it did in a suicide. The finding: suicide.

Here it is worth recording Mike's purported views on Frank's death. Mike told people it was highly mysterious that Frank had been found without his gold cigarette lighter which was always with him. This begs the question: if a man were intent on shooting himself, would he necessarily adhere to his usual habits?

More puzzling is evidence we have uncovered that Mike was telling people, well after the inquest, that Frank was still alive. According to this account of Mike's views, expressed privately, he said that his former partner was still alive and that the wrong body had been identified.

Frank had staged his own death in order to escape the Nugan Hand crash, leaving Mike to clean up the mess. Whether Mike really believed this or was, instead, pushing as much blame as possible on to Frank — who he publicly blamed for the crash — is open to speculation.

Mike's line at the inquest and at liquidation proceedings was to blame Frank for misappropriating the bank's money. At a NSW Supreme Court hearing to appoint a provisional liquidator, Mike made his now-famous accusation: "Vast sums of money were fraudulently misappropriated by Mr Nugan. The money runs into several million dollars. In addition to this, these are loans of \$3 million to persons and groups whose identity is not known. I am advised by solicitors and accountants there is little chance of recovering any of the monies."

There was no way the Nugan Hand operation would survive Frank's despe-

“
Well after
the inquest,
Mike Hand was
telling people
Frank Nugan was
still alive.
”

rate attempts to shore it up and his false promises that all was well.

In April, it fell to John McArthur, managing director of the Hong Kong subsidiary, to announce that depositors there could not be repaid. The house of cards quickly collapsed. Investigations were initiated in Hong Kong, Malaysia, Singapore and Australia.

In Sydney, a provisional liquidator was appointed to examine whether to wind up Nuhan Pty Ltd (formerly Nugan Hand Ltd). The NSW Corporate Affairs Commission investigated. So did the NSW Law Society and the Australian Taxation Office. There was no money. Depositors had been badly burnt. How many millions were lost is not known and almost certainly never will be.

Sydney accountant John O'Brien was appointed liquidator of Nuhan Pty Ltd in July. It is doubtful whether he will be able to provide comprehensive details of Nugan Hand dealings. (Destroying and hiding documents appears to have been bank policy. In Singapore, police found some books were about to be shipped to the Cayman Islands when they raided.

Others were hidden in a separate secret office in a residential block.)

Mike is said to be in Durban, South Africa (back-up for this is nothing more than his previous brief residence in South Africa). He is also said to be in Manila (back-up for this is apparently a recently expressed wish to inspect a coal-mining investment there).

There has been a carefully orchestrated attempt to indicate that Mike is dead. Loyal associates of his seem anxious to promote the line that he has been shot, or otherwise disposed of, by angry creditors. The story has been floated that a professional hit man was after him. Presumably, if people think he's dead they will stop looking for him.

Provisional liquidator Kevin Shirlaw, according to reliable information, found that Mike apparently used funds of a Nugan Hand company to buy shares in the same company, in contravention of the law. But, as an accountant familiar with the Nugan Hand operation points out: "It's not the sort of thing that's regarded as serious. Nobody goes to jail for it. It's usually settled by payment of a fine."

More serious considerations may have prompted Mike Hand's disappearance. But, unless he's found, alive, most of the Nugan Hand story will never be known. Even if he is found, and talks, the Nugan Hand operation may well remain Australia's greatest banking mystery because the bullet that entered Frank Nugan's brain also eliminated the organisation's *de facto* computer.

While Mike Hand probably doesn't know all the answers, his former associates do not buy the theory that he was oblivious to what happened and was not a participant.

A footnote to the several thousand depositors who lost their money (nobody knows, in the absence of proper book-keeping, how many there were) and who now are almost all not coming forward, out of fear of the tax man or other authorities in Australia, Malaysia and other countries will be alerted to breaches of the law: you were probably suckered into the rip-off believing Nugan Hand had a \$1000 million turnover. But that, too, was a lie.

It was all part of the overall scam of making the bank look bigger than it was. Frank, despite his contempt for records, actually achieved this vast turnover to his own satisfaction. According to a bank staffer: "They just rolled the money over and over and over again on paper. Nugan Hand would lend to Yorkville. Yorkville would pay funds to Nugan Hand. Numerous other companies were used in the same exercise. They just moved money back and forth until the magic figure was reached. Frank regarded this as a means to an end, which was growth. It was an obsession with him." □

Discover the subtle yet distinctive taste of Glenfiddich Pure Malt.

Glenfiddich* is pure, unblended malt whisky.

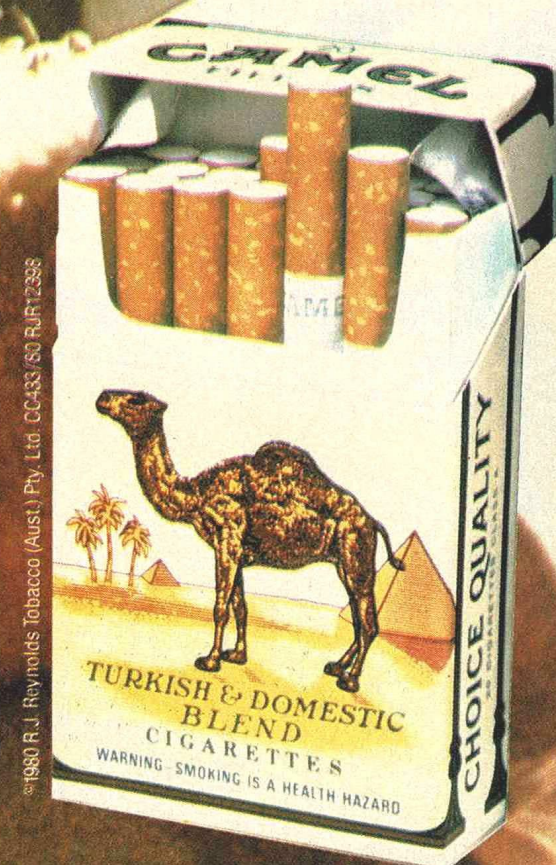
Distilled in the ancient way—in hand-beaten copper pot-stills—it has a smooth, mellow, yet subtly distinctive taste.

Enjoyed straight or with a little water, Glenfiddich is perhaps, the greatest single malt of the Highlands.

*"Glenfiddich", in Gaelic, means "Valley of the Deer".



Camel Filters. One of a kind.



©1980 R.J. Reynolds Tobacco (Aust.) Pty. Ltd. CC433/60 RJRT2398

Not available in South Australia and Western Australia.



For more than a decade, Australia's most incorrigible con man has divided his time between plush hotel suites and jail cells.

THE GREAT PRETENDER

BY MARTIN RIORDAN

The Monkee caper began one Friday evening soon after Barry John Faulkner was released from Sydney's Long Bay Jail. He met a girl and was invited to a party. "Gee, you look like Mike Nesmith," the girl said. It was enough to start Faulkner's mind rolling. He found a photograph and, incredibly, he did resemble the US pop star and former Monkee.

The opportunity was too great for King Con. And so began a six-month saga of deception, fraud and high living for Faulkner. It was an escapade which cemented his reputation as Australia's most incorrigible con man — and which ended, inevitably, with Faulkner once again behind bars.

The Nesmith caper epitomised the schizophrenic nature of Faulkner. Born, he says, in a garbage can, he yearns to be *somebody*. He is a liar; by his own admission, one of the best. He has posed as a doctor on many occasions, a TAA airline captain and an American army captain. At least, they are poses we know about because each landed him in jail.

What Faulkner tells about his exploits must be taken with a grain of salt. Some events check out. Of others, there is no record. Even his age is questionable. He says he is 32, but his wife says he is 38. Whichever way you look at him, he is The Great Pretender. After the chance "Gee, you look like Mike Nesmith", remark in March 1978, Faulkner spent three months studying

Nesmith's movements, his television shows and characteristics, even down to "the way he held his knife and fork." Any con man will tell you not to leave anything to chance.

"I have learned from all my previous con tricks that you have to know a character before you can carry anything off," Faulkner said. "I knew there would be money there somewhere if it was a success."

Escorting a Sydney call girl, Faulkner began introducing himself as Mike Nesmith.

Each time he asked men's wear shops and hotels to keep his presence quiet because he was on a "private tour". Faulkner looked like a pop star when he appeared at cocktail parties. With gold chains dangling around his neck, frilled shirt open to his waist and tight, white trousers and matching shoes, he *had* to be someone. And, of course, there were the sunglasses, even at night. Says Faulkner: "I figured that they couldn't recognise me anyway, especially with sunglasses. Sure enough, no one seemed to know what Mike Nesmith looked like exactly."

Soon Faulkner and his friend began booking into leading hotels.

"One of my first cons was at Surfers Paradise when I checked into the Golden Gate penthouse apartments," he recalls. "It was so easy I couldn't believe my luck. It was only after a couple of days when they started asking for money that we made our dash back to Sydney — after quite a pleasant stay, I might add."

Naturally, he left without paying. Says Faulkner: "But the scene was getting a bit too hot for comfort, so I thought the place to lie low would be in South Australia." He took a job on a citrus farm in Loxton before deciding to move on to Melbourne.

He quickly assumed the Nesmith pose, booking first into the Melbourne Hilton and later, the staid Windsor Hotel. By phoning prominent showbiz journalists he wangled invitations to all the best parties where, as a pop star visiting privately, he asked that his presence not be reported.

On November 18 Faulkner and his girlfriend noticed a telethon on Melbourne's ATV10 (then Channel 0) in aid of deaf people.

"I decided to phone the station and say I was keen to appear on the telethon. I told them that my young daughter was deaf and I would like to come in and make a donation," Faulkner said. Channel 0 staffer, Shirley Hardy was at first mystified when Nesmith, alias Faulkner, phoned.

"But the manager of the Windsor told me he had received a telex from Qantas saying Nesmith had arrived for an informal visit, so I guessed he was genuine," she said.

Exactly how Barry performed in his interview is a mystery. The show wasn't taped and there is no record of whether he was good or bad, but there are some personalities who will never live down their embarrassment.

When Faulkner and his friend walked into the television studios they were feted and ushered into the make-up room to prepare for their appearance with the then star of the 0-10 network, Steve Raymond. During the interview Nesmith promised to return later to sing for the telethon.

Hardy said the cruelty of the hoax began when Channel 0 received a call from Nesmith-Faulkner saying he had just received word that his daughter had been killed in a car accident in California. He could not return to sing. Reporters were told Faulkner and friend were put under sedation by a Windsor Hotel doctor. Their plush apartment was put off-

I have learned from all my previous con tricks that you have to know a character before you can carry anything off.

limits and a "Do Not Disturb" sign hung on the door. After a few hours Hardy said the staff became worried. The couple wouldn't answer their door. Staff eventually went in. The room was vacant. Of course.

But television gossip magazine, *TV Week*, swallowed Faulkner's story and reported the "tragic news" of Nesmith's young child being killed. The story also told how Nesmith's five-year-old daughter had been deaf since birth and why the US star had agreed to appear on the telethon. A torrent of flowers, sympathy cards and telegrams were sent to Nesmith at his California home from saddened Australian fans.

The real Mike Nesmith immediately contacted Australian police and said his daughter was alive and well and had never been deaf.

Faulkner returned to Sydney, checking into Noah's Northside Gardens in North Sydney. He quickly ran up a \$347 bill before switching to the Artarmon Motor Inn, which he left with a \$146 bill and the endorsement: "The service was first class." At the Sydney Hilton his one night

accommodation cost was \$176 — including room service.

From Paramatta jail, beaming at the recollection of the Monkee caper, Faulkner said: "Stuff it. I don't believe in paying bills. I've lived the best of life and I say hang the expense."

When King Con came into this world it wasn't in the normal Australian way, of mother subjecting the child to the usual ooings of love and care. Barry Faulkner was born the son of a Kings Cross prostitute. Says Faulkner: "Some people mightn't like it printed that their mother was a pro, but I don't give a stuff. After I found out, when I was about 12, my mother told me I was a gutter snipe and would stay that way. So I decided I would prove differently."

"I wanted to be a doctor, but I couldn't stay at school long enough to get the proper education. I left at 15 and did a cooking course."

He quickly found himself in an institution for boys at Mt Penang. And at 16 was stripped of his clothing, ordered to don an oversized khaki uniform and heavy black army boots. For 13 months he dreamed about escapes and the good life. Says Faulkner: "It was my first experience of jail. I won't or can't forget the horror of that place."

A Uniting Church minister who knew Faulkner at Mt Penang, the Reverend Stan Reden, now at Berowra, near Sydney, said he vividly recalled "young Faulkner", and how he hated the place.

"I know most didn't like Penang," he said, "but Barry hated it. He didn't get on with anyone, resented being treated like one of the mob, and was still disturbed after his foster parents had separated just before he entered the home. He was constantly upset, always rejecting a helping hand."

"He wanted to be something or someone. I won't forget his incredible urge for recognition."

It wasn't long before the same urge brought Faulkner into more strife. He drifted to Brisbane and began working at his only trade, learned at Sydney's Ashfield Technical College — a cook. It was his first, and perhaps last, straight job.

Within weeks of starting as a cook at a Brisbane hotel, Faulkner was "nabbed" for stealing. "I started pinching things," he said. "I was stealing everything: radios and televisions, anything I could lay my hands on. But being caught taught me one thing real quick — plan every operation."

THE DOCTOR CAPERS

Faulkner has been, to say the least, an inventive villain. In Parramatta District Court in March this year even the bench paid tribute to his abilities.

As Faulkner faced Judge Loveday on a charge of indecent assault, the judge was moved to remark: "He's obviously very talented. I think he's done a lot of acting in his time."

Faulkner's barrister David Cochrane replied: "Yes, he's a born actor; he's able to adopt many masks. If he were to do that on the stage he'd be brilliant." Loveday's reply was to jail Faulkner for charges relating to his impersonation of a doctor.

It was not the first time. As he faces interviewers in Parramatta Jail, Faulkner's eyes widen, his speech quickens and he positively glows with enthusiasm while he recounts his stories. The doctor caper recurs.

In his bragging, Faulkner's words seem to emphasise that the doctor poses made him feel important. But all too often the facts, as supplied by police or court records, show sexual assaults were involved.

His doctor capers began in Brisbane in 1968. He said he got the idea from a barmaid at the hotel where he was working. "She asked me what to take for a migraine headache," Faulkner said. "I can't remember what I prescribed, but next day she came back and said she felt fine and that I should be a doctor. All I could say was, 'I know'."

In August 1968, Faulkner casually walked into Royal Brisbane Women's Hospital dressed in white. "No one questioned me as I strolled past Casualty and picked up a stethoscope lying on the end of a bed," he said. Posing as a Dr Bill Lane, Faulkner told senior doctors he was a graduate from the Royal Melbourne Hospital and was then allowed to accompany them into the antenatal clinic. "I examined one young girl who was preggers just after one of the quacks had looked at her and I told her she was doing fine," he said. "Then I had a look at an older woman who apparently was just about to give birth and had to scamper after she kept asking me questions. I mean, I know something from reading medical books, but I'm not a flamin' doctor."

The caper came unstuck when he was recognised by a girlfriend.

"I got to a solicitor before the police got me," he said. "I thought of an excuse, and it worked. . . I said it was all a trick merely to prove how bloody slack the hospital security was."

This comment underscores the basic contradiction of Faulkner's swashbuckling tales.

He would have us believe the matter ended there. But a check with hospital, police and court records shows that while the incident did happen much as explained, the result was different: six months' jail for assault of a sexual nature and four months for aggravated assault.

But within 12 months Faulkner was at it

again. This time the scene was Warwick, in northern Queensland. "This time I was no mere medical student," he said. "I really posed as a doctor up there at the Warwick District Hospital and three times I got away with it."

Inevitably he was caught and copped another six-month term.

Again, within a month of being released, Faulkner tried again. In the early hours of New Year's Day, 1973, Faulkner sauntered into Sydney's busy Crown Street Women's Hospital wearing his white coat and shoes. He looked like a doctor. Everyone thought he was a doctor. And, he says, "I felt like a doctor. I knew the layout of the place because I had visited a friend in there when she was having a baby. I figured that after the Christmas and New Year celebrations, everyone would be too bleary eyed to worry about a new face in white. It was great fun."

In his bragging, Faulkner's words seem to emphasise that the doctor poses made him feel important.

Detective-Sergeant Bill Ellis, of Dee Why, says staff remember him casually walking into the hospital dressed in a large white coat. He began talking to staff members as though he was a doctor, and asked one nurse to concentrate better. Ellis said within an hour Faulkner walked confidently into the labor ward and introduced himself as "Dr Birrell", to one girl who was to give birth "at any moment". Ellis said Faulkner thoroughly examined her and said he could feel the baby kicking. He then examined another mother in the presence of her husband and told her: "Everything seems to be all right."

Ellis said the woman was shocked when she learned Faulkner wasn't a specialist. "She had just presumed he was a leading doctor," he said. Ellis said the crunch came for Faulkner when, to his surprise, the true specialist turned up. Faulkner's only excuse at the time was that he had a "frustrated doctor syndrome".

He was convicted of stealing a stethoscope and common assault on a female.

But there was more of the Doc to come. In 1974 Faulkner was in Adelaide and as soon as he saw Royal Adelaide Hospital, he couldn't resist giving it another try. This time it lasted a week. Faulkner recalls: "I said I was a visiting medical registrar. When I was caught I ran out of the hospital with police giving chase."

"Have you ever seen a doctor in white coat tearing out of a hospital with a team of coppers on his tail? I can assure you it has its amusing moments — mostly after the event."

Faulkner got six months for the Adelaide impersonation and he says it was the last time he tried to con his way into a hospital as a medico. But it wasn't the last impersonation of a doctor.

In 1979 he was posing as a counsellor at Sydney's Wayside Chapel Crisis Centre. He manned the phones and chatted with callers in need of help. One call was from a woman in Baulkham Hills, west of Sydney, who complained of difficulties in her marriage.

Faulkner decided to help, took her address and called on her, posing as a gynaecologist. He chatted helpfully before asking the woman to lie on her bed. He began touching her breasts with both hands and then carried out a full internal examination. Police say Faulkner probed and explored before telling the woman she required minor half-hour surgery.

He drew a diagram to illustrate the alleged problem, and phoned the woman's husband to allay his fears. Apparently the couple were satisfied with the doctor's visit — but Faulkner came unstuck when the woman phoned the Crisis Centre seeking more advice or another visit from the kindly young doctor. Staff at the crisis centre smelled the con and called police. Faulkner was soon arrested and in March was jailed for two and a half years with 12 months' non-parole.

He is due for release on parole on December 4 this year.

THE ARMY CAPER

In 1970, when Faulkner says he was keeping his nose clean between terms in jail, he did a bit of thieving around the Gold Coast. His quick eye spotted what he called "a real spunky" chick, and his glib tongue started a chat-up line which was to lead him back to jail.

The girl worked in a travel agency, so Faulkner spun a line which, like most of his exploits, was harmless and plausible when it began. "I said I was a US Army aide sent to Australia to investigate if all was okay for Yank troops to come to the Gold Coast," he said. "Before I knew it I was talking to a senior travel official, when all I had wanted to do was to hop into the chick's pants. Anyway, I said the

troops would require currency change as they would be carrying more than \$1 million in US money. Like most people, they were easily fooled and asked me to stay in one of their best hotels. ABC television agreed to telecast the troops' arrival at Brisbane airport and the streets were lit up for the occasion. It was then that I decided to dash before the bogus troops were due. Six weeks later police tracked me down, but I was only fined \$40."

There is, incidentally, no record of this fine.

The Gold Coast exploit was to trigger Faulkner's next army caper. He decided to come back to Sydney because he "got jack of Queensland" — nothing, naturally, to do with his convictions up that way. He found himself again living at Kings Cross, helping out some friendly prostitutes.

"I wanted to make some money out of all those R and R troops who were around," he said. "There were thousands of them. I got an old US uniform, had some stripes put on it, borrowed an ID card, and copied it. It began that simply."

One of his girls told him of an encounter with a distraught US army captain who was so screwed up by Vietnam he had decided to go AWOL. Faulkner saw his chance to adopt this captain's identity and impersonate that officer.

"I went to the US R and R centre in Woolloomooloo. Within days I was briefing troops as a security officer," he said. "Later the US Army sent out two investigators to probe who was the bogus captain collecting a salary in Sydney — but not until I had made a killing."

Faulkner claims he stole thousands of dollars from the visiting Americans. "I was telling them to put their money in their hotel rooms, rather than hotel safes. When they were out visiting my happy hooker friends, I'd have the keys to get into their rooms and knock off the money, cameras or trannies — just walk out with the gear. I was the last person in the world they'd suspect. I was their friend. I used to average about \$1500 a day off them."

"The coppers haven't charged me with stealing the money because they'd have to track down the troops, bring them back to Australia, and I'd only plead not guilty. They're not going to bother doing that."

Nevertheless, Faulkner did appear in District Court in 1973 (on another charge) when Detective Ellis told Judge Goran that while wearing a "stolen American officer's uniform", Faulkner had briefed troops on where to go safely in Sydney. Ellis said when the two US investigators were sent to Sydney to discover the identity of a "bogus marine captain", Faulkner convinced them he had been sent to assist investigations.

Detective Ellis: "He was working alongside the investigators endeavoring

to locate the bogus captain until his true identity was discovered and he was charged."

He said of Faulkner: "He delights in obtaining people's confidence in some important position." Judge Goran's only comment at the time was hardly subtle: "You are one of the greatest nuisances the community has ever had to suffer. You're not only a false pretender and imposter, but also a thief."

THE TAA CAPER

The first thing which must be asked about the TAA caper is: did it happen? As usual Faulkner tells his story convincingly, and any air traveller listening to it is guaranteed to get shivers up and down the spine. Simply, Faulkner claims he masqueraded as a TAA pilot and flew DC-9 and Boeing 727 aircraft on Australian domestic routes.

I think the children look on Barry as a cartoon character. They get a different pose or story every time they see him.

But while our research shows this claim to be highly unlikely — more likely Faulkner merely posed as a pilot to get free hotel accommodation and services — no one has been able to disprove it — including TAA.

Says Faulkner: "I was unemployed for a while after getting out of prison and was thinking about what I could do. Someone said one thing I couldn't do was fly. It conjured up quite a challenge. So I wandered into the TAA terminal in Brisbane and walked into the pilots' room with a newspaper under my arm."

"I selected myself a uniform, got changed, spoke to a couple of the guys and told them what a bastard it was being called in on a Sunday. They nodded and I left pretty soon."

"But I came back after getting some stripes put on, fixed myself a false ID, and said I was an exchange pilot with Pan Am. I wasn't doing much flying but I was the check captain."

Faulkner said he flew mainly DC-9s and 727s. He was caught, he said, by showing a folder of pornographic shots to a young girl he was dating.

"She was great," he said, "but probably thought it odd a TAA captain would be flogging around porno photos." Faulkner says other details "escape his memory".

In Southport Magistrate's Court in August 1973, Detective-Sergeant L. Rowan, of Surfers Paradise, said Faulkner told friends he was Captain Hennon, from TAA, and that he often flew their new Boeing jets. Faulkner pleaded guilty to impersonating a TAA captain to falsely obtain credit. He was also charged and convicted for failing to pay bills at one hotel and offering a cheque with intent to defraud.

LISA

Faulkner says he is 32 — born June 6, 1948. But his wife, Lisa, asserts he is 38. But, she isn't really sure of the date, because they have never celebrated any of Barry's birthdays together. Barry has been in jail.

Barry and Lisa both proclaim they have been in the state of wedlock for 17 years. Police told Parramatta District Court they have never been married. Barry and Lisa have six children. Lisa says six, Barry says seven, but concedes Lisa might be right, so make it six.

Lisa describes her husband as a "constant adventurer". As she sits rocking their eight-month-old baby daughter, Danielle, in their fibro cottage near The Entrance, north of Sydney, she talks about her life with Barry, or without him. Within moments of returning home after another "stint in the clink", Lisa said Barry invariably was out checking the latest action.

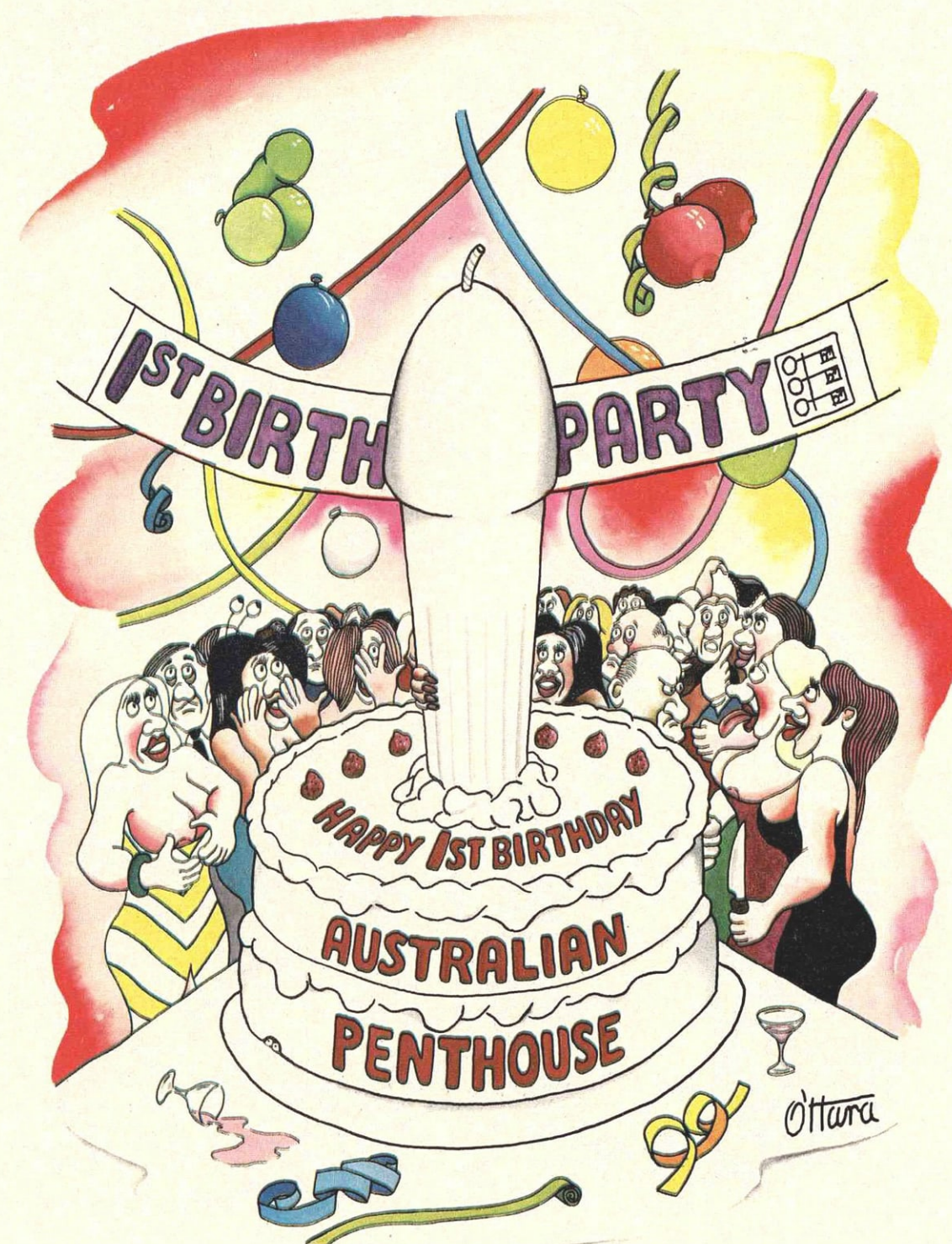
"And usually," said Lisa, "he says he is someone different to almost every person he meets. It's the same every time. His range of characters is unbelievable."

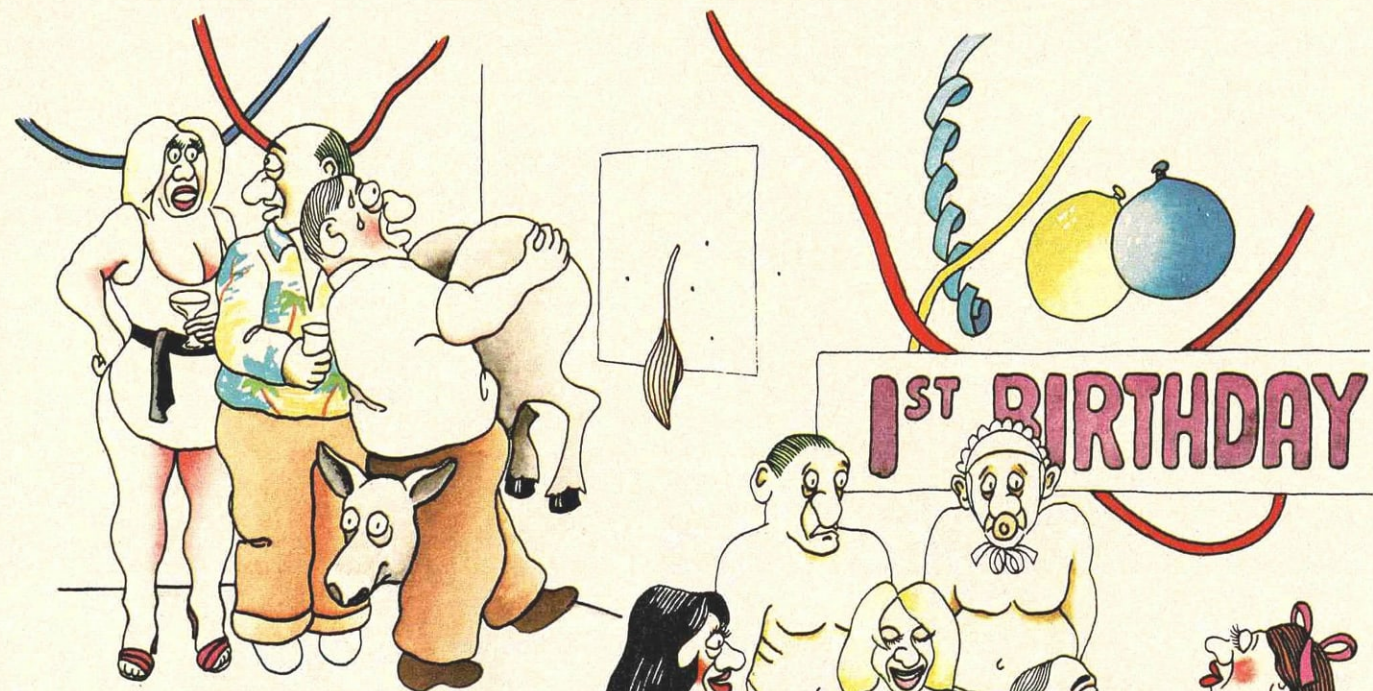
To the children, Faulkner is an occasional visitor. Says Lisa: "I think the children look on him as a cartoon character. They get a different pose or story every time they see him. I don't know if they've ever had the chance to meet Barry, the man, rather than Barry, the con man."

"People ask me why I don't get a divorce after so many years of lies and deception. The trouble is, in a moment of weakness, I might bloody sign my name to another relationship like this one. One marriage is enough for me. This one has brought enough surprises for a lifetime."

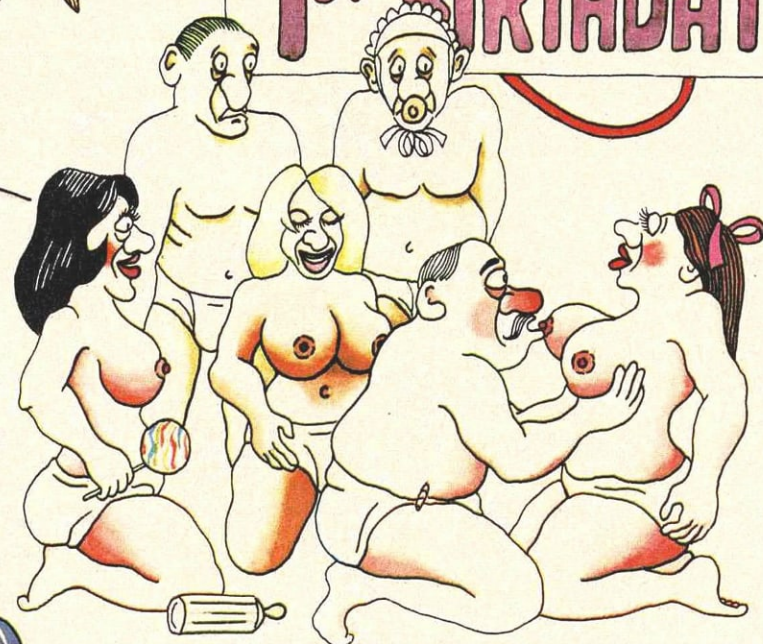
"I never took much interest when he told yarns about what he was doing. You would never know when he was conning you. I'd say: 'Yeah. Sure Barry.' Mostly he talks bullshit. At least, that's what we all used to think until you hear of Barry and a new con on a radio news report. Then you'd think — 'Christ! That's what he was saying only last night. It must have been true'." — *OT*

Cartoonist Alex O'Hara brought his sketch pad along to our first birthday party for the benefit of those whose invitations were lost in the mail.

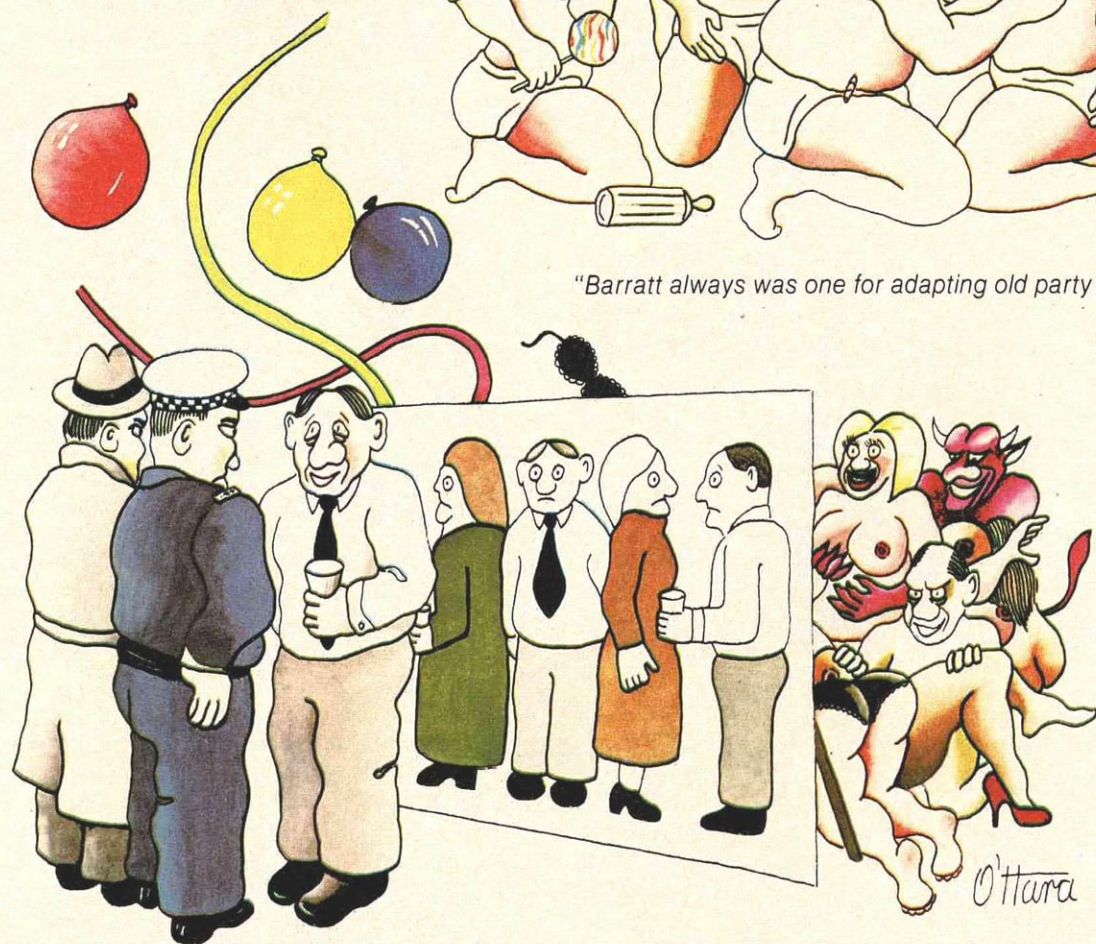




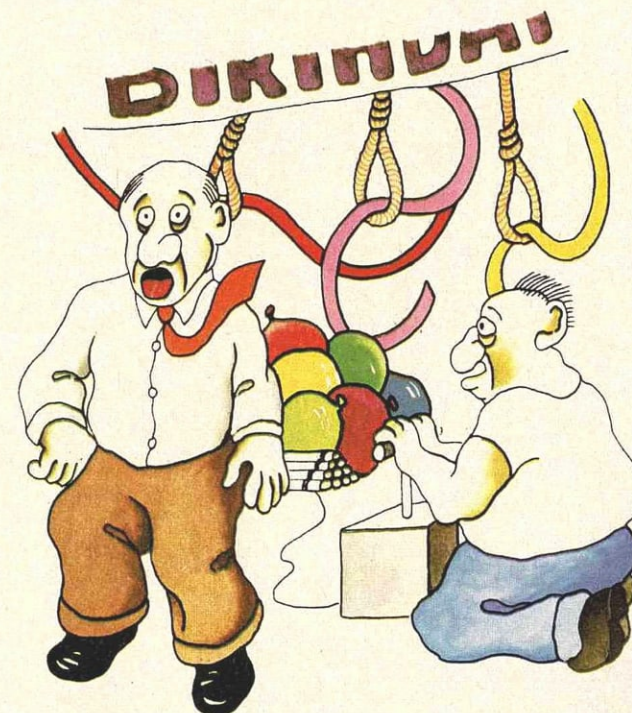
"I'm sure that's not the way it's played!"



"Barratt always was one for adapting old party games."



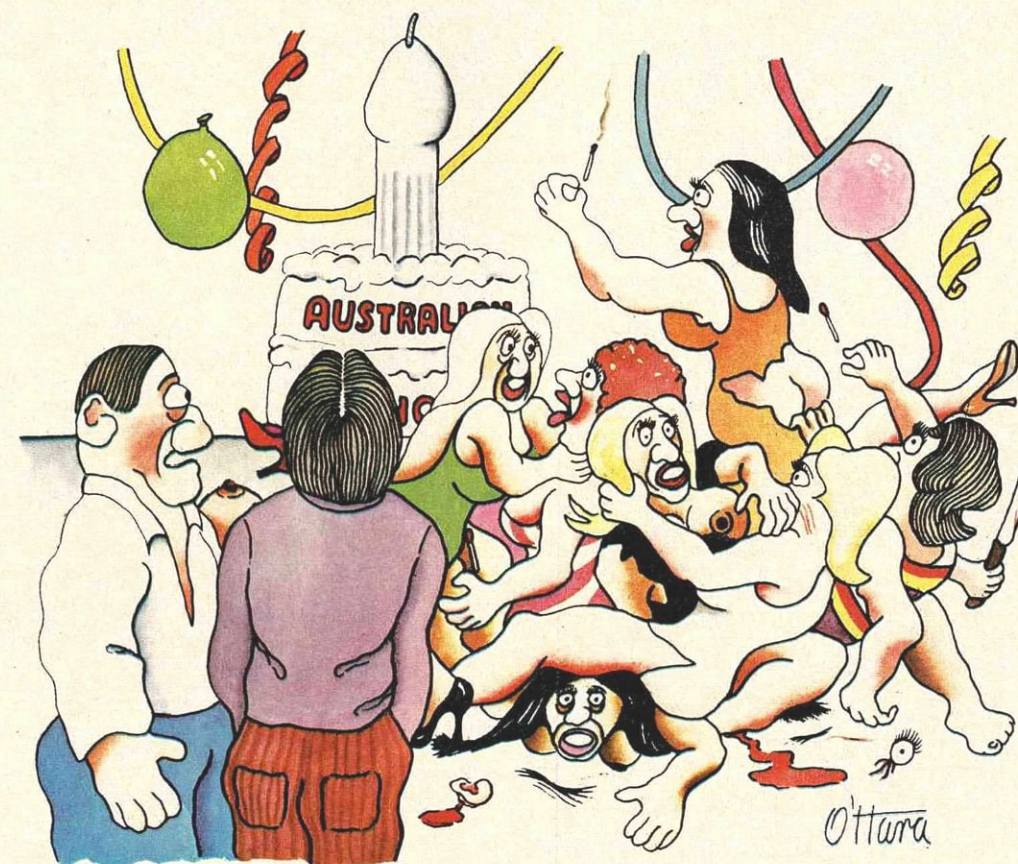
"As you can see, officers, Penthouse parties are just dull, boring affairs."



"But you told me to hang the streamers and blow up the balloons!"



"It's an occupational hazard for all centrefold girls!"



"I knew it was a mistake asking the girls to light it!"



ANGIE

Twenty-two-year old Angie Menzies-Wills is into scenes — movie and television scenes, that is. Her latest movie, *Pacific Banana*, stars Graeme Blundell, and will be released soon. Angie's other screen appearances include *Thirst*, *Felicity*, and guest appearances on several TV series. And that's not all. She is also a high fashion model, a singer, and holds a Bachelor of Arts degree.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROSS BARNETT



Our 36-20-34 Pet was born in London but has lived in Melbourne since she was three years old. She says this often leads people to assume she is related to Sir Robert Menzies. She's not, but says: "I want to be as famous in my acting career as he was in politics."





"I live with a very special, very talented man," confides Angie. "It's a domestic, marriage-style situation which I enjoy because I look for total ease in my private life. There are times when acting gets to me, and there's no way I could handle hassles at home, too. I like to be the total female . . .

I'm not interested in Women's Lib at all, and although I'm attracted by both beautiful men and women, I believe in one-to-one relationships. For me it's all or nothing . . . I wouldn't like myself if I was unfaithful. I have my own set of values, but I don't expect others to live by them."





For Angie, her career is everything. "I would love to be able to work full-time as an actress but it is difficult in Australia, and sometimes I get a little impatient — with myself and with the industry. I would like to go overseas, especially to work, but everything hinges on how my career goes here. If things don't work out, I've always got my modelling, a bit of singing work, or I may go back to uni to do law. In the meantime, I'll just keep trying my best for another movie or a part in a television series. Wish me luck!"



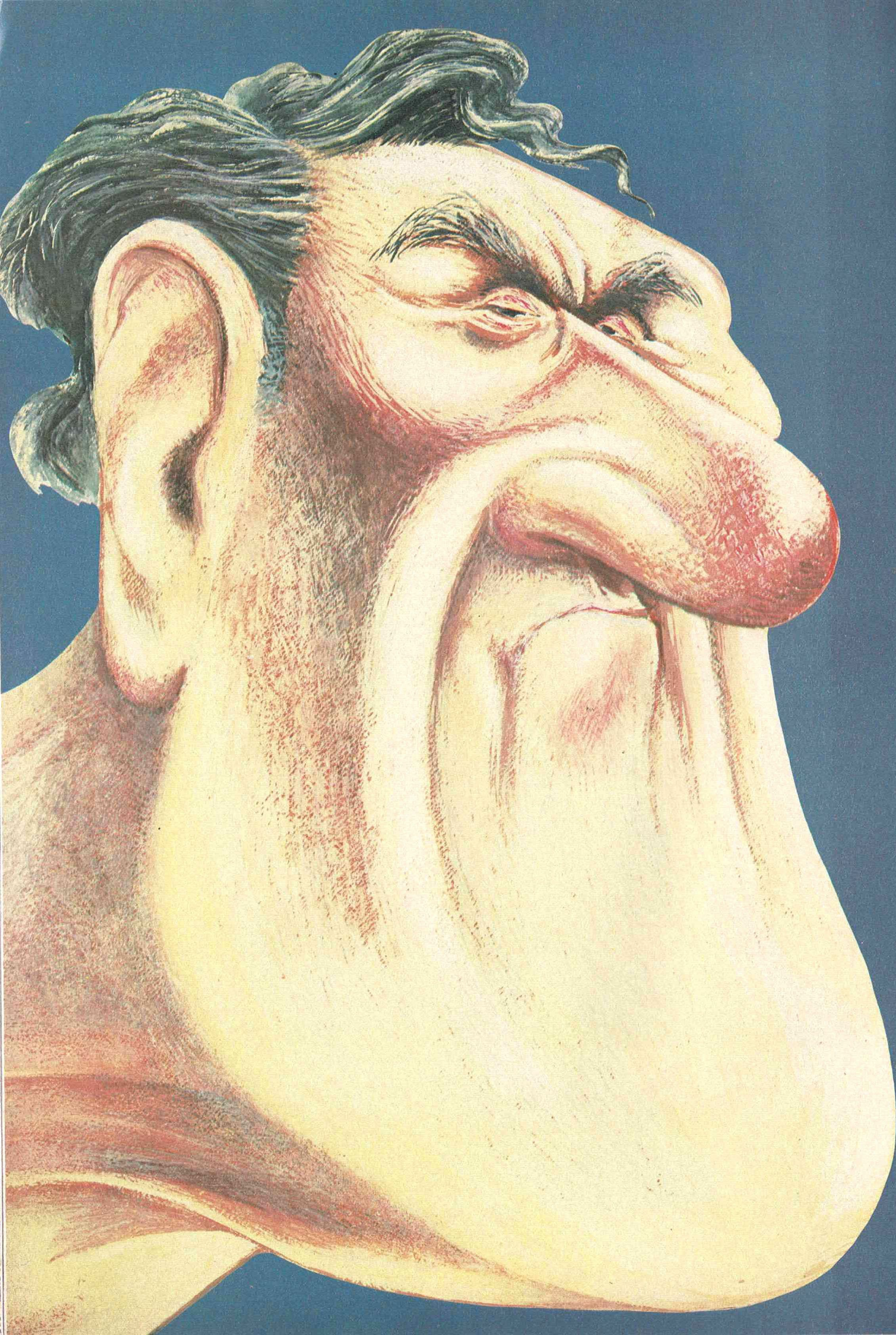


Illustration by Nicholas Harding

In this election year,
the basic issue is the Prime Minister's
fitness to govern.

MALCOLM FRASER: SURVIVING THE BROKEN PROMISES

BY JOHN GORTON

Sometime before the end of the year the Australian people are going to vote for the man they want to run this country for the next three years. One of the men who will be seeking their vote is Malcolm Fraser. There will, of course, be many issues in the election. Petrol prices and the wisdom or stupidity of maintaining import parity for petrol, the number of unemployed and whether this is the fault of the education system or of the Government, the degree of inflation being suffered by Australians at the time, and various election time gimmicks and promises and abuse which I can't forecast at present.

But underlying it all will be the people's assessment of the relative fitness of Fraser to govern. So what sort of man is this Fraser?

Physically he is almost a giant. Standing on great thick legs he towers above everyone at a social gathering. He has, of necessity, if he is standing up, to look down to talk to them, and his little, close-set eyes looking down past his narrow, acne-pitted face and long chin give the appearance of arrogance. But this, of itself, does not confirm arrogance. After all, he can't help being so tall. But if you sit down with him for a

conversation the impression of arrogance is confirmed. Narrow and dogmatic, he is convinced that his views are correct and is not in the least interested in hearing any other views, and he conveys this with coldness.

He is not really in the least interested in other people as people. He has no interest in the experiences they have had and in what makes them tick. If there is any political advantage to him he will talk to them. On money matters, or the advantages and disadvantages of antique cars, he will lay down the law. But for the rest he is awkward and ill at ease in conversation.

This is sometimes put down to shyness, but I have never met a man less shy. I think it is because he feels there is nothing to be gained from conversation. He has no desire to find out what interests the person he is talking to, so he is just as likely to lean against a verandah post, if a post is handy, and think about something to do with politics.

He does not like talking to women, and projects a stiff, awkward, patronising image when he has to talk to them and gets away from them as soon as possible. The only exception to this is when a woman has some political clout. Then he

will speak to her but, I suspect, only to convert her to his point of view.

He is completely lacking in a sense of humor. The stories about his undergraduate actions in slipping olives into the pockets of acquaintances is some proof of that, but he has no real sense of humor at all. The belly laugh is completely unknown to him, as is the chuckling appreciation of the well turned phrase in denigration of someone else — and certainly of himself. He wouldn't know what a well turned phrase was.

For him life is real, life is earnest, and the gaining of political advantage is its goal. But his politics always seem to be, internally at any rate, of an uninspired kind. The kind which assesses where the greatest immediate support can be found and never tries to give a lead in a more inspired, long-range direction.

For instance, take his actions, at the request of the State Premiers, in turning back the clock by giving the States control of the territorial sea. This is something the High Court had said rested with the Commonwealth.

But ignoring that, he took the short term objective of getting support from the State Premiers and cut up the seas around Australia into seven different jurisdictions. Something which, with a change of government, will be the subject of judicial litigation.

There is, too, a sort of controlled — very controlled — obstinacy about him. He is never going to allow obstinacy to do anything to harm him, but the obstinacy is always there and occasionally breaks out, as it did with the Casey University — a half-baked idea which he had as Minister for Defence some 10 years ago. Something which will cost about a hundred million dollars of defence money and do nothing to improve Australia's defence or the men who undertake it.

Other examples of his obstinacy are his continued attempts to prevent Australian athletes going to the Olympic Games, his insistence on keeping an import parity price for oil, and his turning down of a recommendation from public servants for the installation of Facom computers. In the event, Facom computers were installed, but only after another recommendation and the loss of thousands of dollars.

He is not a likeable man and his divisiveness has become a byword in the country. This divisiveness is not so much because of the causes he espouses, but because of his method of espousing them. Convinced of the rightness of his approach to every problem, he tends to be abrasive towards any opposition.

Who has not heard his rasping voice on the radio as he seeks to denigrate not only the views put forward by the Opposition but the men who advance those views? Who has not noticed the way in which every opportunity is taken to por-

tray the Labor Party as being under the control of the left wing, a portrayal which the left wing of the Labor Party do everything in their power to make the public believe?

There would be few men who do not have, after a time in politics, people in the Opposition whom they can call friends even while they differ in political beliefs. But Fraser has not one friend in the Opposition and, for the matter of that, very few on his own side of politics. More than that, in the Opposition he has only enemies. The divisiveness of which I've spoken was enhanced by the fact that Fraser came to the position of Prime Minister improperly.

After the Liberal/Country Party defeat of 1972, he was one of those who stood for election in the party room and was quickly eliminated. Snedden and Bowen were elected Leader of the Opposition and Deputy Leader. Then when Bowen

Convinced of the rightness of his approach to every problem, Fraser tends to be abrasive towards any opposition.

dropped out, Lynch was elected Deputy Leader. Then, after Snedden fought and lost an election in 1974, Fraser began a process of undermining him. He never appeared himself, but Robinson, Staley, Viner and others began to lobby for him, and Snedden, with a number of silly statements inside and outside the House, helped. Then came the abortive attempt at a party coup which was followed by protestation of loyalty to Snedden by Fraser, who promised in the press to support him loyally "while he held the position of Leader". But the lobbying continued and resulted in another, this time successful, attempt to have the position of Leader declared vacant. It was, and Fraser was elected Leader.

Throughout these manoeuvres, Fraser never appeared himself. Snedden was treated in a mean and sneaky fashion. Fraser had nothing to lose and everything to gain by these machinations.

Then came 1975 and the decision to use the Opposition supporters in the Senate not to refuse to grant Supply, but to refuse to consider the question, thus leaving the Government without money.

This was made possible because Mr Bjelke-Petersen, the Premier of Queensland, appointed a Senator to replace a Government Senator who had died, and chose one pledged to vote against the Government. The Leader of the Opposition in the Senate, Senator Withers, seized the opportunity to refuse the Government permission to bring on consideration of the Estimates, and held firm to this decision in the face of some wavering from Fraser.

Sir John Kerr made Fraser Prime Minister and the election of 1975 was held one year early, in spite of Whitlam having a majority in the House of Representatives. Whitlam, of course, was swept from office as he would have been had the election occurred at the proper time. But the use of the Senate to curtail a Government's term of office was unprecedented and poses questions in the future which will weigh heavily upon us. For if one party can overthrow convention and use the Senate in this way, surely another party can do the same. And given similar circumstances, another party, sooner or later, certainly will.

This is the reason I say that Fraser came to the Prime Ministership improperly, even if subsequent elections have conveyed propriety upon him. These actions were the prime cause of the divisiveness which he has brought on us, and that divisiveness has been strengthened by his subsequent treatment of the Opposition in the House.

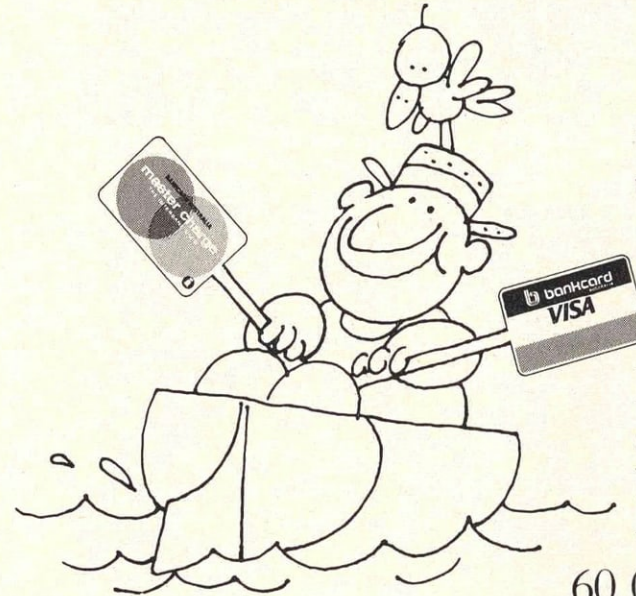
He has been criticised, by the press correspondents, for relying on television interviews far more than on press conferences to get his thoughts to the people. But this is thoroughly understandable. He feels that when some subject of interest arises he will say on television exactly what he wants to say, in his own words, and those words can not be subject to interpretation or editing by some political correspondent.

Furthermore, in a television interview he can talk over his interviewer and say what he wants to say regardless of interrupting questions. This is a technique which I cannot but think is good from the Leader of a nation talking to television viewers. But you need to be vigilant to pick up and ponder the omissions and the distortions in what he has to say — omissions and distortions deliberately made, but which he will never admit.

He is an ungenerous man. For instance, Senator Withers, who was instrumental in elevating Fraser to the Prime Ministership by his actions in supporting Fraser against Snedden and by suggesting that the Senate should refuse to discuss Supply, was discarded. Senator Withers had suggested to the electoral Commission a change of name of a Queensland electorate. He did this because he assumed, rightly in my opinion, that the Prime Minister wanted him

Your overseas survival kit.

With an Overseas Bankcard you can get an emergency cash advance at over 60,000 bank offices overseas.



The best laid plans of any overseas traveller can fall apart due to unforeseen circumstances. Let's face it, there's nothing more worrying than being short of cash when you're a long, long way from home.

Now there's likely to be no need to cable home for emergency funds, because with an Overseas Bankcard you can get a cash advance at over 60,000 bank offices overseas.

Due to Reserve Bank exchange control regulations, the maximum you can draw on your card in any consecutive seven day period is equivalent to \$500 Australian. That should be enough to get you out of trouble. This amount may vary from time to time and you should check the current regulations with your bank prior to your departure overseas.

If you're going overseas, it's a good idea to see your bank at the earliest opportunity about an Overseas Bankcard, but please allow approximately three weeks for your application to be processed.

There's a fee for each card. But the peace of mind it adds to your trip is priceless.



SEE YOUR BANK ABOUT AN OVERSEAS BANKCARD.

to do it. It was a very petty misdemeanor but he was sacked, and there has been no indication that he will be reinstated. Perhaps this is because Senator Withers objected to being off-loaded and fought against his relegation.

Similarly, Senator Rae, one of the most hard working and competent of senators, who was in Fraser's shadow cabinet as he had been in Snedden's, has never been appointed to a portfolio, perhaps because he has disagreed with Fraser in the past.

And Senator Chipp, who wrote the social services and health policies while a shadow Cabinet member, was dropped along with the policies he had written.

Unless you are in the Country Party, you need to agree with Fraser quickly on everything to achieve advancement. He is able to make this stick now because he has such an overwhelming majority in the House of Representatives and the Senate. After the next election, if he is returned, he is likely to lose control of the Senate.

But this is Fraser the man we have been discussing. What of Fraser as the Prime Minister? For however unlikeable a man may be personally, this does not necessarily detract from his performance as Prime Minister.

Fraser is, I think, a fairly good political leader. He has the advantage of leading a party which, by and large, the bulk of the Australian population believes in. The party which extolls free enterprise. The party which says it does not matter how much money a man makes, provided he makes it fairly, because in making it he does good for the community which must share in his good fortune. The party which looks after the truly disadvantaged against the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune.

He, and the party, do not always advance these matters — for instance, the tariffs on clothing and shoes which cost Australians millions of dollars but which are held to because of the fear of unemployment, and the very high rate of direct taxation which inhibits private enterprise. But they are part of the philosophy to which the party is dedicated, and there is no other party which can be seen to have the same philosophy. Thus, if he meets opposition on anything he can always describe that opposition as coming from the Left and go on saying it until at least some of the population comes to believe it. The Liberal Party has turned right under his leadership, yet not so far right as to be unable to call itself liberal.

Furthermore, he works. He has established a corps of advisors, and political public relations men, who are also kept hard at work projecting the image of himself that he wants and projecting the selling points of anything he wants to sell.

He rings up editors and newspaper owners, and has the editors to dinner at

the Lodge in the endeavor to prove that what he wants is right. His speeches are dry and delivered in an uninspiring way. There is never a clarion call to the nation which transcends party politics. But with a single-minded devotion to his own brand of politics he tries every trick in the book to have that brand accepted.

It is in foreign politics that he has made his mark. He has accepted and built upon the recognition of China which Whitlam brought about. This, from the point of view of trade and of the balance of power, may be a very significant action for the future of Australia.

And in Zimbabwe he took a line which was completely successful and which I, for one, thought had no chance of succeeding. He went to Lusaka, to the Heads of the Commonwealth Meeting, determined to bring about a return of British sovereignty to Zimbabwe followed by a new election for that country in which the

“
In spite of
broken promises, in
spite of his abrasiveness,
in spite of unemployment
and inflation, Fraser is
likely to be re-elected.
”

insurgents, Nkomo and Mugabe, could stand their candidates. At the time there was much opposition in Britain to this idea from Tory members of Parliament and even Mrs Thatcher was thought to be against it.

Muzorewa had recently been elected in a fair and free election — but the war dragged on. Fraser felt it would go on indefinitely unless his ideas were accepted and stuck to his line. In the event, Carrington succeeded in London in chairing a conference at which this was agreed, Mugabe won the election, and the war came to an end.

This is an achievement which nothing can take away from Fraser, even though for the sake of placating China he still insists on recognising the Pol Pot regime in Kampuchea.

But in home affairs he has done nothing positive to improve conditions. All that can be said, and this is arguable, is that the Labor Party has advanced alternative policies which would make conditions worse.

He has promised that unemployment would fall, from February last year, and it

has not fallen yet. He has promised that inflation would be brought down and it is still running at 10.5 percent, and rising. He promised that interest rates would fall and they have gone up. He was never in a position to give such pledges and these ought not to have been made. He should have said that his policies were designed to bring these things about, not that they definitely would be brought about. Now any promises he makes must be suspect, for hope deferred maketh the heart sick.

In his relations with the unions he has not done any better. There has been a spate of strikes over the time the Government has served. In each case we have had hard breathing from the Government, and statement after statement saying that the Government would get tough with the unions. But nothing has been done. Perhaps this is because nothing can be done. But in such circumstances threats should not be made.

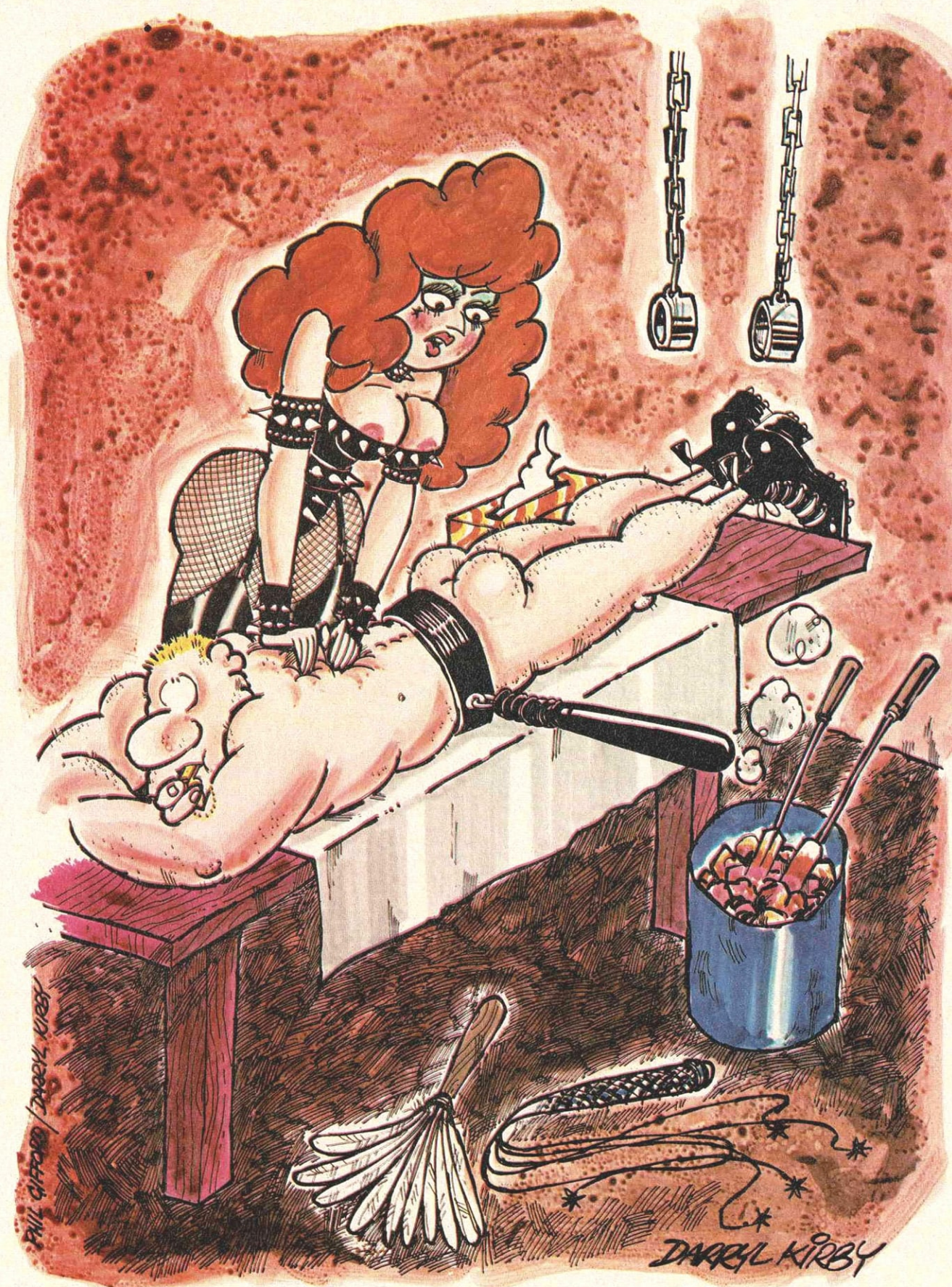
The Government is on shaky ground in deciding the price of oil. For some years it has allowed Arab countries to decide the rate of the indirect taxation on Australian motorists. It has raised its revenue through this action by about three billion dollars a year. It has justified this by saying it was done to give impetus to companies looking for new oil and to reduce oil consumption. But no new oil has been discovered and the consumption has been reduced by only a very small amount.

Labor will attack the Government's present policy at the elections by promising to abandon import parity and keeping the price of petrol below what it would otherwise be. And this will have an effect.

Yet I feel that Fraser, in spite of broken promises, in spite of his abrasiveness, in spite of unemployment and inflation, is likely to be re-elected. Not with the majority which he has now, but still with a workable majority. It is not that people like him, or are satisfied with the direction in which the country is heading. It is certainly not that people trust him. It is rather that they remember the profligacy of the Whitlam years and are uncertain whether the Labor Party would take us back to them.

Labor's policy of public spending to create jobs is very suspect, and people fear that inflation will go out of control if it is adopted. Not that it will necessarily, but people fear that it might and it is a question of better the devil you know than the devil you don't. If this is so, we can look forward to a further three years when nothing positive is done to alleviate our present discontent.

We will be stuck with Fraser, but it will be a Fraser who is probably not able to ride roughshod over all opposition as he can at present. For the Senate may have a majority against him which, while it will not refuse Supply, will be able to amend or reject other Bills. 



"Extras? Why would a nice girl like me do extras?"



Allan Moffat realised a dream with his drive in the 24 Hours of Le Mans, but back home they've killed his Bathurst bid and brought him to the lowest point of his career.

MOFFAT, LE MANS AND LE MASSACRE

BY JOHN HAMPSHIRE

A few days before he left Australia for the US and Le Mans, Allan Moffat learned that a six-month wrangle with the Confederation of Australian Motor Sport had been settled in his favor. He would be allowed to race a Mazda RX7 with a special type of motor which makes the rotary-engined sports car a competitive runner.

For Moffat, very keen to come to grips with the 1980 24 Hours of Le Mans, the news was a good omen: "I'm happy that we'll be able to get cracking with the Mazda as soon as I get back, but really it's just bloody nice to know, finally, how we stand."

A little less than two weeks later, while Moffat was in America with the Dick Barbour team before the three Porsche 935 K3 cars were shipped to France, he got another message: the CAMS council and its motor racing commission had met and changed the verdict. It was thumbs down on the Mazda.

No other single incident better illustrates the type of frustration which has dogged Allan Moffat throughout his racing career in Australia. There have been many different types of problem, but for Moffat it was yet another case of being beaten by the rule book. This time, the official reason for the "no" was that there was too little time before the start of the season for others to take advantage of the relaxed rules.

Still, nothing could really dent Moffat's deep satisfaction and pleasure at being in Le Mans, in the

race and in a car which had to be considered among the most competitive in the field.

I arrived in France the Wednesday before the race and drove straight to Le Mans, about 2½ hours by autoroute south-west of Paris, feeling very grateful that Qantas still flies into Orly rather than Charles de Gaulle airport. I didn't fancy having to battle through Paris in my first stint of left-hand drive motoring for more than five years.

At the track, there is a warm greeting from Moffat. I learn that I'll be sharing what he calls his "farmhouse" base with four other Australian motoring writers. Wednesday is unofficial practice, which will go through to 11pm. The long dusk makes it possible to drive without lights almost to 9pm.

Thursday is official practice, when drivers set the lap times which will determine their car's starting position. The pressure is on all drivers of a team, since times will be averaged rather than the fastest lap overall for the car deciding the spot.

Friday is a rest day, and the race starts 4pm Saturday.

By mid-afternoon Wednesday the paddock area immediately behind the pits is still a shambles of very expensive car pieces as, one by one, the teams get their acts together and cars on to the track. The impression of chaos is aided by the fact that just outside the paddock gates crowds of people are strolling,

chatting, riding mini-bikes, eating at scores of stalls, arguing with officials and the omnipresent police, and generally bringing home the reality that for a few days in June, Le Mans, a town of about 160,000, almost doubles its population. Even without the fact that there really is a carnival at the circuit, it's that sort of atmosphere.

In the paddock, of course, no one is contemplating a ferris wheel ride just now. Moffat, even though unfailingly courteous, has a single-minded ability to shut everything else out when he is working — especially for an event so important to him personally.

Moffat has driven overseas before and has shown, with top efforts at tracks like Sebring, that he has the goods to compete with the world's best drivers in long-distance racing.

But Moffat is the first to admit that knowing John Fitzpatrick was of immense value in securing the Le Mans drive. Fitzpatrick, now closely linked with the Dick Barbour team to the extent that he has moved to America, drove the 1978 Hardie-Ferodo 1000 with Moffat, who has nothing but respect for the likeable British driver.

"Sure, I would have been very pleased to be in a car with John, but it became clear early on that we were going to be the B car while Dick (Barbour), John and Brian Redman would take the number one Porsche," Moffat said. "Dick's certainly entitled to call the shots after the enormous effort he's made to mount this campaign."

Anyone would agree with Moffat. Barbour, a rotund, friendly millionaire businessman from San Diego — the business is based on several large car dealerships, but now includes many other aspects — has put together an exercise costing well over \$1 million. It's impossible to establish his personal contribution since there are joint sponsors such as Sachs (shock absorbers) and Apple (computers), but it has to be something like 20 years wages for any of us.

Bankcard is not much use when you set out to buy a twin-turbocharged Porsche 935 K3, prepared by the Kremer people to churn out something like 800 horsepower. They go for between \$230,000 and \$250,000 each. The Barbour team had four, including a brand new one which became the number one car of the three to run at Le Mans.

Also packed inside the biggest race team transporter I've ever seen were spare engines worth \$35,000 each. The Barbour team decided that seven would see them through. Then there was the \$33,000 on air fares alone — not counting the cost of shipping the transporter — and the team's hotel bills . . . and, as they say, so on.

Says Moffat: "If there's one thing above all else that I learned at Le Mans,



it's this. No one in Australia has anywhere near the resources needed to make a full-blown attempt on Le Mans."

The old saw about all motor race meetings being either cold and wet, or hot and dusty, seems to hold true even in France. Le Mans is distinctly the former, with rain squalls coming over seemingly every half hour and the weather unseasonably cold.

This is a headache for the team managers and drivers, who have to decide between wet and dry weather tyres. In the end, Ickx lost all chances of winning when he stopped to change to wets and Rondeau kept going on slicks.

Even though this is unofficial practice the drivers will be giving the cars plenty, because now is the time to find out if any 20c rubber seal is ready to blow — and trying to get several hundred horsepower on to the track with the wrong set of tyres can be awkward at best, downright dangerous at worst.

They are difficult conditions, especially for anyone at his first Le Mans. Moffat takes car 71, which he will drive with American racer Bob Garretson and the Canadian Bobby Rahal, out on to a damp track which dries slowly in the fading daylight. The word is caution, and Moffat starts by putting in some very slow times as he gets the feel of the track and the car. As it turns out, the rain holds off and



gives Moffat what he later describes as a very useful practice. After strolling back to the Barbour enclosure in the paddock Moffat, sweating lightly, undoes his driving suit and sips at the ever-present mineral water provided by one of his sponsors.

"I'm glad the track was wet," he says, as buoyant as 300km/h speeds can be expected to leave him. "Those Porsches, the handling is just unbelievable. They hang on, and hang on, until you're sure there's not one bit of adhesion left, then they hang on some more."

"Well, that's great, but my style of driving is to flick the back end around a bit. So the damp track made it a bit twitchy and let me get the feel, to settle in to the car, before it dried out and I got moving more quickly."

The times show Moffat settled in rather well. Starting out with laps of the 13.6km circuit as slow as 5min 33.1sec, as conditions improve Moffat brings the time down through five minutes, and finally down to the best time for the car of 4min 4.3sec — an average speed of a shade over 200km/h and the 10th best time recorded for the Wednesday. The Barbour-Fitzpatrick-Redman car, number 70, puts in the equal-best unofficial time of 3min 52.2sec and an average of 211.255km/h. It was recorded by Dick Barbour and shows that even though Fitz and Redman can be expected to go

faster given a dry track, Barbour is a very capable pilot.

The third Barbour Porsche, number 72, an older car being driven by three Americans, Kirby, Brunn and Sherwin and co-sponsored by Wynn's, manages a 4min 26sec for an average of 184.412km/h.

Wednesday evening also proves the stunning efficiency of the electronic timing system. Each car carries a small transmitter emitting a unique signal. Every time a car passes over three strips buried a few centimetres under the track, it is identified and its lap time recorded down to a thousandth of a second. This information is collated by computer, which relays it within seconds to constantly updated television displays. In addition, every hour it prints out a sheet on the standings with time, laps and distance travelled, plus average race speed. Just the thing for Bathurst.

Finally it is time for everyone to head back to Moffat's farmhouse, about 25km west of Le Mans. In the dark it looks like it would be just right for a Dracula movie. The "farmhouse" is a three-storey manor house on a property devoted to the raising of racehorses. Every year the owners, the Lescops, make room for some of the teams in the 24-hour race.

On the Thursday morning everyone surfaces late and at breakfast Moffat was missing from the table. He opted for a jog-

their designated pit places, and during a break in the rain Allan Moffat sits quietly in the driver's seat of number 71, resting his chin on his fist. He is the picture of the man alone in the midst of a throng.

Allan Moffat makes no bones about it: as far as he is concerned, he owes Australian motor racing nothing.

Like many men accustomed to media attention, Moffat is very practised at considering everything he says and, as a result, rarely appears to react spontaneously.

This time, there's no beating around the bush. The CAMS ban on the RX7 has left one of Australia's greatest Bathurst exponents without a car for this year's Hardie-Ferodo 1000 — if he misses out, it will be the first time since 1969 — and no driver in the country could feel a more keen disappointment about that than Moffat.

"The ultimate category in Australia is Bathurst. If you're not racing a Bathurst-type car throughout the year, you couldn't hope to have an effective and efficient team capable of pulling off a win in October, so that's why I'm sitting like a shag on a rock at the moment," says Moffat. Back in Australia, his 934 Porsche is running well and soon after he returned Moffat took a healthy grip on the Sports Car title. But as he puts it, "it's not a class I've ever been a great advocate of pushing" and it's easy to see his heart's not completely in it.

"Look around you. Why couldn't we have cars like this racing in Australia? I'll tell you why — because the organisation which runs things at home is still geared mentally to the club racer bloke who comes along to the track in his Mini, sticks some numbers on the side, pumps the tyres up and goes out to race."

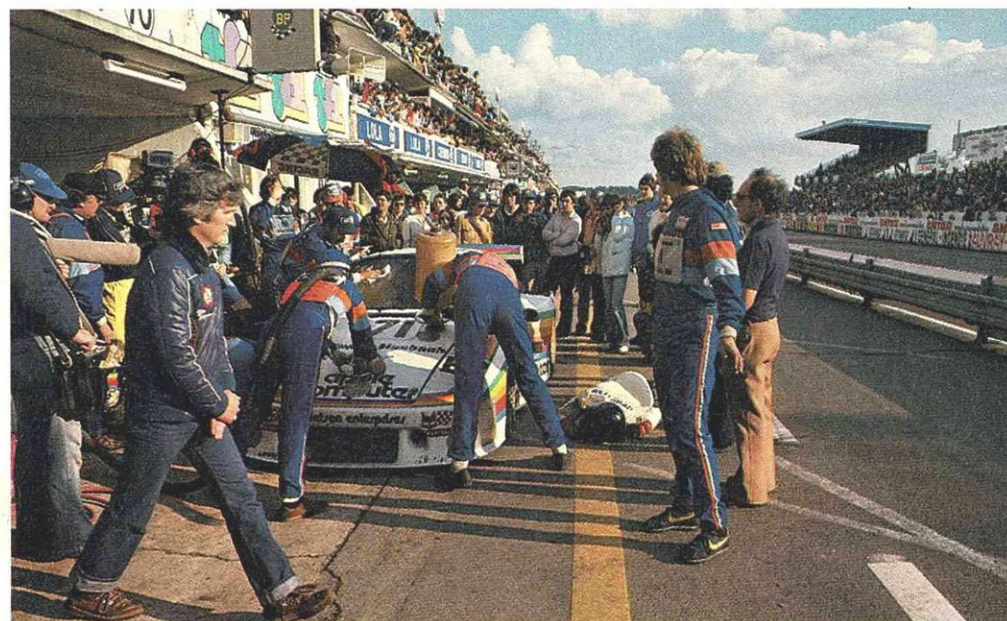
"The people in charge, they're not spending their own money. They're all getting a salary every week irrespective of the decisions they make."

"We're the guys out here trying to do the right thing by the sponsors, trying to do the right thing by ourselves, trying to do the right thing by the crowd and put on good, competitive racing — yet technical things which stand out in front of anyone who can count to 10 seem to take an act of parliament to get ratified."

One of the lowest points in Moffat's career was when his transporter, containing his Falcon and most of his vital bits and pieces, was totally burnt out in 1976 after an electrical short. A \$100,000 investment wiped out in minutes.

The situation now is worse: "You talk about ups and downs in your career — I'm not talking wins and losses. Just the struggle to find enough energy to say 'to hell with it' is really tough at the moment."

"The fire gave me a good enough reason to want to pack up, but even then things seemed to pick up. I'll never forget



Above left: Bobby Rahal moves the Moffat-Rahal-Garretson car out of the spray kicked up by Serge Saulnier in the WM 79/80 Turbo as they cross the flying start line for the first lap of the 1980 24 Hours of Le Mans. Left: Moffat and Garretson thrash out driving strategies for car 71 while Rahal completes his official practice laps. Above: As Garretson settles in for his first spell during the race, Moffat dives to the ground to check the oil cooler after he hit the ripple-strips while dodging a spinning car.

ging session with one of the Lescop's aggressively friendly boxers bounding along beside him.

As the afternoon progresses, the turmoil on the pit apron builds steadily. Pit marshals and gendarmes are forever pushing people back to clear the way for cars entering and leaving, but sometimes it seems sheer weight of numbers will pop someone out, like a cherry pip, into the path of one of the cars.

The Barbour cars come out early on to

the telegram waiting for me the very next day, from International Harvester, saying they weren't worrying about insurance, they were building me a new truck immediately.

"That gave us a big lift — but there aren't too many solutions like that coming in at the moment.

"I'm in a worse state, actually, than the day I burnt down, so I guess that sort of says it, doesn't it?

"Now, it's just trying to find a way to stay in business. At the moment I can hardly justify keeping the front door open. What's brought me to this? No car to race. I'm not going to race a Ford and promote a product which they're not interested in promoting themselves, and CAMS have refused to allow the peripheral port modification which would enable us to get going with the Mazda."

Then, in a level voice but with a power of emotion behind it: "Sure, I've made plenty of money racing in Australia — but I've spent a bloody lot, too. And for what?"

During official practice the Barbour team put in a very respectable performance. A time of 3min 48.4sec put Fitzpatrick, who was chosen to start car 70, on the front row of the grid next to three-time winner Henri Pescarolo on pole with 3min 47.9sec.

Car 71, with Bobby Rahal taking the start, finished on the seventh row with 3min 56.1sec while car 72 was back on the 20th row, quite a bit off the pace with 4min 13.5sec.

Moffat was to take the second turn at the wheel in car 71.

Friday was the official rest day and Moffat seemed determined to get away from serious thought about the race.

A good meal and pleasant surroundings achieved the purpose of getting Moffat as relaxed as he could be, in spite of the presence of two friends from when he was a young man in South Africa — "in spite of" not because of any problems with the friends, but because they were unfamiliar with Moffat's latest tribulations in Australia and many of the coals were raked over again.

Looking back through Moffat's career, he has been burned plenty of times.

"My first taste of politics, the first time I know I was deliberately screwed, would have been 1972 or 73, when I could have won the touring car championship with the Mustang.

"There was an incident at Warwick Farm with Bob Jane. The stewards on the day sent me off with a reprimand and said 'don't do it again'.

"But Jane appealed to CAMS and that reprimand turned into a full tribunal that cost me \$1000 to defend myself with a QC. They took away the race, I lost my points and the \$1000 prize-money — and

effectively lost the championship — on an incident that should never have gone past the stewards hearing that night.

"I realised then the necessity to be a little more protective, or less open, with the people who were supposedly there to look after everybody's interests."

In 1973, after Moffat won Bathurst for the third time, Ford pulled out of racing and Moffat realised, for the first time, how vulnerable he was.

As one step to correct this, at the end of 1975 Moffat bought a Chevrolet Monza to go sports sedan racing: "The Monza was a new beginning, like the Mustang had been in 1969. It was just an update of the state of the art, but everybody out here went off their brains over the car.

"This time it wasn't CAMS, it was the competitors — it was just too much for them to swallow. Bob Jane put a civil suit on CAMS, tried to sue them for allowing the car to run. To cut a long story short, they banned the car, so I parked it and got the little Capri and we won the inaugural sports sedan championship in 1976 anyway. "It's funny now that, four years after the time they were all happy to ban the car, there are four or five Monzas running and Jane is the one who's leading the brigade."

Ford then approached Moffat to head up a Ford Dealer Team to combat Holden and for three years, with Moffat's other sponsorship revenue, they were the team to beat. Then, at the end of 1978, Ford pulled out of racing again.

"I don't mind telling you it was a hell of a shock to me," says Moffat. "I couldn't believe there was any necessity for it. I knew what the car could do and potentially what was still available."

Reynolds Tobacco had already been sponsoring Moffat to promote Camel cigarettes, and in 1979 they picked up a lot of the slack so he could keep the Falcon running. But at the end of 1979, they also pulled out suddenly.

"What few people realise about race teams is that they're a bit like the military — you've got to keep planning and you have to spend next year's money now, so that you're ready in January.

"If you do that, and suddenly around the first of December you get the pink slip, it can make an awful big lump in your throat — because you're the bunny with the signature on the bottom line of whatever you've ordered, and when it arrives you still have to pay for it.

"That's what happened to me with Ford and Camel."

When Ford pulled out the Moffat team had coaxed the Ford engine along to the point where it was suffering serious oil surge problems, so they asked CAMS to approve two measures which would keep the car running — a system called dry sump, and roller rockers. The time it took to make a decision almost killed the Moffat team for good.

"Our request for the legalisation of the roller rockers and dry sumps sent me so close to bankruptcy in 1979 it didn't matter," said Moffat.

"We blew something like five motors in a row, losing between \$7000 and \$10,000 a time.

"In the end, they did see the light and legalised the dry sump, but the rocker thing carried on like a cancerous sore for about 18 months.

"They pass it when it's too late, but when you're in there on your knees saying, 'look, we've really got a problem, this is all it would take . . .'"

Financially, things got so tough Moffat had to put up most of his cars for sale. Then the Mazda connection developed and Moffat had, or thought he had, a new lease on racing life. It was this debacle



Above: The beautifully-turned out BMW M1 of Pironi, Quester and Mignot sweeps through the chicane leading into the main straight. They finished 14th after reaching ninth place. Top right: At night the cars leave brilliant light-trails as they stream past the pit apron. Right: Everywhere you look, police of one sort or another. This contingent, with a couple of firemen, were stationed at Mulsanne. They were powerless against the crowds which mobbed the finish.

that brought it all back into focus around the lunch table in Le Mans.

Late in the afternoon there was a final trip to the circuit for talks with Barbour and the team, and for Moffat to make some more TV commercials for his main sponsor, Federation Insurance, before Moffat headed back to home base for an early night.

Early on race day the grey cloud banks and haze building up made it obvious there would be no easing of the gloomy weather, but there was nothing gloomy about Moffat's mood as he showered and dressed. Even for someone as cool and professional as Moffat, the special nature of the day reflected itself in uncharacteristic bursts of activity.

There wasn't much conversation even after we arrived at the track and, as the day wore on towards the 4pm start Moffat



fell more and more into a silent, distant state. He seemed to have fewer and fewer non-essential words to spread around as it came time to get the cars on to the grid.

For many people the start of the 24 Hours of Le Mans will never be the same since they abandoned the drivers' sprint from one side of the track to the other, where the cars were angle parked until they slithered out, more or less simultaneously, into a snarling, sideways pack as the drivers fought to get the power down and away from the rest.

Eventually the enormous power developed over the years made that type of start more dangerous and impractical

than the spectacle was worth, so now the cars are spread over a conventional grid pattern, two cars to a row. They then complete a lap under the control of an official car while holding their positions, getting away to a flying start theoretically at 4pm.

The rain held off long enough for the marching girls and bands to do their thing, for the parachute jumpers and the precision driving team, and for the playing of the respective anthems as the national flags were carried forward. Finally, as the light rain started falling steadily, the cars were wheeled on to the grid and the engines turned off.

Behind Fitzpatrick and Pescarolo on

the front row were the Porsches of Jacky Ickx, a four-time winner and a big favorite to win in this year, and Rolf Stommelen, who Dick Barbour would have to give a chance since he helped Barbour and Paul Newman steer their car into second place overall and first in their class last year. On the third row was Alain de Cadenet, now classed as a British driver although of French origin, who performed a small miracle to get his Cosworth-powered special on to the grid after a spectacular prang in practice when co-driver Desire Wilson effectively wrote the car off. She was not badly hurt, but did not race because if her time had been included in the average, the car would not have qualified.

Beside de Cadenet was the eventual winner, car number 16, the Le Point-ITT M379B driven and prepared by local Le Mans hero Jean Rondeau — who took the start — and the popular veteran Jean-Pierre Jaussaud.

The rain decided to settle in on an on-again, off-again basis, but by that time the track was so wet that as the cars came round to take the flag for the start of the race at 19 seconds past 4pm, most had their lights on and all were trailing great plumes of spray.

The roar as the 55 cars rush down the straight and into the first curve is shattering, even high up in the press stands. They are on their way to 200km/h-plus by the time they crest the rise under Dunlop bridge, less than a kilometre from the start of the pit straight.

It's this rise which traps race-winner Rondeau later on, the combination of wet track and the car getting "tippy-toe" as it lifts up on its suspension over the hump sending him spinning helplessly, but undamaged, into an earth bank.

From there the cars go into a left and right-hander before the sweeping right-hand curve of Tertre Rouge, which marks the start of the famous 5.5km straight generally known as Mulsanne for the very sharp right-hander at the end.

This heavily-forested section is probably least populated with spectators, because there's not much time to watch a car when it's flashing past at anything up to 350km/h. So flat-out is this section, and so long, that Porsches of the type Moffat is driving have to be backed off somewhere for an instant to suck oil back up into the valve gear.

After Mulsanne, there are almost 4km to travel before the cars can be seen again from the pit straight as they come through Virage Porsche, into the long S-bends and the short straight into the chicane.

As they hit the pit straight they complete the full lap of 13.626km, which at one stage took Rondeau only 3min 43.8sec, an average speed of 219km/h. His car's race average, including driving through some dreadful weather, a spin

and normal pit stops, was almost 192km/h. That's just on 4605km in the 24 hours.

At the start of the pit straight the driver either plants his foot to go around again, or swerves right to run down pit lane. When he comes in, he triggers a finely-honed team which, barring major problems, should have him out again in two minutes.

The Barbour team proves itself equal to the task. As soon as a car pulls in the air hose goes on to the jacking point. Four steel rods shoot down out of the car's belly to hoist it high enough for tyres to be changed.

At the same time, the fuel overflow chamber is held on to the press-fit valve at the top of the bonnet and the fuel hose is pushed into a similar fitting at the front. While any tyres are being changed the windscreen and lights are cleaned and, if necessary, drivers change places.

All this has been so well rehearsed that very few words need be spoken — which is just as well, because the noise of other cars coming and going blasts painfully through the earplugs and cuts out all other sound. At this noise level the exhaust is more felt through the diaphragm than heard.

Fitzpatrick beat Pescarolo into the first turn then eased off — pacing the car to go the 24 hours rather than dicing in the wet — to be fourth at the end of the first hour and second after two hours.

Rahal had also dropped back in Car 71 to lie 18th after the first hour, before he also began steadily working his way up through the field in the changeable weather. Then, at two minutes to six, Moffat took over and drove the Porsche out of the pits into seventh place in his first Le Mans.

Moffat stayed in the car until 7.44, coming in once for petrol and tyres and once more for petrol. He faced some very difficult conditions and car 71 dropped back to 21st, but by the time Garretson had taken over the weather had cleared again and they were on the way back up into 11th place.

Moffat looked a little wrung out but surprisingly fresh after he got out of the car.

"Tired? No, not really, when the track dried out I was really starting to enjoy it. The car's going very well."

After checking with the girls in the Barbour pits who were keeping track of the team's times, as well as those of their leading rivals, Moffat walked off to the caravans to rest for his next turn — although his eyes were so bright and he looked so generally hyped up, it seemed impossible that he would find it easy to rest.

By this time the Barbour number one car, 70, had staked a firm claim on second place. That left only 71 to help carry the team's hopes, since 72 had lasted

less than 40 minutes before going out in one of those curious "loses" on the straight which no one ever seems to be able to explain. The car lost adhesion, started to spin and glanced off another car before stopping with an irrevocably damaged wheel.

After Garretson's stint Bobby Rahal took 71 up to sixth place before Moffat took over once more at 11.06pm. Now it was truly dark, yet in his first bash at the difficult night sections Moffat had the car in fifth place by midnight.

When Garretson took over at 12.46am Moffat was positively bouncing, rushing into the press room to phone back a quick report to a radio station in Australia. As he telephoned, the television monitor showed car 71 jumping to fourth place as cars ahead came in for pit stops.

There was a tense air about the Barbour pits, because things were running almost too well. Car 70 had held the lead consistently now over the past two hours and seemed to have a fair chance of giving the others a big shake. Now 71 was moving up. It looked good, but they were tense because no one can afford to get excited after only eight or nine hours of a 24-hour event.

There can be few things more overpowering for a motor race spectator than to see and hear a big twin-turbo Porsche on song and at full cry down the long

straight toward Mulsanne at 300km/h-plus, especially as it is getting dark.

Then, as the cars brake down to what is relatively a standstill for the sharp right-hander at the bottom, metre-long orange flame blossoms from the tailpipe. Through the glare lighting up the road and the rear of the car, two bright red glows can be seen coming from the turbochargers.

They are the key to what makes the Porsche 935 capable of winning Le Mans. They also offer the greatest potential for disaster, because they take the stresses on the motor to the point where a little bit too much — especially in a car such as the K3 where the boost through the turbochargers can be controlled from the cockpit — will bring the charge to the chequered flag to an inglorious halt.

At 1.45am on Sunday, with Garretson at the wheel, the stresses proved too much for car 71's engine and it gave up the ghost. There was some suggestion that Rahal had given it too much as he climbed through the field, but it didn't really matter why a valve and piston were shot. Moffat's first crack at Le Mans was over.

When they knocked on the caravan door to tell Moffat something was wrong, he threw on a navy pea-jacket and rushed down to the pits. When it became apparent that car 71 was finished, Moffat just stood quietly against a wall in the dim

worklights of the pit apron. Not all the experience and disasters of the past could take the glum, thunderstruck look off his face.

He accepted the commiserations, and offered some himself to Barbour. With a few lines like "Ah well, that's how it goes" he excused himself and did the only thing possible — went back to sleep.

The Barbour team anxiously monitored their last hope, car 70. Fitzpatrick, Ickx and Rondeau were keeping close tabs on each other until, at 2.30am, Fitz pulled in to have a clutch cable replaced. The 15-minute stop put him two

laps behind the leaders, not really a disaster.

Then, almost inevitably, the engine developed a misfire. Attempts to put things right failed and eventually one cylinder was shut down. Car 70 kept dropping slowly off the pace, letting the Ickx Porsche and the Rondeau car pull further and further ahead until, by 9am, it became apparent that the chase was hopeless unless the front-runners dropped out — always a chance right up to the last minute.

But this year there were no let-offs for the Barbour camp. As they nursed an ailing car 70 through the day, the leaders kept getting further in front until the finish. Car 16, Rondeau and Jaussaud, first, the Ickx car second. Fitzpatrick, Barbour and Redman kept their car running into a very creditable fifth place and a class win, but it wasn't much of a return for all that investment.

Moffat had brushed aside his disappointment during the day, or at least hidden it successfully, and stayed to see how it would pan out for Barbour and Fitzpatrick as they crossed the finish line.

During the race there are up to 2000 police of the four types that France boasts placed around the circuit, plus additional track security guards, plus volunteer marshals. They do an efficient and often officious job of keeping the

where the placegetters will appear, and for hundreds of metres each side.

Occasional flurries of fists are seen as officials claw at the more enthusiastic fans climbing up to the balcony, where the drivers are being presented with their wreaths and the traditional champagne to spray on the crowd. When Rondeau hurls his wreath outward, a forest of arms rises like tall grass released by the wind.

Slowly, after about 15 minutes of near-hysteria, the crowd begins to melt away, leaving the victors to the spoils and the speeches.

That evening Moffat shouts us all to a sort of last supper since we will be going our separate ways in the morning. It's a subdued table; but we all do our best.

Moffat drove for a total of three hours, 19 minutes at his first Le Mans. In that time he proved to himself — in the unlikely event that he needed to prove something to himself — and more importantly to others, that he is indeed a world-class driver of fast cars.

By the next morning, as we sample the last of Mme Lescop's croissants, Allan knows he has to turn his mind now, more than ever, to the future. He certainly can't be said to be dwelling on the negative aspects of the Le Mans adventure.

Right now he's off to England to make some more television commercials, for Federation.

He has one last word: "The way things have happened in Australia, I'm just bloody glad that the international scene seems to be opening up a bit for me at the moment. I'd be in a nice fix if there was nowhere to go when everything closed up on me back home."

"The way I'm feeling right now, I can't see that I'll be devoting much effort to racing in Australia in the foreseeable future."

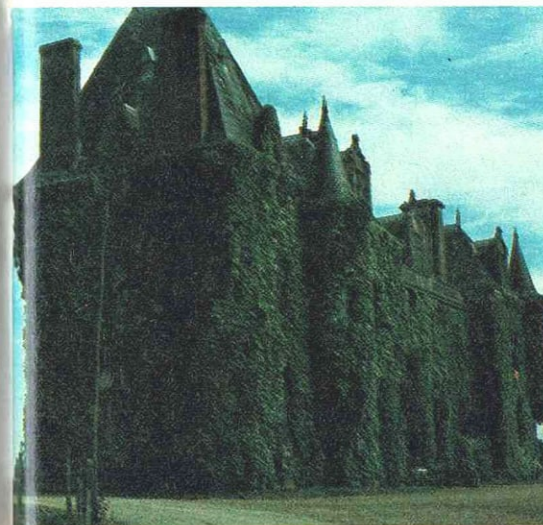
Certainly the Le Mans drive has to be seen as successful for Moffat in spite of the car's failure. The guys who shell out the big ones for this class of racing analyse each driver's performance very closely, and on the basis of Moffat's few hours he has everything going for him.

If that's true in the international sense, won't it help at home? Apparently Moffat doesn't think so.

Says Moffat: "I sometimes think that if someone else had been rowing the boat on the Mazda proposal, they may have had a better chance of getting it through. There is a tendency to think that simply because I was after it, there's reason to believe it's an F-111 in disguise and I'm just planning to take over the whole scene."

"Anyway, in every business it's the same, and in ours particularly — it's not what you did yesterday that counts, it's what you're doing tomorrow."

And for Moffat just at the moment, tomorrow is looking pretty bleak. 



Left: The champagne spurts as Rondeau prepares to throw his wreath into the huge crowd which besieged the official balcony. Some of the climbers made it to the top in spite of other clambering fans and fist-swinging officials. Top: Moffat's "farmhouse" near the village of Coulans, west of Le Mans. Above: On Monday the disappointments are forgotten. As everyone gets ready to leave, Moffat grapples with one of the motoring writers.

spectators and pit crews in line, but at 10 minutes to 4 on the Sunday they might as well pack up and go home.

That's because at 4pm about 30,000 people are going to hurdle the fence on to the track in front of the main stand and mob the race winners and placegetters.

Despite the exhortations and warnings of race officials that some cars are still completing required laps, people jam the track and the pits in front of the balcony



Australia's beers are as varied as the people who drink them, but there is still no such thing as a bad brew.

BEER THE BREWERS' SECRETS

It would be pretty safe to presume that when Captain James Cook, Joseph Banks and the other lads stepped ashore at Botany Bay in 1770, somebody said: "Well, now we're here we may as well have a beer." They certainly had beer on board the *Endeavour* and anybody who has since stood around the shores of Botany Bay with not much to do on a nice day will tell you it's as good a spot as any to slip into the odd foaming glass.

When the First Fleet arrived in 1788, it brought some beer as well as the basic equipment for the new settlers to begin brewing their own. The settlers also brought a tradition of brewing that was very English but, in fact, went back to the days when nobody was all that sure where England began and ended.

Beer was brewed in Mesopotamia more than 6000 years ago. It was drunk in Babylon, in the Egypt of the Pharaohs and in ancient Greece. Julius Caesar called it a "high and mighty liquor", and some theorise that the Romans took beer along with plumbing (they go together) to the north when they invaded Britain. There is other evidence that the Picts and Scots were already drinking it when the Romans landed.

The first beer brewed in Australia was English ale, heavier than modern beer and meant to be drunk at room temperature in a colder climate. It also did not keep as well as modern beer. When Elizabeth I travelled around her realm, her brewer went ahead and had a brew fresh and ready at the major stops.

Despite the failings of English ale, the early Australians took to it with a vigor that has never subsided.

It was soon found that barley equal in quality to that from England grew over a wide area of the new country. Hops, the other basic ingredient, grew well in Tasmania, which still supplies most of the Australian brewing industry. Some brewers will argue that Tasmanian hops are not as good as those from Bavaria, but the local growers say that the fact that our hops fill a huge export market puts them in world class.

Through the 19th Century the beer brewed in Australia was still basically English ale, though it was gradually adapted to local conditions. A lot of brewers made it slightly lighter than the English product so it would be more refreshing in the hotter climate.

Keeping it for any length of time was always a problem. Because of this, hundreds of small breweries sprang up around the country. The drinkers could drink it where it was made. It was not uncommon for a publican to brew his own beer and supply only his own customers.

Because of the problem of keeping it, early Australian beer was also a good deal more bitter than the modern product as hops, which gives beer its bitterness, was then the only preservative available to brewers.

Early this century, German brewers began having more influence on Australian beer. For reasons best known to themselves, the Germans were the first to undertake a scientific study of the brewing process and developed what is known as bottom fermentation.

The old English ale was made by top fermentation, where the process is carried out at quite a warm temperature and the yeast, which is added to the malt and hops, floats to the

top of the brew. Bottom fermentation takes a lot longer and the brew has to be kept at a low temperature. The yeast settles to the bottom.

All bottom fermented beers are called lager, from the German verb to store or age, as they have to be set aside in a cool place for a period. The great advantage of lager beer in Australia is that it keeps longer.

The Foster's brewing company of Melbourne was one of the first to introduce German-style lager beer in the 1880s. Foster's was taken over by Carlton and United, along with five other breweries, after the turn of the century. Foster's also introduced chilled beer to Australia to replace the traditional room temperature English-style beer. The company had its own ice works and provided publicans with ice to chill the beer.

As Australians acquired a taste for lager, a lot of the smaller breweries in out-back towns became redundant. And certain breweries in the State capitals had begun to grow big from often modest beginnings early in the country's history.

The Cascade Brewery in Hobart was founded in 1824, and John Tooth and Charles Newnham founded Tooth and Company in Sydney in 1835.

The big city breweries used the good keeping lager to drown out their little competitors.

In the early part of the century the rush to bring German brewers to Australia was something like the post World War II rush to import European Soccer players. In the end, the only Australian brewers making the old fashioned ale were Tooths and Tooheys in Sydney with Tooths Old and Tooheys Old, which are a smaller part of their production, and Cooper's in Adelaide.

Despite the trend to the lager method of brewing, Australian beers have kept their individuality. Unlike American beers which have mainly become nationally marketed products, none of them taste the same.

This is despite further unifying trends in brewing. Mainly to cut costs but partly for taste, Australian brewers are now putting less malt and more sugar, or other cheap forms of carbohydrates, into their beers.

Malt is the main source of alcohol in beer. When the yeast feeds on it, it becomes alcohol. So does sugar, but the main difference is that malt gives flavor to the beer while sugar does not.

Beer made with sugar added to malt has a standard amount of alcohol, but its flavor is more bland. Australian brewers say Australian drinkers like this. Some Australian brewers add rice starch or wheat starch to the beer because it is cheaper than sugar. They say the starch alcohol is tasteless and just as effective in a police breath analyser as alcohol made from malt or sugar.

Australian brewers don't want to tell you how much sugar they put into their beers. In fact they are very coy about telling you anything.

When we went to them and said our readers would be interested to know how their beers are made and what ingredients they use, they reacted with varying degrees of conservatism.

They wanted to tell us about all the processes and ingredients that drinkers would see as good and gloss over those which drinkers might think detract from the quality of beer.

They all say their beer is the best in the world, and, all those outside NSW say that NSW beer is the worst in Australia. The NSW brewers insist their beer is the best in the world and say that the brewers in the other States are behind in their understanding of public taste.

Brewers point out that while a large amount of Victorian, South Australian

Australian
brewers don't want
to tell you how
much sugar they
put into their
beers.

and Queensland beer is imported to NSW very little NSW beer is exported to other States.

We have let the brewers tell their own story where they will. The only way you can check up on them is to taste all the beers. It won't be too painful — there is still no such thing as a bad beer.

CARLTON AND UNITED

Best-selling beer: Carlton Draught is sold as a draught beer reflecting the traditional Carlton Draught beer flavor. Carlton says it is a product for the purest drinker, the man who loves his beer. It is a bigger, bolder beer and has slightly less gas than other CUB beers. The brewery refers to it as "a hairy-chested Ron Barassi man-type beer".

Foster's Lager is their biggest selling packaged beer. It is the class beer. Rounded, mellow and smooth, it has a clean bright taste and a sharp finish. It is not as bitter as Carlton Draught. Foster's has always been promoted as the export beer, even pre-war.

Victoria Bitter has a full flavor, but not

as full as Carlton Draught and it is more bitter. Melbourne Bitter is fuller in flavor than Foster's and more bitter, but not as full in flavor as Carlton Draught. Historically, Melbourne Bitter was directed to the country market because country people from the late Forties onwards always asked for Melbourne beer, so the name Melbourne Bitter was virtually selected by them. This trend has been maintained.

Brewing: Carlton and United is Australia's biggest brewer with breweries in Melbourne, Brisbane, Cairns and Darwin. The brewing operation is highly structured under the control of the Assistant General Manager (Brewing), Mr F. Harold, who has 32 brewers working for him.

Carlton and United is one of the few Australian breweries using an extract of hops rather than raw hops or pelleted hops.

They grow their own hops in Victoria and extract the flavor by a method they have patented. The brewery claims that in this way they maintain a consistent hop flavor in their beer, where brewers who use raw hops or pellets get some deterioration with time.

CUB gives these reasons for its success: the superiority of their quality control, not only in the laboratories but also of all raw materials ("The mixture has got to be right," they say), and field quality control — especially of their bulk beer. Checks are made to see that the beer reaching the consumer is consistent with brewery specifications. They say the fresher the beer is to the consumer, the better it is.

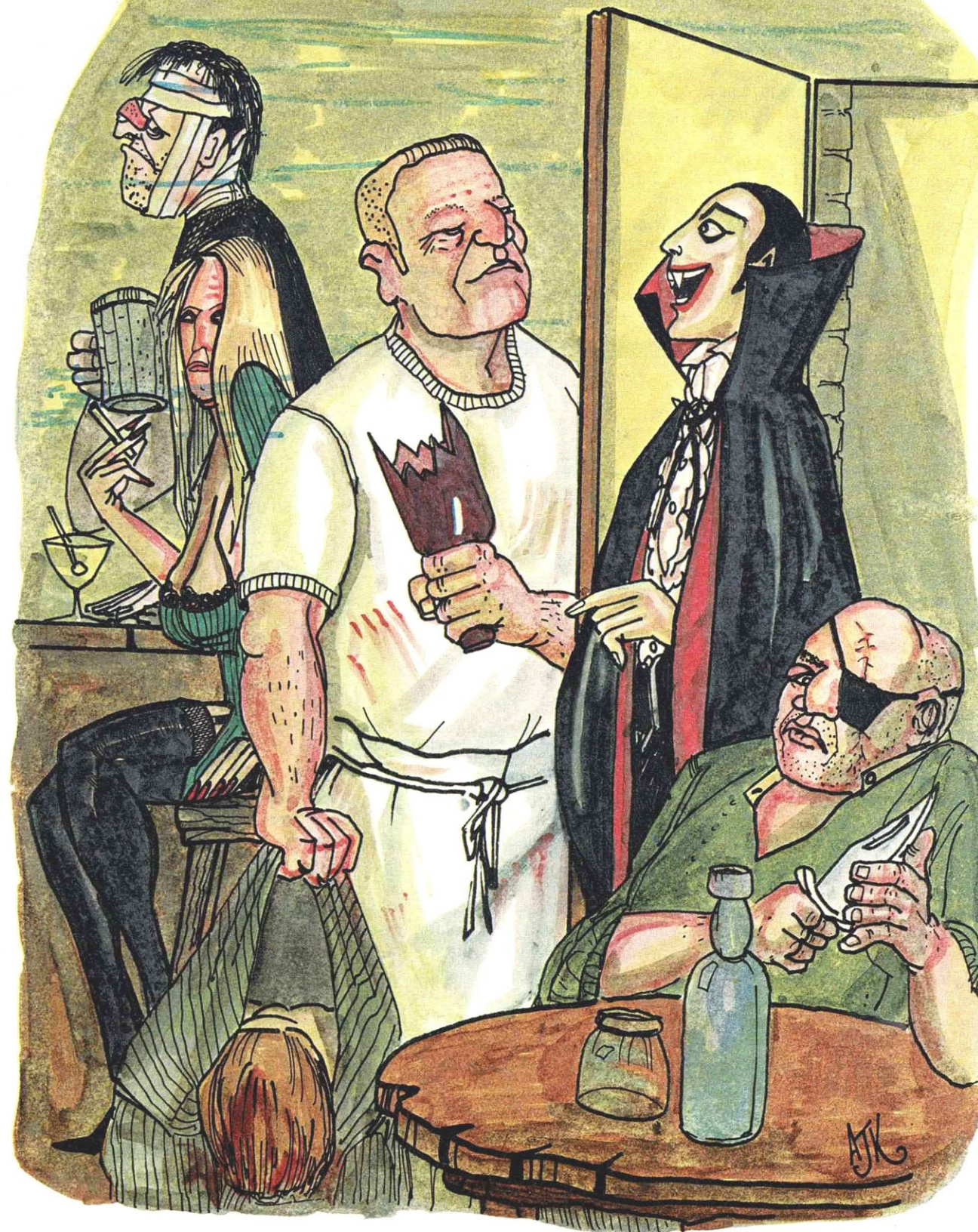
The brewery's philosophy is to provide the drinker with the beer he wants, and consequently they have a range which they believe covers a wide area of the consumer spectrum. They respond very much to brand demand which, in turn, is a response to consumer requirements and market tastes.

CASTLEMAINE PERKINS, BRISBANE

Brewing comments by Tony Murphy, production manager. Mr Murphy joined Castlemaine Perkins after World War II, then moved north to Mac's brewery at Rockhampton which was taken over by Carlton and United. Mr Murphy returned to Castlemaine Perkins 10 years ago.

Best-selling beer: Four X Bitter Ale. This ale is, in fact, a lager. "It is a bottom brewed beer in the newer lager style," says Mr Murphy. "Perhaps the beer they made before they introduced Four X was an ale and they never got around to changing the name."

Mr Murphy describes Four X as having a flavor with a lot of character. "The flavor comes from the malt we use and the special bitter edge from the fact that we are the only brewery in the country still using whole dried hops in the beer,"



"Is this the bar called The Bucket of Blood?"

he said. "All the other breweries use a hops extract or pelleted hops." Mr Murphy says the fuller, bitter flavor of Four X has a strong masculine appeal. A lot of Queensland drinkers have noticed a similarity between it and the Brisbane Bitter introduced by Carlton and United in Queensland.

Mr Murphy will not discuss another company's product but smiles a knowing smile. "I think we know what the Queensland drinkers like," he said.

Brewing: "Our whole job here is to see that Four X never changes," Mr Murphy says. "We have been using the same formula since the mid-Twenties and are probably making it better today than ever before."

"Our hygiene and quality control have improved over the years and we can now be sure that the beer you drink today is exactly the same as the beer you drank last week or will drink in a month's time."

Castlemaine Perkins buys its malt from two Brisbane malt houses, but insists that the barley comes from the same areas in the same proportions every year. "The barley is grown on the Darling Downs, around Tamworth in NSW, with a bit from Victoria," Mr Murphy says. "This does not mean we make some brews with the Queensland malt and some with the others. Each brew has the same proportion of the different malts."

Castlemaine Perkins claims it gets an advantage from Brisbane's notoriously hard water. "One of the best beers in England is made at a place called Burton-on-Trent," Mr Murphy says. "The water there is even harder than in Brisbane, so we make the Brisbane water harder. We have a set level of hardness and test the water every day. If it is not hard enough we add gypsum to bring it to the Burton-on-Trent level." In keeping with its tradition of changing nothing, Four X still has the same proportion of malt to sugar as it had in the Twenties, one part sugar to two parts malt.

Castlemaine Perkins is using the same yeast culture it brought from Denmark in the Twenties. The dried hops used by the brewery come from the same gardens in Victoria and Tasmania every year. Mr Murphy says that the men are now forgotten, but the whole tradition of brewing Four X came from Europe. "They brought out German brewers in the Twenties who introduced the lager style."

Castlemaine Perkins is one of the few Australian brewers which still employs coopers to make wooden barrels. The Breakfast Creek Hotel in Brisbane still insists on pulling its beer from wooden barrels on the bar, so the brewery still supplies them.

CASCADE BREWERY, HOBART

Best-selling beer: Blue Label Special Lager, which is marketed in bottles and

cans. The company's head brewer says this was a "milder" tasting beer than the other lagers and stout produced by Cascade.

While he could not describe the taste aimed for by Cascade ("what tastes bitter to me may taste less bitter to you"), the head brewer says their Special Lager met the demand for a lighter beer as opposed to the "heavy" brews made in early Australia.

During the past 30 years, this demand had developed as more women drank beer and, with the advent of migrants, the call for a more continental flavor had emerged.

Cascade recently broke into the US market with Special Lager, which the company claims meets the demand for something different to the Americans' lighter beers.

The second most popular brew from Cascade is the Red Label Sparkling Bitter

Castlemaine Perkins is one of the few Australian brewers which still employs coopers to make wooden barrels.

Ale, which is followed by White Label Draught. These are both lagers.

Brewing: The head brewer says that while the brewing process at Cascade differs little from other Australian breweries, Cascade was in a somewhat unique position in that the hop supply was within two hours by truck of the brewery. This raw material was perhaps the least processed of any in Australia.

The amount of hops used in the Cascade process depends entirely on the alpha acid content and the type of beer to be brewed. The higher the alpha acid content, the less hops used. Cascade also differs from most other Australian breweries by doing all its own malting using Tasmanian-grown barley.

About 800 tonnes of sugar is imported from Queensland each year. The water comes from Mt Wellington and is devoid of any minerals. It is very soft and is used untreated, making it unique in Australia.

Cascade also produces a Light Lager with about two-thirds the alcohol of their other beers. Cascade Stout has a slightly higher alcohol content compared with the average lager.

The full list of Cascade brews is: Special Lager (blue label), Sparkling Bitter (red label), Draught (white label), Export Stout (gold label), Sparkling Pale Ale (green label), 'D' Beer (green and white label), Light Lager (pale blue label).

TOOHEYS, SYDNEY

Brewing comments by Brian Blenkinship, Assistant General Manager (technical). Mr Blenkinship began his career with an English brewery 30 years ago, then worked in South Africa and New Zealand and as a brewing consultant in America for seven years. He joined Tooheys 10 years ago.

Best-selling beer: Tooheys New, sold packaged as Tooheys Draught. Mr Blenkinship describes it as a clean, well balanced lager style beer with no excessive bitterness or sweetness. He says it is not sweeter than other beers, only less bitter. "The bitterness does not hang around on the palate," he says.

"The taste of the sweetness is the same, it does not become cloying. We say it has a round flavor rather than being sweet. What people see as sweetness is a characteristic which comes to the beer more through the strain of yeast we use than the sugar in the beer."

Tooheys other beers are led by Tooheys Old. Mr Blenkinship says it is a true ale brewed at a higher temperature by a top fermentation process. The use of roasted barley gives it its distinctive color and flavor. "The yeast strain we use also adds to its distinctive flavor," Mr Blenkinship said.

Contrary to popular myth, Mr Blenkinship says that the Tooheys Old made at the brewery's Hunter brewery is exactly the same as that made in Sydney.

Toohey's Lite is a low alcohol and lower calorie beer. Mr Blenkinship says: "We had to change the brewing process to avoid the effect of simply adding water to an existing beer to lower the alcoholic content. We work at different temperatures in some of the processes so that the beer still has flavor as well as having less alcohol."

Tooheys Stag is Toohey's locally developed up-market beer. Mr Blenkinship describes it as full bodied and full flavored with more hop character than the company's other beers. "This hop character also makes it slightly more bitter," he said.

Stag has more alcohol than other Toohey's beers and will keep in storage longer. Asked why other Toohey's products were not more like it, Mr Blenkinship said: "We do not think this is what the bulk of consumers want."

Guinness Stout made under licence by Tooheys for the Irish Guinness company. The ingredients and process are secret and are supervised in Australia by the Guinness company.

Mr Blenkinship will admit it is made wholly from malt with no added sugar. Most of the malt is roasted. Packaged Guinness has a higher alcohol content than draught Guinness and draught Guinness is partially aerated with nitrogen gas instead of CO₂ to give its head that thick, creamy quality.

Lowenbrau is made by Tooheys under licence from the German Lowenbrau company. The German brewery keeps a close check on the quality of the beer and, among other things, insists that it is made wholly with malt, with no added sugar. The malt is made by an Australian malt house to a special process laid down by the Germans.

All the hops for Lowenbrau are imported from Bavaria and Czechoslovakia and a special yeast imported from Germany is used.

Brewing: Tooheys buys in all its malt from outside malt houses but has some say in where the barley comes from. All Tooheys beers use dried hops compressed into pellets at the hop fields in Tasmania and Victoria. At one time the brewery experimented with hop extract to flavor the beer, but it did not come up to requirements. The company developed all its own yeasts before the war. It uses Sydney tap water for all beers but hardens it to make Tooheys Old. In reply to critics of its new beer, the brewery says that no sugar is added to the beer after the fermentation has stopped. It says any sweetness is a natural flavor developed by the yeast.

The brewery says all its beers are made with about two thirds malt and one third sugar. Other brewers dispute this, saying the sugar content would be greater.

TOOTH AND COMPANY, SYDNEY

Brewing comments by Tony Mathew Group Manager, Brewing Research and Development. Mr Mathew began with Toths 32 years ago as a laboratory assistant and has worked his way through the brewing side of the business with a period as head brewer.

Best-selling beer: Resch's Draught. Mr Mathew describes it as a characteristic German light beer, full flavored and robust. A real man's beer. It has a hop aroma which makes it taste different to other lager beers. This is achieved by adding the hops later in the brewing process than usual so that less hop oils are evaporated off.

Their best-selling packaged beer is KB Lager. This is very similar to Toths New. With both beers the fermentation is stopped a little early to give the slightly sweeter taste. KB is slightly sweeter again than Toths New. Mr Mathew says that although most of the sweetness is in the beer at the end of fermentation, sugar is sometimes added to bring it up to the

required standard. According to Mr Mathew, the smooth flavor of KB was developed to meet the needs of the post-war baby boom. Although it is still the biggest-selling packaged beer in Australia, he feels it might be soon time to have another look at the flavor as the younger generation which took to it with such gusto is maturing and might want something less bland.

Other beers include Toths Old. Mr Mathew says it is a top fermentation beer, brewed in the classical English method. He says it is a beautifully rounded beer with all the aroma characteristics of top fermentation.

Without making aspersions about any other breweries, he claims that Toths and Cooper's in South Australia are the only Australian breweries still making a true old top fermented beer.

Reschs Pilsener is brewed to be lighter and crisper than lager beers. The water

At the heart of Toths brewing is the tasting panel, a group which meets twice a day to taste the beer.

used in its brewing is less hard and different proportions of ingredients are used.

Mr Mathew says it has a distinctive hop character which gives it a definite note of bitterness.

Although Reschs DA is called an ale, it is in fact bottom brewed by the lager process. Some roasted malt is used to add color and give it a different, malty flavor. A special strain of yeast is also used. To confuse matters, the brewery says DA has a fair amount of bitterness which is balanced by a fair amount of sweetness. DA was popular with an older generation and is losing some of its followers.

Toths LA is a low alcohol, low calorie beer and has the distinction of being Toths only beer made purely from malt, with no added sugar. Mr Mathew, who developed it, says the problem with a low alcohol beer is to retain flavor. Mr Mathew says that through the modifications in the brewing process the beer retains the fullness of taste and the refreshing characteristics found in normal beer.

Brewing: Toths make about 35 per-

cent of their own malt, all of it from NSW barley. All the other malt is bought from malt houses, mainly in Victoria. All the hops used by Toths comes in pellet form from Tasmania and northern Victoria. The company will not use hops extracts. Mr Mathew claims that the process of treating hops with liquid nitrogen for transport gives a better product delivered to the brewery than the old method of transporting whole hops in bales. The brewery says it uses about 54 percent malt to 46 percent sugar or other carbohydrate material that can be fermented. Mr Mathew says that, as the added carbohydrate produces alcohol without flavor, it does not matter what it is as long as it is pure. The company uses a starch by-product of wheat which it first converts to a sugar.

The brewery uses Sydney mains water and adds gypsum, magnesium and salt to bring it up to accepted water hardness standards.

The yeasts used by Toths have been with the brewery so long that Mr Mathew can't remember where they came from but he says the company continues to experiment with the development of new yeasts.

Toths claim their basic brewing system is unique in Australia. While the other breweries use a process called Rising Enfusion, theirs is called Decocion. With Rising Enfusion the temperature of all the material being fermented is gradually lifted. With Decocion small amounts of the brew are drawn off and the temperature lifted until the whole batch is fermented.

At the heart of Toths brewing is the tasting panel, a group which meets at 11am and 4pm every day to taste the beer.

Although most of the panel members work in the brewing section of the brewery, they are chosen because of a natural ability to distinguish certain flavors. Panel members are dropped when it is seen that their taste is becoming jaded.

SWAN BREWERY, PERTH

The Swan Brewery owns West Australia's only other brewery Hannan's at Kalgoorlie.

Brewing comments by the brewing manager, Tony James, 38 who started his career with Tooheys in Sydney, but later worked for a Port Moresby brewery and studied the brewing techniques of the Asahi (Japanese) and San Miguel (Filipino) breweries before moving to Perth six years ago.

Best-selling beer: Swan Lager is the biggest seller interstate and overseas, but the slightly more bitter Emu Export Lager is the market leader within WA.

Swan markets four more brews, its premium Special Bond, Emu Bitter, Swan

Draught and the low-calorie Swan Gold. Hannan's markets Hannan's Lager, Hannan's Draught and Kalgoorlie Stout. The entire range is in the light to medium-bitter class, with Emu Bitter at the bitter end of the scale and Hannan's Lager as the fullest and sweetest.

Brewing: Although Swan beers were originally tailored to suit a hot, dry State, they also embody some European characteristics. They have been compared to Dortmund-type lager and although most hops used are the pellet variety from Tasmania and Victoria, every brew also contains a small percentage of premium-quality German and Czechoslovakian hops for flavoring.

Swan's individual yeast strain is maintained for it in Copenhagen by the Alfred Jorgensen fermentation laboratory. The laboratory regularly sends stock cultures to the Swan brewery, where they are propagated and used as frequent replacements in the brewing process to ensure yeast strain purity and maintenance of consistent quality and flavor.

Liquid sugar is used as a brewing adjunct and the water from hills reservoirs behind Perth is treated to achieve the correct acid/alkaline level which enhances the beer's hoppy, slightly dry character. The malt used at the Swan and Hannan breweries is produced in Perth by Union Maltings, a subsidiary of Barratt Bros and Burston, of Victoria.

The barley is the West Australian two-row variety, which has become so popular overseas that the Japanese brewery Kirin has established a joint venture company in Perth to supply much of its own malt requirements.

COOPER'S, ADELAIDE

The General Manager is Bill Cooper a tall, relaxed type who presides over the family business in a coddling, motherly manner. His production manager is Paul Berger, who came from Melbourne's Courage brewery to fill the head brewer position Bill Cooper's cousin Max left vacant when he moved into a research and development position.

Best-selling beer: The Cooper family make no draught beer. Their best-seller is the carbohydrate-modified Diet Beer. DB sales are on the rise despite the recent appearance of a competing dieters' brew, Southwark Special. Cooper's unique stout is next followed by their sweet lager, Big Barrel, which sells at about the same rate as their Sparkling Ale. They also brew Birrel, a non-alcoholic beer, small amounts of a drier lager called Gold Crown, and a lower alcohol version of their Sparkling Ale known as Light Dinner Ale.

Brewing: The DB, Big Barrel and Gold Crown are all bottom fermented, pasteurised brews of 3.8 percent alcohol by weight. However, the two ales and the

stout, which sells remarkably well to the Black population of Boston, Massachusetts, are all top-fermented.

The Sparkling Ale has a good hop character and an alcoholic content of 4.25 by weight. The Light Dinner Ale weighs in 3.8, and the stout boasts a considerable alcohol reading of 5.5 percent by weight.

The heart of the Cooper's brewery is a long, low cellar filled with rows of jarrah barrels. Bill Cooper loves that room — he makes observations like, "You'd never see a sight like it." A thick froth of yeast culture oozes from the bung of each barrel. It is a particularly hardy yeast which drains into hand-beaten troughs for re-use. As an antiquated but foolproof deterrent against the odd invading rogue culture, the cellar floor is kept smothered in a layer of powdered lime. The same yeast is responsible for the three top-fermented brews.

A thick froth
of yeast culture
oozes from the bung
of each jarrah
barrel at
Cooper's.

Famous for their bottom-of-the-bottle layer of vitamin-B laden yeasty sludge, the ales contain no preservatives, added flavoring or extra bubbles. They continue to ferment after bottling and they're not pasteurised.

The stout brewing procedure is different from the ales only in that its malt is toasted before brewing. Cooper's sell more than a quarter of their ale in Britain and the United States.

The big-selling Cooper's Home-brew kits are a pleasant and marketable side product of their search for methods of increasing production.

Tucked away behind the old stone ale and stout brewing rooms are the more modern facilities for the production of the lagers.

SOUTH AUSTRALIAN
BREWING COMPANY

The State's only producer of draught beer. The head brewer is Jim Glidden, a towering Scot with a brogue as broad as his shoulders. He's been with the firm for 16 years.

The South Australian Brewing Company has been brewing at two sites for many years. Their West End facility in the heart of Adelaide in Hindley Street will soon be closed and its role completely replaced by the newly-enlarged Southwark Brewery on the banks of the River Torrens in nearby Hindmarsh. The company's products are marketed under the labels Southwark and West End.

Biggest-selling beer: Southwark lager in bottles. Although they're extremely reluctant to reveal the volume of sugar they add to this beer, the Southwark brass admit that, on Australian standards, it's a sweeter than usual brew. They relate this higher level of sweetness to the fact that South Australians are the country's biggest consumers of highly-sweetened soft drinks.

Brewing: Jim Glidden is adamant that rather than the sugar, it's the malt that makes the beer taste the way it does. He stresses that Southwark and West End beers contain a varying amount of malt extract, but it's always over 70 percent of the content.

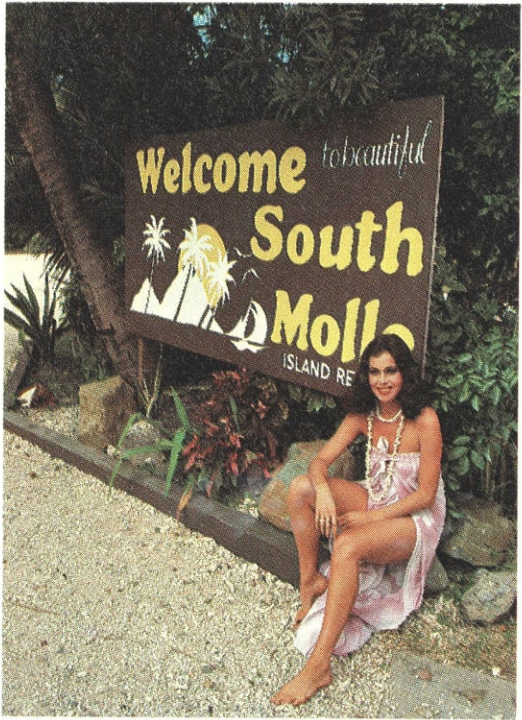
The West End barrelled and bottled brews are both higher in alcohol content yet marginally lower in hop bitterness and sugar content than the Southwark, which is all bottled, and rates among the country's most bitter beers. The West End beer is slowly but surely gaining a following outside of South Australia. Its sales are on the rise in Canberra, and after less than a year on the US market, it is earning a good name for itself, especially along the West Coast.

Southwark is a slightly different story. Very little of it is exported, yet there are growing pockets of Southwark drinkers in places like Griffith and Grafton in NSW.

This brewery also produces a pleasant dining Premium Beer, a Southwark Export Pilsener, Southwark Special Carbohydrate Modified Beer, and South Australian Brewing LA, low alcohol beer.

All the Southwark and West End products are bottom fermented. Like Cooper's, Southwark-West End are candid in their praise of Adelaide's mains water. Ridiculed as Australia's worst for everyday functions like washing and drinking, the water is particularly hard, and therefore excellent for brewing. It is simply cleaned up a little in carbon scrubbers.

South Australia has an unusual beverages container legislation that enforces a five cents per can deposit to encourage recycling. This has certainly kept the streets and beaches free of unsightly empties, but Southwark-West End blame it for almost annihilating the canning lines that manufactured cans for use within the State. Cans sales have dropped in South Australia. Jim Glidden uses his canning facility almost solely for exported beer like the West End Export that goes to North America. 



AMA

“Love is like
a river . . . flowing
into me.”

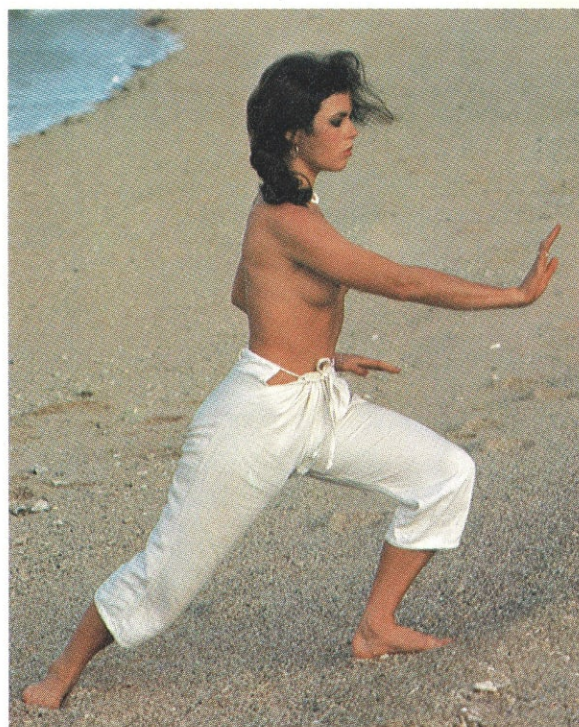


EARTH AND FIRE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PAUL ABEL

Ama Blanchette, our 22-year-old Pet of the Month, believes in the four elements — fire, water, earth and air. "They are the totality of our moods, emotions and influences," says this Queensland beauty who has taken the stage name of Ama Blanchette because her father is one of the biggest names in "big E" Establishment in Brisbane. "I have a vast amount of earth, which explains why I went to agricultural college and worked on a cattle station in Papua New Guinea. I love the land — the earth engenders a strong, stabilising force in me."

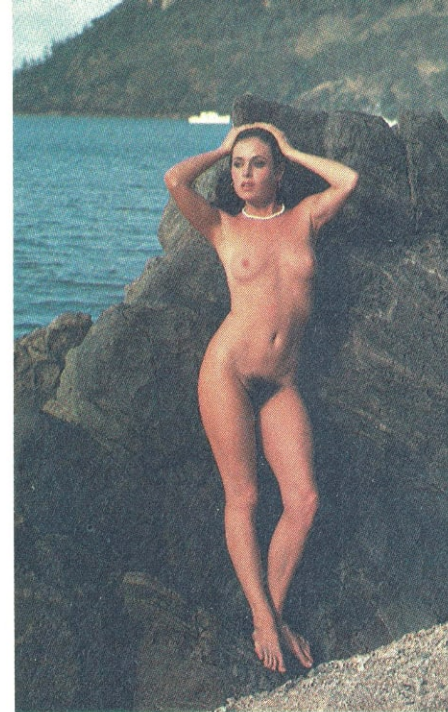




"I also have an abundance of fire," says our 34-23-34 Pet. "Fire seems to rise in conflict with the subtlety of earth, yet in me it gives a fierce quality of strength and determination. It ignites passion, makes one very dramatic and flamboyant. I go to the sea as often as I can. Because there is such fire in me I must balance it by immersing myself in water, especially the ocean, as often as I can."



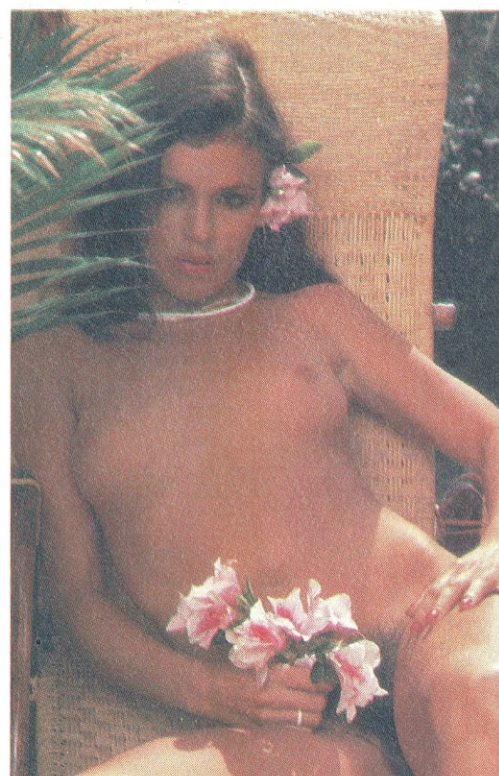
"I have always found love when residing at the sea," says Ama. "People have entered my life as if from nowhere, and the ocean has enhanced the romance of the moments together. But always time has drawn me away, or them from me . . . Love is like a river . . . flowing into me. Bringing me the kinds of things a river gives the sea. There is something I do with a considerable amount of proficiency — sculpture. Feelings of sadness, sensuality and pleasure, and qualities of strength, sensitivity and vulnerability are depicted in smoothly feminine forms. Eroticism is becoming more apparent in my work because of the child in me who is mischievous, and the woman in me who feels exceptional with the man who is special."





Photographed on location at South Molle Island.





So what is our poetic Pet working towards? "A house in the mountains looking down across the sea. A stone fireplace and a bullock skin rug on the floor. Walls lined with pine, a rain tank and a vegetable garden . . . and a studio where I can sculpt and write and live happily with the Siamese cat . . . that is, until the wind changes and a new direction is embarked upon, because nothing stays forever, nothing remains the same." ○✚





MISS AMA BLANCHETTE/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH



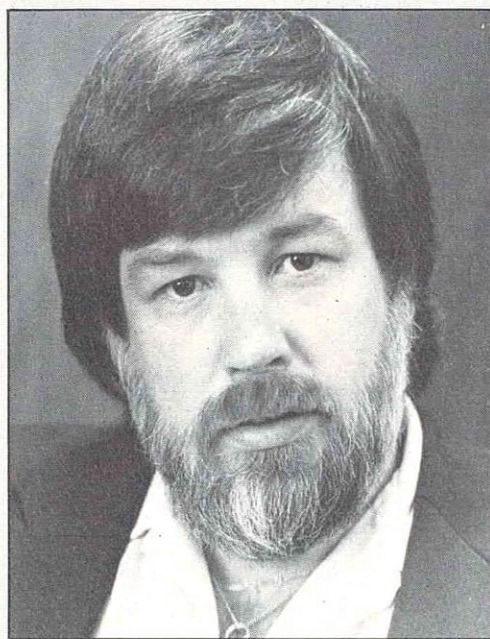
TWO BROWN COWS PLEASE.



THE BROWN COW ON THE LEFT IS NOT A REAL BROWN COW. A REAL BROWN COW IS MADE WITH ONE PART OF KAHLUA MIXED WITH TWO PARTS OF COLD MILK AND SERVED ON THE ROCKS. THE KAHLUA BROWN COW. ACCEPT NO SUBSTITUTES. **Kahlúa**

ADVISE & DISSENT

OPINION



BY MARK DAY

The writer is Editor-in-Chief and Publisher of *Australian Penthouse*. As such he has had frequent dealings with State censorship authorities in the magazine's first year of publication.

THE CENSORSHIP BATTLE GOES ON

It is pertinent in this anniversary issue to draw attention to the fact that the good people of New South Wales have not yet been thrown into jail or cast adrift from the rest of the continent. This is in spite of the fact they have been receiving the uncensored version of *Australian Penthouse* each month. (Our readers in Tasmania have also received the uncensored, or national, edition and while they are not all in jail as a result of sexual corruption they are at least adrift from the rest of the continent.)

For those about to cry "self interest", I admit cheerfully to a belief that the censorship laws of Australia should be changed. For the sake of this magazine we do not want the bother and expense of producing two, and sometimes three, editions in order to meet the censorship requirements of various States. We object to the lack of uniformity between the States; we object to the lack of uniformity between films and magazines in some States, and we strongly object to the lack of consistency of decisions. In some States what is acceptable one month may be unacceptable later.

It is now almost 15 years since the censorship battle was fought and, we thought, won in Australia. Don Dunstan saw the light in South Australia before most of the nation, and Don Chipp did the rest of the job in Canberra. But today there are still pockets of resistance where governments make it a policy to decide what the people of their States should see and read.

New South Wales has the most enlightened approach: it trusts an experienced officer to review and classify all material offered for sale; Tasmania and West Australia follow similar procedures; in South Australia guidelines are rigid but action to impede open sales is taken against magazines such as *Australian Penthouse* on infrequent occasions; in Victoria an earnest State Classifications Board reads, reviews and decides on every word and every picture before occasionally restricting, and in Queensland the Literature Board of Review has the power to ban the sale — but not power to restrict, or allow sales under the counter.

The Queenslanders, incidentally, insist they do not censor us: they claim it is not an offence to *own* a copy of *Australian Penthouse* — it is simply an offence to *sell* one if it has been declared prohibited.

The South Australian Government recently appointed a new chairman for its Classification of Publications Board, known locally as the Porn Board. The job of the board, now under the chairmanship of solicitor Mrs Ann Robinson, is to give ratings such as (open display), a (paper bag display) or (under-the-counter only) to magazines. Mrs Robinson was quoted in *The Advertiser* as saying: "I have had very little — in fact, no, contact with pornography. I have, once read a copy of *Penthouse* . . . I did not consider it offensive."

We have here demonstrated the most basic flaw in Australia's censorship laws. While governments have shifted the responsibility for censorship decisions from themselves to boards, the decisions which flow from those boards are based on the whims of individuals or small groups of individuals. Some of these people are untrained. Others are very much outside the mainstream of Australian life by dint of age or social position. Some show great concern for matters of what most psychologists would term harmless sexual games, while others are particularly hung up on anything which might be published about non-sexual matters such as drugs or violence. In all cases they are called on to make decisions which are best left to others.

The boards tend to weigh what they perceive to be community standards against individual freedoms. In my mind there can be no such equation. The term community standard is laughably imprecise, and one which has emerged from the spurious argument that there should be such a thing. If every person in the community has to conform to a standard there would be no room for individuality, let alone eccentricity. And this, in the final analysis, means there would be no freedom. Freedom in this context is not the right to be virtuous. It is the right to do as one pleases, so long as that action does not impinge on the freedoms of any other person. Only the woolly thinkers in our community can believe that restrictions on what they or other members of the community may see/read/hear will achieve anything but a loss of freedom and the elevation of what is banned or censored to celebrity status. This is the basic naivety of censors.

The film *Caligula* is a case in point. Many people who would never have bothered to see *Caligula*, subject of a major pictorial in this magazine in July 1980, now have it at the top of their viewing list. Why? To see what the fuss is about. To decide for themselves whether the movie is good/bad/bannable/erotic/repugnant/pathfinding or prurient. All these descriptions have been applied to the film which is described by its makers as the first "fusion" film, combining the very best cinematic technology can offer with subjects previously found only in underground cinema. Cynics might translate that as high-class porn but like me, they won't know what they're talking about because a small group of Australians have decided after they have seen the film that the rest of us may not see it. If they had just let it come into the country it would have found its own level . . . which may have been box-office record breaking, as it is in the United States. Now the censors, by their actions, have guaranteed curiosity, and an edited version of the film will be submitted for rating. If enough editing is done, one assumes it will be released in Australia in a "less-than-the-real-thing" form, thus failing to overcome the basic argument about its merits and demerits,

Freedom is the right to do as one pleases, so long as that action does not impinge on the freedoms of any other person.

and guaranteeing opprobrium shall be heaped on the censors' heads for that very reason.

It is interesting to note that until changes sought by this magazine were announced in Victoria, R-rated films could be advertised in press, radio or TV . . . but it was against the law to advertise a restricted magazine.

The censors' desire to be guardian of our morals has led to the law being framed in such a way that the reviewing boards must be satisfied we would not be offensive to, or likely to pervert, the behavior of people under the age of 18. Research conducted by the Kinsey Institute in the US, covering some 18,000 subjects, clearly shows erotic writing or pictures do not lead to sexual aberrations. It is true they often stimulate fantasies, but rather than being harmful, that is considered healthy.

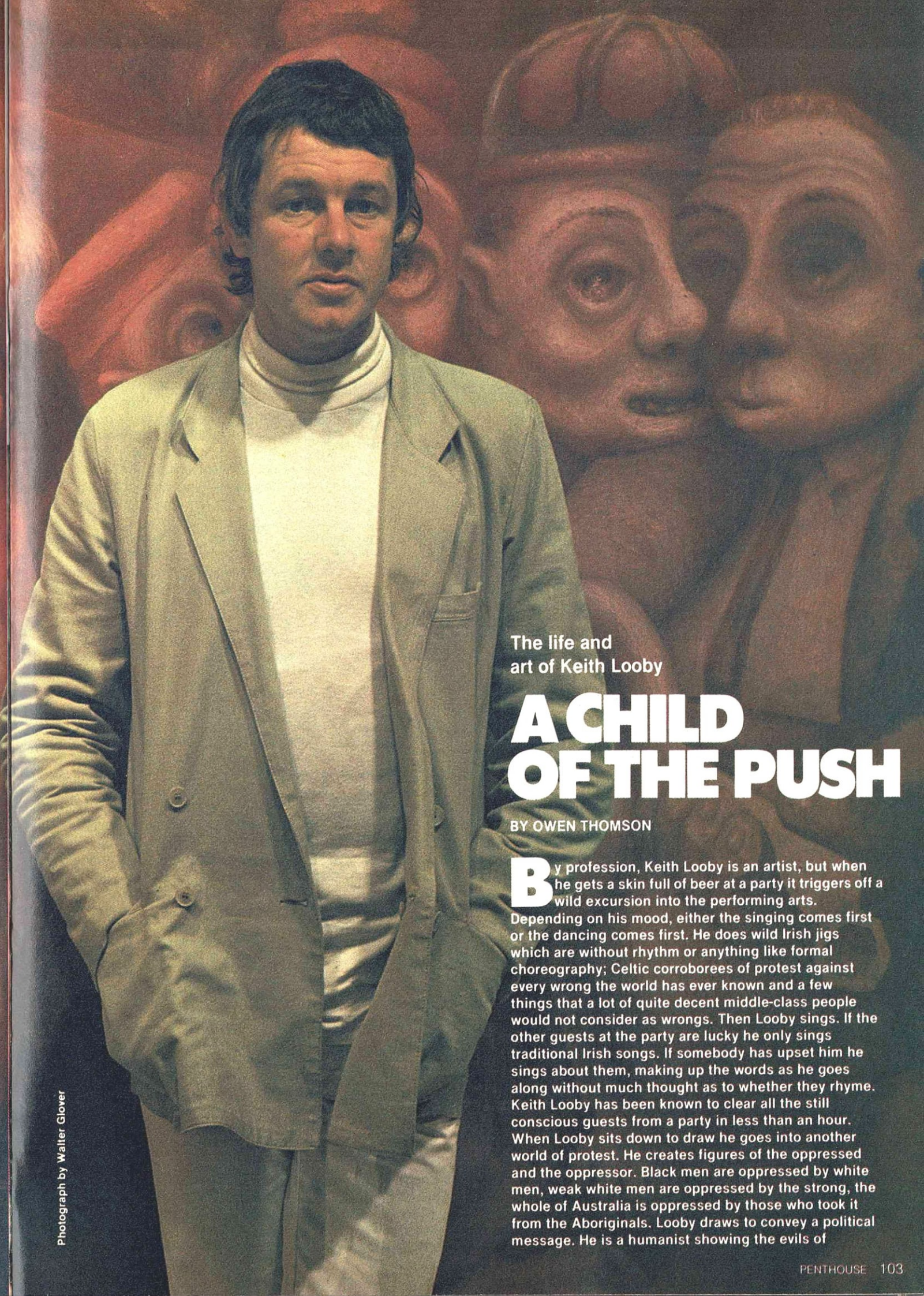
All too often the words obscenity and sex are put into the same equation. Of course, they should not. Sex can never be obscene when it is a sharing act between consenting people. But in the course of doing their duty the censors seem to look for obscenities.

They seek out what they believe to be sexually desirable or arousing text or photographs and point to them as dangerous to the community. What sane person could possibly believe there is any social danger in the arousing of normal sex desires? If that were the case there should be an immediate ban on perfumes, tank-tops and lacy knickers.

Certainly this magazine demonstrates an interest in sex. Just as there are magazines for sailors, surfers, hi-fi engineers and aircraft fanciers, this is a general interest men's magazine. We pay homage to the beauty of women, and balance this with exciting reading, investigative journalism and good writing. Where is the sex in our articles on the ravages of 2,4,5-T, the works of the Painters and Dockers, the activities of the CIA at Pine Gap, the dangers of fluoride, or the slaughter of kangaroos? Pictures accompanying this latter article, incidentally, were judged as horrific by the Victorian board and therefore unsuitable for people under the age of 18. What rubbish!

This kind of decision is a throwback to the Thirties when *Life* magazine in America was prosecuted for showing the birth of a baby. The prosecution alleged this act was lewd, filthy and disgusting.

In the case of *Australian Penthouse*, we have to date lived within the laws. But the fact that these laws exist and we choose to live with them does not make them right or proper. To us it seems surprising in the early Eighties that censorship remains an issue at all. I believe it does so only because of the assiduous work of a vocal minority. If you agree, I suggest you write to us putting your views. Copies of your letters will be sent to the censorship authorities in each State. —



The life and
art of Keith Looby

A CHILD OF THE PUSH

BY OWEN THOMSON

By profession, Keith Looby is an artist, but when he gets a skin full of beer at a party it triggers off a wild excursion into the performing arts. Depending on his mood, either the singing comes first or the dancing comes first. He does wild Irish jigs which are without rhythm or anything like formal choreography; Celtic corroborees of protest against every wrong the world has ever known and a few things that a lot of quite decent middle-class people would not consider as wrongs. Then Looby sings. If the other guests at the party are lucky he only sings traditional Irish songs. If somebody has upset him he sings about them, making up the words as he goes along without much thought as to whether they rhyme. Keith Looby has been known to clear all the still conscious guests from a party in less than an hour. When Looby sits down to draw he goes into another world of protest. He creates figures of the oppressed and the oppressor. Black men are oppressed by white men, weak white men are oppressed by the strong, the whole of Australia is oppressed by those who took it from the Aborigines. Looby draws to convey a political message. He is a humanist showing the evils of

Photograph by Walter Glover

humanity. When Looby stands up to paint he is in yet another world. For most of the Seventies and into the Eighties it has been a world of dark mystery that he does not even try to explain in words. Figures, only vaguely human, fight to show their humanity while wrapped in paper and string. Over-stuffed armchairs take on an aura that is at first safe and homely then slowly becomes menacing. Other humans are thumbs trying to smile.

Looby painting is in that strange incomprehensible nether region where the artist has been set apart from the rest of mankind since the charging bison was drawn on the wall of a cave with charcoal. He makes life a beautiful mystery.

When Looby talks he is a sober, serious ocker, concerned with the values of the left. He could almost be mistaken for a politician except that he is not cynical enough and confuses political theory with public performance. Looby talks about politics a lot and hardly ever talks about painting.

If there are four facets to Looby's personality it's not because he is anymore schizophrenic than the average 20th Century man. He has an inbuilt simplicity that lets him divide up his life.

This is probably why few Australians outside the tight, exclusive world of art had heard of him until this year. Looby came into the news early in the year when he did not win the Archibald Prize. A lot of other artists also did not win the Archibald, but the thing with Looby was that all the critics said he should have.

Nobody knows yet what went wrong. *The Sydney Morning Herald's* art critic, Nancy Borlase, said it was one of the worst examples of judging in the history of the competition. Along with the others, she said Looby's painting of P. P. McGuinness was the obvious winner.

Anyway, people talked more about Looby because he did not win than the winner who everybody has already forgotten.

Then in June, Looby had an exhibition which took up all three floors of the David Reid Gallery in Sydney, and his controversial painting of McGuinness was not even the highlight of the show. The public and even a lot of his fellow artists suddenly discovered there was a great range to Looby's work they had not seen before.

One of the two partners in the David Reid Gallery, David Reid, sticks his neck out about Looby. The other partner, his father, is also named David Reid and this tends to confuse people.

David Reid Jnr admits that the natural tendency in Australia today is to compare both the works and earnings of any painter with Brett Whiteley. Whiteley is at the top of the heap in the amount and intensity of critical acclaim he wins and the money he earns.

Reid says of Looby: "In 50 years time he will be far better regarded and his

works worth more than Whiteley. At the moment he is in the top five of Australian painters and pulling away." Reid might be seen as biased in his opinion as he ran the Looby exhibition, but he also ran Whiteley's huge exhibition this year and would have earned a lot more in commission from Whiteley than Looby.

At their two exhibitions, Looby's paintings were selling for about a tenth of the value of Whiteley's. Average sized Whiteley's were all priced from \$20,000 to \$30,000 while average sized Looby's began at \$1750 and went up to \$3500, although he did have some huge landscapes for \$12,000 and a painting he had entered in the Sulman prize for \$10,000.

Looby does not mind being compared to Whiteley, except that he says there is no comparison. He says Whiteley's image has been a lot better stage-managed to give the classic romantic picture of an artist. There is about Whiteley the

Both the academics
and the wealthy patrons
of art see Looby as an
outsider who has preferred
to ignore them and
go his own way.

unspoken connection with drugs that sets him apart.

Looby praises Whiteley's works but there are reservations: "He needs drawing to hold his pictures together. When he does them without an element of drawing there is little there."

He may not have been stage-managed to give the classic romantic picture of an artist, but if somebody wanted to do it, all the elements are there. Not the least of these is an individualism that many of his friends consider is rugged to the point of suicidal.

In the Sixties when every Australian artist who could read Robert Hughes was into some form of American-inspired abstraction, Looby painted nothing but human figures. Then in the Seventies when the pendulum swung back to figure painting and everybody joined the rush, Looby dropped figures and painted nothing but armchairs and parcels for four years.

Today with the artistic trendies even deeper into the details of the human body as they paint photo realism, Looby is painting figures which come out of in-

animate masses of cloth pasted to the canvas or show humans as parcels. It is as far from the trendy photo realism as a painter can get. He does not really care about style and says that in any art there is really no style. But he does not like photo realism.

"This is the most dangerous of the modern styles," he says. "The wealthy buyers who never really understood abstract painting can look at photo realism and say 'Look at what they're doing now, all that abstract stuff must have been wrong'."

"The trouble is that there are some good abstractionists still at work — doing better work than the photo realists — and people will start to ignore them because they are no longer trendy."

Because of his strong individualism, Looby is not too readily accepted in more formal artistic circles. Both the academics and the wealthy patrons of art see him as an outsider who has preferred to ignore them and go his own way. Now the force of his work is making them accept that, though his way may not be the conventional way, it has a major place in Australian art.

His way began in Bondi, Sydney, and for most of his 40 years has been heavily influenced by that disjointed Sydney anti-institution, the Paddington Push.

Old members say he joined the Push at 15 and was its youngest child. He is still its proudest child and clings almost child-like to its fading ideals.

Looby's parents were the unlikely combination of a lapsed Irish Catholic mother and a Marxist Communist Party member father.

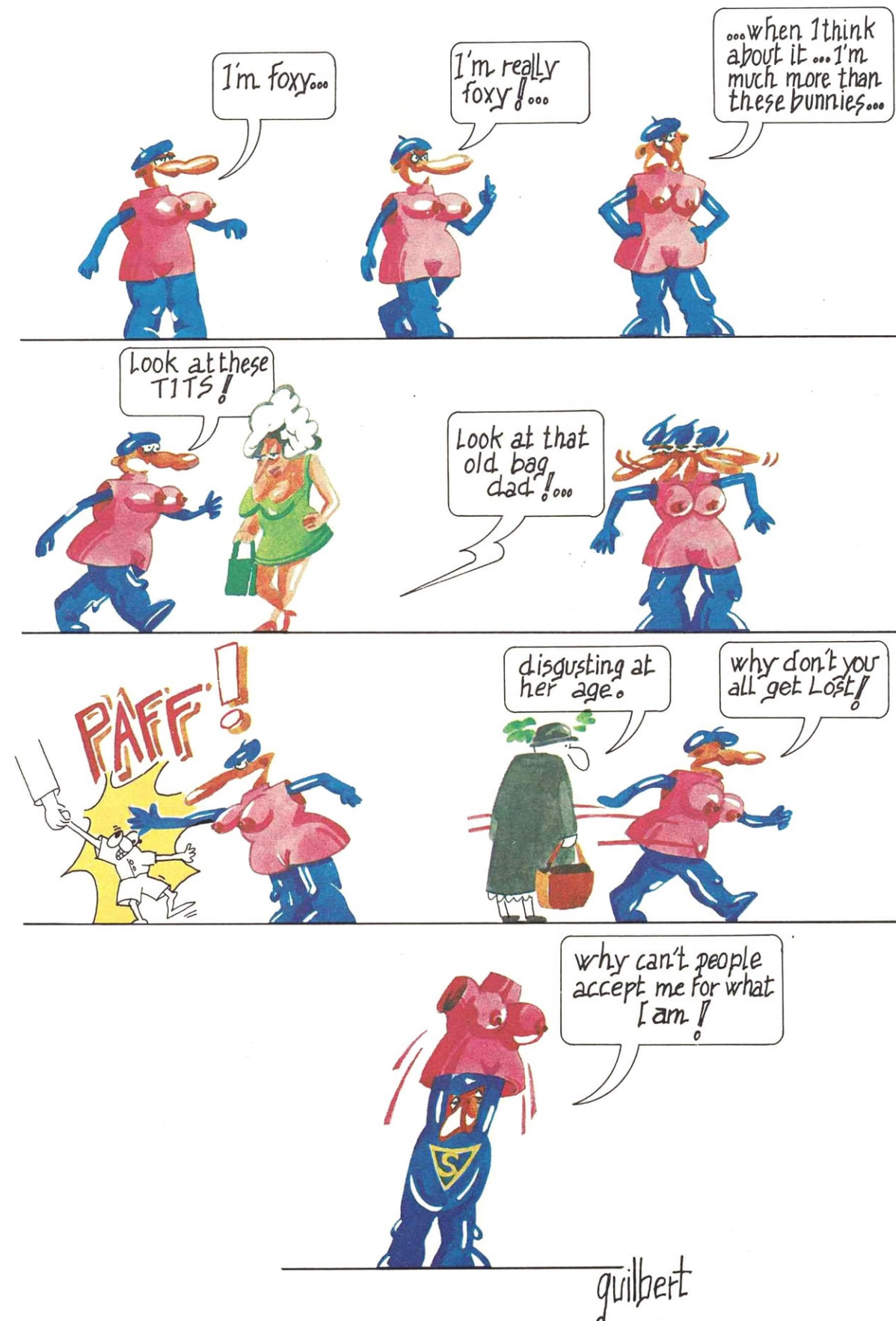
"It was one of those strange combinations. My mother had all the pictures of the Virgin and Jesus under the bed and my father had Marx on the mantelpiece," he said.

"I suppose I picked up the basics of the Catholic faith but I also developed a strong leaning to communism or anything else that was radical."

Looby has a sister, Audrey, 12 years older than him and a brother, Harvey, 10 years older. Audrey was a successful photographic model in Sydney and went to America where she married Jack Rhodes, the very successful film producer who worked with Paramount for many years.

As long as he can remember, Looby has been drawing. He says he was a mathematics dyslexic as a child and his maths books were filled with drawings. If it was any compensation to him, Picasso suffered from the same dyslexia.

Looby's mother died when he was 12 and his father took over his upbringing, putting more emphasis on radical thought than formal learning. The main thing he got out of his Bondi childhood was a feeling for suburban life and a love of swimming, particularly body surfing,



gilbert

although he will still do 20 laps of a pool to work off a hangover.

He left school at 14 after doing the Intermediate Certificate, and if he had any ambition it was to be a cartoonist. His father was a taxi driver who later owned his own cab and the family was very working class. But the father paid for him to go to the old East Sydney Tech to study art.

"At the time I thought that only rich girls from Vaucluse did painting, but I soon learned there was more to art than the academic," Looby says.

In the end, Looby Snr became disillusioned with communism over Hungary and took up yoga, eventually moving to the Gold Coast where he could practise it in the sun, but his son never lost his radical ideals.

Looby was at art school in the Fifties when the great escape of all Australian males was boozing, preferably beer, no matter what their intellectual or artistic aims were. He took to it like a rock guitarist to speed. He explains his introduction to the Paddington Push in terms of pubs.

"I started meeting Push people at the Assembly in Philip Street. When I was about 17 I moved to the Royal George where there were a lot more of them. I met people like Neil Hope, who was known as Soap, and Harry Hooten, who was a sort of poet philosopher of the Push. All the people seemed to be older

than me, even people like Robert Hughes or Germaine Greer who made her way through the Push.

"I was a bit shy and would sit back and watch the antics of somebody like Robert Hughes. Hughes seemed to be successful at everything he attempted; I remember he did a mural on the wall of one of the pubs."

Although Looby liked the life style generated by men like Hughes, he had begun to assemble his own set of values. "I found Hughes a bit pretentious," he says.

"When Paddy McGuinness [the P.P. McGuinness of the Archibald entry] joined the Push he had just abandoned an earlier intention to join the Catholic church. Robert Hughes wrote him a 10-page letter abusing him for not going on with it.

"Six months later Hughes joined the Push."

The Push was the only centre of semi-organised radical protest in Sydney at the time. It was also the centre of moral liberation in what was still a pretty conservative post-war Sydney. The members of the Push slept around when they could.

Paddy McGuinness says: "In moral terms the members of the Push in the mid Fifties were doing what everybody does today."

One of the gurus of the Push was John Anderson, a professor at the University of

Sydney who acquired a following called the Andersonians through his liberterian ideals.

The Ban the Bomb movement was only starting in England and there were no clear-cut causes like Vietnam, so the members of the Push protested against what they saw as the restrictive foundations of society. One of these was standing up for *God Save the Queen* at the pictures.

Looby tells the story of how a little old lady attacked Paddy McGuinness with an umbrella because he would not stand for the anthem. McGuinness says Looby has it all wrong and the little old lady with the umbrella was, in fact, a communist who attacked him when he questioned her motives at a protest rally.

Some of their clashes with the law weren't even protests.

"I got thrown into jail a couple of times," says Looby. "Once I was having a leak up a dark alley when they hauled me in. The fine was six pounds, and when I couldn't pay it they took me out to Long Bay."

Both Looby and McGuinness use an old-fashioned term to describe the Push in the Fifties. They talk of a Bohemian life. Looby says he worked hard all week at art school and played with the Push from Friday night until he went back to art school on Monday morning. He'd go around to the Royal George and all the Push heavies would be in the front bar while people like Germaine Greer and Lillian Roxon would be having a few schooners out the back.

McGuinness' life took on a Bohemian touch when he had to work as an artists' model to finish his university degree.

"They made us wear a G-string," says McGuinness. "There'd been a bloke there who'd sit naked and perve on one of the young girl art students who was drawing him. After a while he'd get an erection. The mothers started complaining."

When he first joined the Push, Looby had a brief brush with homosexuality that he is not keen to talk about today.

"There were a group of us younger ones they used to call the Baby Push," he says. "It was more a form of protest. The whole group of us would camp it up to shock people. I was never a true camp."

McGuinness says: "When Looby was 17 or 18 he was strikingly handsome. He was what any homosexual would regard as a beautiful boy. In those days it was the thing to be gay. It was not accepted like it is today and there was more challenge to being gay. There were a few of the older Push men who liked to get away with the boys."

Looby dismisses the whole thing as a fad. "In those days it was fashionable for artists to be camp," he says. "Today it's the dealers."

In the same period, Looby began to meet some of the rich art patrons, such

as Mr Charles Lloyd Jones, who sometimes were involved in fringe Push activities.

McGuinness has no doubt about Looby's heterosexual activities: "He had this Ukrainian girlfriend named Vera who was a barmaid down at the Newcastle. She had the sweetest face but was as hard as nails. Looby made her hide under the bed once when he was caught with her."

Looby was also meeting the people who would later fill his drawings — the old people, the deadbeats and some Aboriginals.

McGuinness says: "We used to walk around the city for hours just talking. Looby liked to sit on the steps leading down from Victoria Street up at the Cross and talk to the old pensioners and the winos. He seemed to like old people. In those days Aboriginals were less visible around the city than they are today. Some hung around Central Railway and Belmore Park and the rest were out at La Perouse."

Looby says he made friends with Aboriginals he drank with in the wine bars of Oxford Street: "I saw them as one of us." Some of his heroes were not in the popular mould. "Bea Miles was a sort of heroine to me," he says. "She was a personality who stood out from the rest and she did not care what other people thought of her. It was remarkable that she could survive as a personality."

As Looby saw more of art, read more and worked his way through his five-year art course, more formal influences began to shape his life.

"At art school I got a lot from two teachers, John Passmore and Godfrey Miller," he says. "Then I started reading people like Kafka and Dylan Thomas and Brendan Beehan. I also read a bit of Patrick White, though with White sometimes you have to read through a lot of boring stuff to get to something worthwhile."

"Neil Hope of the Push was also something like a school teacher to me and helped me widen my learning."

In the middle of all this Looby was temporarily diverted by the clarinet, taking lessons for about three years. "For a while there I had to make up my mind whether I wanted to go on with art or take up the clarinet more seriously. Art won."

He finds it hard to isolate the painters who influenced him in his formative years.

"I was very attracted to the Mexican muralists because of the social message they got across," Looby says. "I liked social realism. I suppose I've always been influenced by Bosch and Picasso and Paul Klee."

"I liked William Dobell in his early stuff because he was influenced by Hogarth, but then I realised Dobell was not part of the modern movement. Dobell influ-

enced a lot of Australian painters, even Whiteley.

"There were other Australian painters like Dickinson and Nolan and Boyd. I suppose Boyd would have been the closest thing to a major influence on my painting. I particularly liked his bride series."

Looby was aware of the art revolution taking place in New York with Jackson Pollock and the other abstract expressionists, but found no affinity with them.

"I suppose I suspected them of being reactionary," he says. "I was frightened they represented an American takeover of art in the same way modern jazz was taken over. I was really not interested in abstraction and was trying to find my own style in figure painting."

When he finished art school he worked for six months as a chauffeur, driving the wife of the then managing director of the George Patterson advertising agency to save enough money to go overseas.

He arrived in Europe in 1960 and spent six months driving around on his own in an old Volkswagen — first to Scandinavia, then to England and down to Spain and across to Turin in Italy where his old mentor, Neil Hope, had set up an English school. Looby was back with the Push, a more mature member of the Italian chapter.

He says of the period: "Turin was not a fashionable city like Florence, most of the people worked at the Fiat car factory.

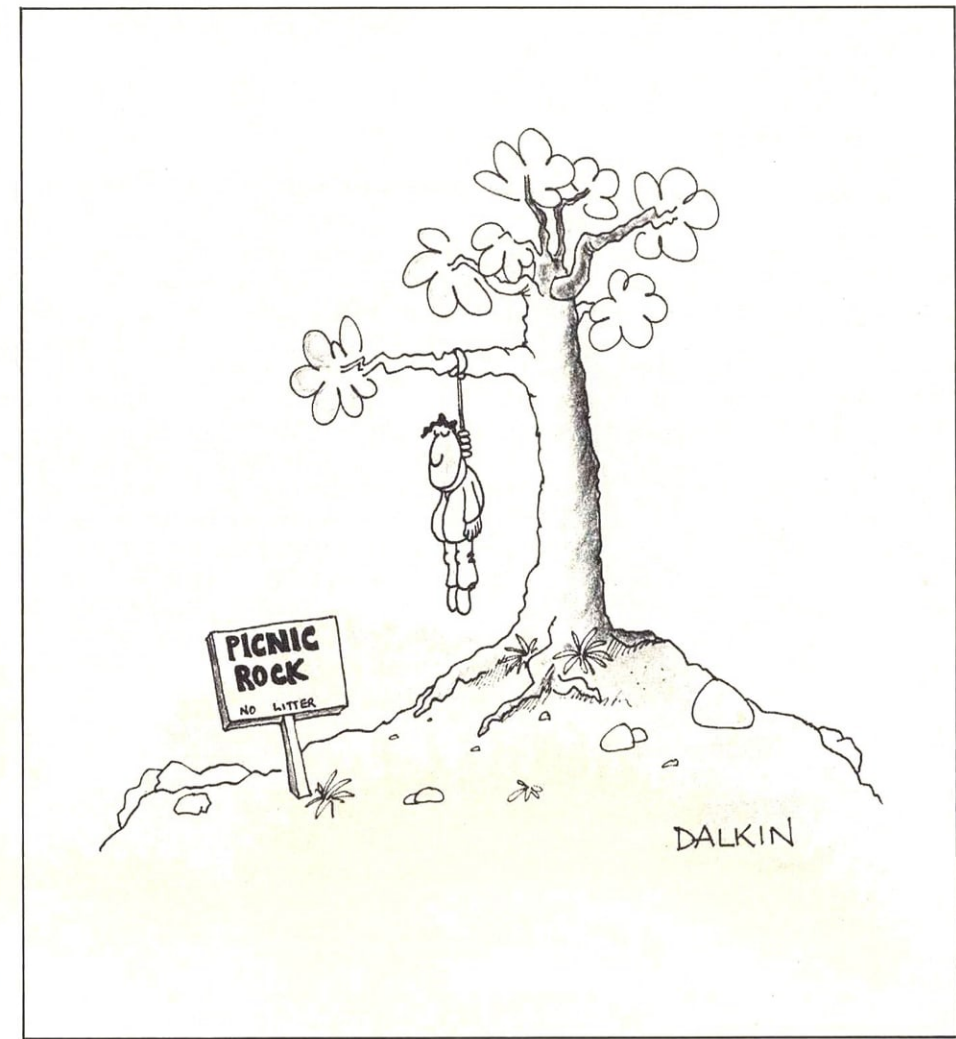
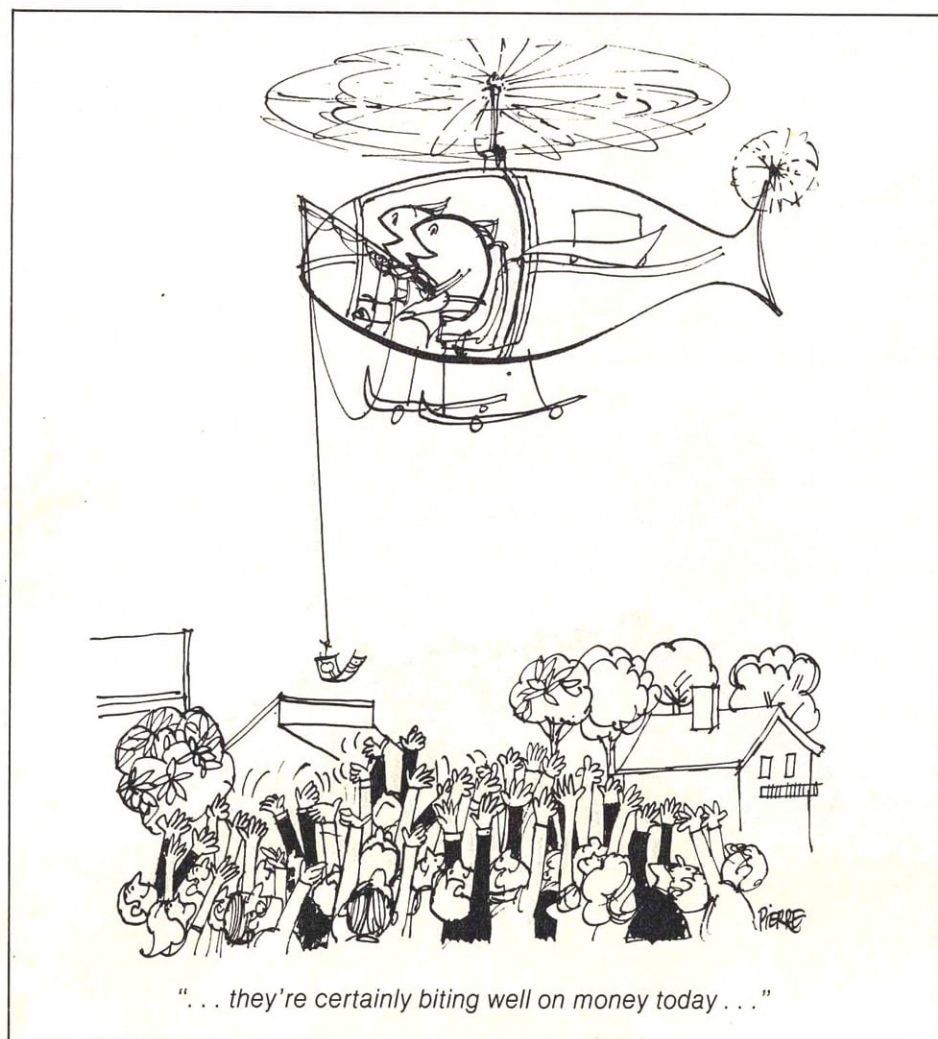
Neil Hope became a legend there with this James Joyce style expatriate society but, although we were living in a ghetto of Australians, we got to know the Italians. Then there were always Push people passing through."

Looby also got to know poverty. He lived in a tiny room with only a small radiator to keep him warm in winter and at times was living on 20 cents a day.

In the middle of this poverty, his sister arrived with her rich and famous film producer husband and was shocked to see how thin her brother had become. Audrey and her husband took him away to Forte de Marmi on the Italian Riviera for some food and luxury living. At the same resort the owner of Fiat Agnelli, had a tunnel under the road to the beach so that his children did not have to cross the bitumen.

"All it did was show me the disparity between poverty and wealth in Italy," Looby says. "Instead of being grateful, I started waving the red flag and fell out with my brother-in-law. I suppose he was all right, an American Jewish liberal, but the contrast between the rich and the poor really annoyed me."

Looby stormed off to Rome where he shared a studio with another Push-connected artist, Brian Dunlop, and made contact with Australian painter Geoffrey Smart, who had taken up residence there. "Smart is all right as a



man, but he did not influence my painting style," says Looby. "Painters of that generation tend to lean to the extreme right. They are always worried about getting on with the rich people who are going to buy their paintings. They want to live genteel lives."

Looby's own life in Rome was far from genteel. His studio was a converted laundry which backed on to the wall of the Vatican.

McGuinness visited him there: "Every morning somebody had to clean out the backyard. All these French letters would have been thrown over the wall from inside the Vatican during the night."

"Looby was really broke. We used to go out for a drink and ask for a mezzo di frascati, a litre of white wine, about the cheapest thing we could get. There was another drink the poor Italians had which we got into, a mixture of creme de menthe and grappa."

"I ordered it years later and the Italians were surprised that a foreigner knew about it."

Another friend, Diana Davidson, who now produces Looby's etchings, tells how in Rome he took on the dedication and the air of being detached from normal life that he has had ever since.

Diana says: "He worked very hard. He was painting night and day. His sister had moved to Rome and he would wander around there and eat, but never speak to her. One day she was waiting for him, very lonely and wanting his company. He wandered along and said 'have you seen any English language newspapers?'. She said 'no' and he just wandered off without saying another word."

"He never had a change of clothes. In the yard behind his studio there was a pile of clothes that I suppose he meant to wash. He never touched the pile and in the end it was covered in moss. It was there for ages, a mound of moss-covered clothes."

Looby painted huge canvasses full of figures and usually with a religious theme. He calls them social religious paintings.

"I suppose they were so big because I was in competition with the Vatican," he says. "I found Italian Catholicism more acceptable than Irish Catholicism. They had developed a Christian communism." He held an exhibition in Rome and another in Turin and started sending some paintings back to the Sydney dealer Barry Stern, but little money came in. He ate mostly at the soup kitchen in the Vatican and for a while had nothing but some grapes that were growing over his studio.

In 1965 Looby moved to London where his painting gradually shifted from social religious themes to satire, and he began a series of drawings on the history of the world. He had fallen under the influence of the English graphic artists such as

Hogarth whom he particularly liked because of his element of social protest.

He worked as a night porter where he spent most of his time reading social philosophy, art and history, but still managed to paint all day and draw on his nights off.

He could not escape the Push — they were all there in the bar of a pub on the Portabello Road, Paddy McGuinness included.

McGuinness says of Looby in London: "He gained a new independence and was less dependent on groups of people. He was working in more isolation and developing a more individual style."

In 1967 the Macquarie Gallery in Sydney offered Looby an exhibition so he packed up his paintings and with a little help from his friends made his way home. "I had to buy some paintings from him to help finance his return," says Paddy McGuinness.

Looby cannot say why he picked on armchairs, but he painted them for years and they took him closer to abstraction than he had ever been.

On the ship coming home he met Helen Beresford, the sister of film-maker Bruce Beresford, and married her.

Looby's Macquarie Gallery exhibition did not bring him in much money, but one organised by Brian Johnson in Brisbane the next year did. For the first time in his life Looby headed for the bush, first renting a farm at Ebenezer on the Hawkesbury River then buying one at Kurrajong west of Sydney. He bred goats.

The Kurrajong farm was 20 miles from a neighbor on one side and five on the other with no electricity and not a lot of rain. "We were trying for self-sufficiency farming," Looby says. "We would drink the milk and eat the goats."

Looby knew he had failed as a farmer when he ran out of goats. His version has it that dingoes ate them, but his friends say most of them were taken by local goatnappers. While the goats were disappearing, Looby worked for two days a week as a teacher at the Alexander Mackie art school and became the art critic for *The National Times*.

"Being an art critic didn't pay well," he says. "The parking fines I got were

always more than the money they paid me."

He was saved by being granted a fellowship as the Artist in Residence at the Australian National University, Canberra, in 1973. Although he had continued to paint through his goat breeding period he began a new period of affluence and creativity in Canberra. He and his wife now had two children, Mick and Tosca.

A dramatic change came over Looby's painting he finds hard to explain. "I was tired of figures," he says. "I could not get the social comment I wanted. I decided to seek a formal solution to painting without figures, so I painted armchairs."

He cannot say why he picked on armchairs but he painted them for years and they took him closer to abstraction than he had ever been. He even won the Blake Prize for religious painting with one of his armchair paintings. In the same period he won the Darcy Morris prize for figurative religious painting three times.

"I was beginning to be thought of as a religious painter," he says. "I thought of myself as religious, though not particularly Christian."

While in Canberra he began his series of illustrations of the history of Australia in which he shows a deep sympathy for Aborigines. He says that in a country like Australia the religious beliefs of the Aborigines are more acceptable than European religion. "Their religion teaches them to live with the land."

The whole atmosphere in Canberra was to Looby's liking. He had all the time he wanted to paint and draw and, more important to his ideals, Labor came to power. He met people who interested him, such as the historian Manning Clark and the poet Les Murray. His old Push mate Paddy McGuinness was there as an adviser to Bill Hayden and there was no shortage of drinking mates. And he was still an eccentric.

Diana Davidson tells of a girl Looby taught there who would paint nothing but camels. "This girl would go to the life class and paint camels, then to the still life class and paint more camels. In the drawing class she drew camels. I asked Keith why he didn't stop her and he could not understand why I thought he should. As far as he was concerned, if somebody wanted to paint camels they should."

While Looby broadened his outlook, so did his wife, Helen. A friend of the time explains: "When they were living at Ebenezer and Kurrajong she had a very isolated life. She was cut off. When she moved to Canberra she worked in a gallery and met a lot of people. He had a childlike quality about him and did not see what was happening to her."

In 1967 Helen left him to live with his best friend, artist Jan Senbergs who had the \$200,000 commission for the bas-reliefs in the new Canberra High Court

building. For a while Looby's life fell apart.

He returned to Sydney, living for a while at Neutral Bay then buying the house with a friend, where he now lives at Fairlight, near Manly. The house has a breathtaking view out through the heads of Sydney Harbor, and Looby says he will be content to live there for the rest of his life.

"I always wanted to get back to the sea, and here I am isolated so that I can work without any distraction," he says. He swims again and has bought a rowing boat in which he goes fishing.

Since returning to Sydney he has stopped painting armchairs and has painted packaged figures and figures where he uses torn cloth and other devices which give an element of sculpture to his work. He did a striking series called Ex-Wife.

David Reid Jnr says Looby was not very happy when he first came back.

"He used to get me to cruise the wine bars at North Sydney with him," says Reid. "We developed this routine where he would stand there and I would walk up to him and say, 'Aren't you Keith Looby the famous painter?' Or he'd walk up to me and say 'Aren't you David Reid the art dealer?' It didn't work. He had to work out his bitterness in his paintings. He would begin them aggressively then tone them down until all the aggression was gone."

His friends now feel that Looby has found himself in Sydney. He has intense periods of work with occasional benders which only add to his reputation as a strangely ocker eccentric.

Diana Davidson tells of a dinner in a Chinese restaurant where Looby was in full flight. "He rose to his feet and said he had had us all and would take on everybody at the table, then silently slipped under the table."

There is even a radical touch to his drinking. Artist John Olsen recalls meeting Looby in the street near Circular Quay. "He took in the location and said it was a perfect opportunity to do a Henry Lawson pub crawl with one drink in every pub in George Street."

The direction Looby's painting will take is hidden inside the eccentricity of his character.

He says he will not make a conscious decision to change his style — any change will evolve through the materials he is using from the pictures he is painting now.

Olsen says Looby is sure to mature even further and improve. "The end of his work is what we still can't see," says Olsen. "One of our reasons for liking him is that his full potential is waiting to be resolved."

Sandra McGrath, the art critic of *The Australian* newspaper has no doubts about Looby's place in the art scene. "He is one of the most powerful image makers in Australia today," she says. "A confron-

tation with a Looby painting is always a powerful visual experience."

"People find it hard to understand why he is so different, but we have to accept that he follows a different drummer and the melody is intensely Freudian. He is different in everything. He does not have the same colorful palette of most Australian painters, particularly those from Sydney. Then he does not have the preoccupation with landscape of many Australian painters. He paints the inside of our living rooms in a way that sometimes seems like an attempt to touch on the edge of the absurd. There is something threatening in a lot of his work."

"At the same time he does not try to shock. A lot of less competent artists will try to shock."

When he works Looby does not look as though he is trying to shock, or anything else. He is above average height with his soft brown hair cut in an almost conventional short back and sides. He is no longer a beautiful boy, but there is something soft and very appealing about his face. When he talks he pouts in a way that friends like to mimic.

Looby paints in a bare room under his Fairlight house and tells of his plans to build a studio in the backyard with a stunning view out through the Heads.

About the only equipment in the room where he now works is Looby himself. The canvasses stand on the floor, there

are no easels. On one part of the floor there are some tins and tubes of paint. Near the door are four old paint brushes, heavy with dried paint. The brushes are the only concession to conventional painting equipment. There is no palette or palette knife, he mixes his paint on the canvas or on the floor.

His friends say he does not care where he gets the materials to make the collages that are becoming more a part of the work.

A girl staying at the house left because he cut up most of her clothes to paste on to canvas. He took the only pillow of a friend sharing the house to make the Paddy Doll in the portrait of Paddy McGuinness. The same friend's sheets were torn up to make the cliffs for his huge landscapes of Sydney Heads.

As he is indifferent to the source of his materials, he is lost when he tries to explain what they become.

His friend McGuinness has the last say: "There is a fair amount of bullshit in what he says about painting. It can be very interesting and amusing bullshit, but he won't analyse anything."

"Six different people asked him what the doll was for in the portrait of me and he gave them six different answers."

"Like all great painters he is trying to express something he can't articulate."

A lot of Australians are grateful he is succeeding. O+



"What's it mean then?"

GREAT BUMS OF THE WORLD

We asked photographer Carroll Holloway to direct his lens at an international collection of pleasing posteriors. We're sure you'll be delighted with the cheeky results.



Warm, wet and wonderful, this homegrown Aussie arse (left), barely covered by the briefest of bikini pants, is almost solely responsible for the popularity of water sports among red-blooded males. There's a touch of olde worlde charm about this rosy-cheeked offering from England (below). Pure peaches and cream, and proof positive that while the bottom may have fallen out of the English economy, the economy-size English bottom is as firm as ever.



Frames from The Framing Centre, Sydney.

Our northern neighbors have taught us many things, not least of which is the fact that big is not necessarily better. Witness this petite pair of Asian buns (below). The French, of course, have led the world in appreciation of that which we now discuss (right). Even to the point of coming up with the best word for it — *derriere*. Ah oui, c'est magnifique.



The beauty of bottoms is that, like snowflakes, no two are exactly the same. And over the page is a double offering from the US, where an ass is not a small beast of burden with floppy ears, and where Holloway found these East Coast and West Coast delights cheek-to-cheek in racial harmony. ○✚







The bow and arrow
rebellion in the New Hebrides
was a comic opera,
but the French colonial powers
were not amused.

STRANGENESS IN PARADISE

BY MARGOT MARSHALL

It might have been the violent birth pangs of a new nation, but instead it turned out to be the rather comic death rattle of part of an old one. The cynics called it the "bow and arrow rebellion" and you could be forgiven your confusion if you're still not sure what happened out there on Paradise.

The first reports to come out of the Pacific condominium of New Hebrides indicated that a charismatic local leader named Jimmy Stephens had taken over the island of Santo. Why? Well, there were several versions. Stephens was the tool of an ultra-right-wing American organisation called the Phoenix Foundation. Or he was the tool of the French colonials on the island who wanted to hang on to their land. Or he was the tool of both and also sought, in some vague way, land rights for the native Melanesians.

In the midst of this confusion the French, who still shared the government of the island with the British, flew in paratroopers from Noumea, then flew them out again within 24 hours. Then the British flew in what we were assured were crack marines and put them to work repairing roads.

Other minor digressions came from cargo cults on another island in the New Hebridean chain, Tanna. One was called John Frum (after John from America) and worshipped wrecked World War II fighter planes while waiting for a legendary American GI to sail into Sulphur Bay with a ship full of goodies. Others were waiting beside a picture of the Duke of Edinburgh for that worthy to turn up and do the right thing by the tribe's maidens. They had a special

Illustration by Danny Burke

D. BURKE.

penis gourd ready to keep him permanently erect.

Perhaps it was this comic opera absurdity that in the end highlighted what was really happening. The French were losing another Pacific colony — for them a vital link — and they were not very happy. They could, in fact, see the beginning of the end of their grip on the few colonies they still retain.

The New Hebrides lies between French Tahiti, where they test nuclear weapons, and French New Caledonia which, despite a slump in prices, still has one of the world's richest nickel deposits. But for the French perhaps the worst horror of the New Hebrides farce was the newly-elected Melanesian government threatening to give refuge to Kanak independence parties from Noumea. They were offering to help push over the next domino.

To be in the New Hebrides at the time of the bow and arrow rebellion was to gradually become aware of the desperation of the French and the lengths they were prepared to go to salvage their power.

First there was the enigma of Jimmy Stephens. According to reports he held the island of Santo with only 500 armed followers. He'd actually announced the secession of Santo five years before, but the French had wooed him back to the fold by giving his people a clinic and a school.

But Stephens had entertained ideas about sitting on the Santo throne long before that. At the beginning of the 1970s he'd become involved with the Phoenix Foundation, an outfit known throughout the Pacific. Phoenix was a group of Americans, most of them real estate tycoons, looking for an island to set up a tax haven.

The tycoons courted Stephens, paid for his trips overseas, presented him with a constitution, a flag, passports and a new gold currency, all in readiness for the great day of Santo's independence.

In 1979 Jimmy came to Australia to enlist support. It was a low key visit — he wasn't terribly interested in doing interviews — but I remember him surprising some people with his distinctly un-Melanesian appearance. They ought not to have been surprised. Stephens is the grandson of a British sailor who took up with a princess from a different island group in the Pacific.

Stephens also visited the US and then on to Paris, where he dined with Giscard d'Estaing, before returning to Santo, his head reeling with plans for an independent Santo.

In May this year the rebellion quietly started, and within a week the New Hebridean capital, Vila, was full of foreign pressmen wanting to know all about this strange old bearded gentleman in the shell necklace and straw hat.

The newsmen who met Stephens were bemused and disappointed with the great rebel leader in the flesh.

"I expected a strong, confident patriarchal figure," said one Australian. "But he leaned on a stick and never looked us in the eye."

The whole scene on the rebel island was a shocking disappointment to the press, a complete anti-climax. The reporters expected chaos and destruction — or at very least some good old fashioned tension. But the most excitement any of them had was the ocean crossing to Santo, made in tiny outboards to beat the transport blockade of the rebels.

Luganville, the main town, seemed cheekily normal. It was quiet but there were a few cars about, shops were open and Jimmy Stephens was only too happy to talk. He dished out the standard line of his Vemerana Party. They'd been hard

For his own
people, Stephens really
is a charismatic figure,
and when he speaks
he holds them in the
palm of his hand.

done by and they would not give in, that sort of thing. Stephens wasn't very good at fiery speeches.

Three days later a second lot of journalists flew in to talk to Stephens. Their aircraft was the first to officially break a government blockade. The French Resident Commissioner, Inspector General Robert, had been ordered by Paris to go to Santo, and talk to the rebel leader. M. Robert had invited his British counterpart, Andrew Stuart, and a government minister, to accompany him. Andrew Stuart, an archtypal British diplomat, declined, but also refused to condemn the French.

The New Hebrides Minister of Home Affairs, George Kalkoa, had rather definite views on what he thought the French were doing: "I've no doubt M. Robert is aiming to give the rebels more credibility in the eyes of the world. It's a plot in which the French would like to show that only they can bring peace to the New Hebrides, by dealing with it in their own way. We will not allow any planes to go to Santo. If he wants to move out from here, then we'll stop him some-

how. Sit down on the airport and stop him."

The French took no notice of the government's wishes. And, of course, like so much in this comic opera, the government's threats came to nothing. The aircraft took off without incident. It was met in Luganville by a Vemerana party guard of honor. A motley crew of about 10 men in shorts and tatty shirts or jungle greens, proudly bearing the Vemerana flag. They were not armed, even with bows and arrows. Jimmy Stephens stood over his stick, beaming as the French Resident shook his hand.

The journalists could get nothing out of Stephens. "He keeps going off on a tangent. In any language, he's absolutely unquotable," they said.

One proudly revealed that he'd got one sentence that made sense. He'd asked Stephens what he'd do if the French and British did mount an armed invasion.

"Let them come," Stephens grinned! "We got bow and arrow."

Despite his shortcomings, Stephens and his followers, the Nagriamel group, were the best thing the French had going for them. They gave them native support.

Although he has no Melanesian blood, Jimmy Stephens became part of a traditional bush cult on Santo, went through all the initiation rights, ousted the local boss and became its chief. The bushmen have adored him ever since.

Ironically Stephens' Nagriamel movement began in the mid-Sixties as a protest over European land ownership and culture. Jimmy and his men began a program of minor sabotage against the "dark bush" — land legally owned by Europeans, but still uncleared. They'd nip around at night, ripping down fences and removing survey pegs.

There was no reaction so they moved in to occupy the dark bush, and carved out a village at Vanafo, north of the main Santo town.

At first Stephens was quite friendly with the British, who had some admiration for his cheek, but when they failed to give him what he wanted, he wheedled a school and a clinic from the French, and decided they were more hopeful allies.

Stephens switched sides half a dozen times during the Seventies. But one thing remained constant: his unassailable leadership. For his own people, he really is a charismatic figure, and when he speaks he holds them in the palm of his hand. He has no shortage of wives whom he reportedly entertains in a nine-foot round bed.

The main enemy of the French in the New Hebrides was the nationalist Vanuaku Party which won a landslide victory in the 1979 general elections. They are the English speakers, the Anglophones, and their call for immediate independence from colonial rule, and for power and land rights for Melanesians,

Balkanheads

BY ART CUMINGS



"And when did you first discover that you could see into the future?"

was supported by every island in the condominium. One of the most powerful men in the Vanuaaku Party, is Barak Sope, the philosopher and strategist who masterminded much of the Vanuaaku's fight for independence.

At the age of 21 he wrote the treatise on land rights that's at the root of the present trouble. He was scathing in his attack of the French planters who'd sailed in during the last century and picked up large plantations, particularly on Santo, for a roll of calico or a knife and a bag of flour. Thirty-six percent of the land was now alienated, he explained, nearly all in the hands of French colons.

"It's a situation we cannot accept," he said. "All land must be returned to the customary owners. Not just the uncleared land that Jimmy Stephens wants back.

"It's a very strong Melanesian thing," he went on. "For Europeans money is important, it's security, it's the basis of your social and political life. Melanesians don't have much money, and the land means that to them. If they don't have land, that's the end of them."

Sope is now only 27, but he's the General Secretary of the Vanuaaku Party, and the chief administrative officer for the Prime Minister and the Cabinet.

He believes that neither Jimmy Stephens nor Phoenix are at the root of the troubles, but places the blame squarely on the French. He's passionately anti-French. Three years ago, Sope's party caused chaos in the condominium by running a provisional government. It was part of a long battle to force the French to agree to independence and fair elections. At one time Sope distributed leaflets to all his supporters telling them to run the French out, tear down the French schools and burn the tricolor.

"In those days," he said, "when we were causing the disturbance, the French would fly in their troops from Noumea. Why didn't they do that against Jimmy Stephens?"

It was a rhetorical question. The Vanuaaku government knows only too well how far removed it is from French interests.

"We have documented evidence, eye-witness reports, that French citizens are working in the rebel government, and wandering round with guns. On the night of Jimmy Stephens' coup, the captain of the French Resident's ship pointed a gun at one of our policemen, and said 'Move out, or you get a bullet in your head'. The French are always like this, you know. They'll hang on to the bitter end."

While the black liberation movements in France's old African and Indochinese colonies received considerable aid from Communist groups most of the funding for the Vanuaaku Party has come from those revolutionary bodies, the World

Council of Churches and Australian Presbyterians. Many members are ordained Protestant ministers, and the leader, Walter Lini, is an Anglican priest. They were not educated in Moscow, Peking or Havana, but in Protestant mission schools and later at Pacific universities or in Australia. Admittedly they did have as advisor at one time, the Australian radical Dennis Freney, but with all due respect to Mr Freney, he could hardly have converted the upstanding Protestant followers to undercover agents in his few short months.

The church has been an invaluable base for the Vanuaaku Party. For years it provided the basic schooling, a common culture for dozens of islands and an experience of popular participation. The Vanuaaku Party very cleverly built up a whole party machine based on Protestant mission areas. They moved out to rural areas and set up committees and

While the French
were fretting about the
loss of their half of
the colony, the British
were almost
indifferent.

commissars to keep a two-way communication with party headquarters in Vila.

While the French were fretting about the loss of their half of the colony the British were almost indifferent to what was happening to theirs.

You got the feel of British colonialism at the British Ex-Servicemen's Club.

I made my way to the old whitewashed colonial club, and wandered into the ground floor bar for a drink. A few men were playing billiards, or hunching round in old vinyl armchairs over their beer and Scotch.

"Hey you!" the barman called angrily. "You can't come in here. This is for men only."

One of the committee members, a Brit with a tropical red face and a beer gut, escorted me upstairs to the communal bar. A television set blared in the corner, pirate programs from that week's Queensland television, ads and all. A few kids clustered around, and outside a few men and women helped themselves to steaks from the barbecue. They were all European.

"You understand how it is," the com-

mittee member told me. "We've only recently allowed women in here at all. But it's a tradition, you know, that men have their own place to relax. We have to keep the tradition."

I looked around at the dilapidated chairs, the vinyl floors, and winced at the raucous shouts of a few noisy beer swillers. It was a far cry from the Naval and Military in London.

Later that night a couple of Australians took me to a Melanesian disco, the Saltem Watern Club. Outside the locals lounged near their rusty old cars, swapping wisecracks or quietly chatting in the moonlight.

Inside the strobe lights darted out into the darkness and hundreds of locals danced carefully to the blaring beat of the Who, Donna Summer and the Stones. Even in the slow numbers, they moved correctly apart. No seduction on this dance floor.

We were the only Europeans. The Australian men were obviously well-known and welcome; but it looked as though no European woman had ever ventured through the doors before. At first they all looked at us sideways, but soon they plucked up courage and asked me for a dance. And each time it was only one dance. Then I was politely returned to our table, and the men were thanked for the privilege of my company.

"Why aren't there more Europeans here?" I shouted to a partner, as he threw me into a series of jive steps he'd learned from an Arthur Murray dance manual. "They've got much better places to go," he answered.

The sins of the French are not only in their lust for power. The French restaurants in Vila are superb, but extortionately expensive. One night at the Cafe de Paris I ordered snails in garlic sauce.

"I don't know if I can bear to watch you eat them," an Australian diplomat said. "They're the curse of the New Hebrides. Some Frenchman imported a few to farm years ago, and now they've grown wild. Do you realise they have to shovel them off the runways in spring before an aircraft can land?"

The snails have bred in their millions but, unlike rabbits, they not only eat out the vegetation, but they also carry meningitis.

"A group of us ran a snail drive last year," the diplomat went on. "Prizes for the most snails collected, you know the form. Fifty-five tons we got in one day."

An Australian planter who has been on Santo for 25 years described the French involvement in the coup. The planter said he had not seen any Frenchmen with guns but had spoken to other people who had.

"I don't think there's any doubt that the French colons are backing Jimmy," the planter said. "They object to what they see as extreme land legislation, and I

Join the Bee Gees.



It's only natural that the Bee Gees – the world's most popular recording group – master their hit albums on the world's most popular professional recording tape – Ampex Grand Master. In fact, more hit albums, by more top stars, are mastered on Ampex tape than on all others combined.

Now there's a home version of Ampex Grand Master. So you can get the same star quality at home that top stars like the Bee Gees insist on in the studio.

You'll get the incredible signal-to-noise ratio and low distortion the Bees Gees get. And whether you choose normal or high bias cassette, you'll be recording on the one component that never needs upgrading. Ampex Grand Master tape.

AMPEX

The sound of the stars.

think the whole thing was triggered off when they sent a representative to Paris to talk to their minister, M. Dijoud, and ask what compensation they were going to get for their plantations. Dijoud said they weren't going to get any, and next day they went into revolt.

"It's simply a situation where the minority parties have decided to take the law into their own hands, and do it by rebellion."

Asked if the French Government was backing the rebels, the planter said: "When the present government was in opposition, whenever they caused a disturbance we'd have the *Garde Mobile* and *Force Frappe* flown in from Noumea, helicopters swooping around everywhere, an obvious French position."

The planter said that after the rebellion the French just acted as normal.

"The Gendarmerie simply carried on as usual. I spoke to a senior French functionary, who said he could understand why we'd want to leave, because there'd been so much harassment," he said.

To the planter, Jimmy Stephens was only a figurehead in the rebellion.

"I think Stephens is a man of peace in himself," he said. "I like him very much, he's got tremendous charisma and he really looks like a leader. But he's being used. The French colons are the real activists and Phoenix is the money."

There is one independent periodical

in the archipelago, *Voice of the New Hebrides*. It's editor, Christine Coombe, put it in a nutshell: "The British simply want to leave as quickly and quietly as possible, without too much fuss. They know a French-British confrontation is always on the cards, and they're trying desperately to avoid that, and certainly not putting the New Hebrides first."

"The French won't put the New Hebrides first, either. Their attitude is paternal. They want to look after the New Hebrides, they want to keep control here, because they want to keep control in the Pacific. They will not accept that the New Hebrideans don't want them — they want to do things in their own way and make their own mistakes."

The Chief Minister, Walter Lini, put it another way. "Melanesians can get along with Melanesians, if there is no outside interference."

In the post-independence era, the New Hebrides has been left with the bitter legacy of British French rivalries. But in the longterm, Lini's probably right: Melanesians have always been able to sit down and talk things out, and they'll do a much better job of running their country than their colonial overlords. They were able to compromise in the long lead-up to self government, when to everyone's surprise the conflicting political interests agreed to a constitution. They can do so again.

In their battle to hold on to their influence, the French have hastened their demise by making new enemies. Papua-New Guinea, Fiji and even Australia are now more determined to work within the Pacific Forum and the United Nations for a fair deal for the indigenous inhabitants of New Caledonia and French Polynesia.

As Barak Sope put it: "Our fight for independence doesn't end when the New Hebrides is independent. We believe very strongly that the time has come for all blacks in the Pacific to govern themselves. The French have only themselves to blame if we support the New Caledonian independence movement, and allow a Kanak government-in-exile to set up in Vila."

After almost 70 years of condominium government, the New Hebrides is left almost as poor and undeveloped as it was last century, but with deep-rooted cultural divisions which should never have come further than the English channel. There is no doubt that under the old condominium the New Hebrides was a colonial nightmare. There were separate British and French laws, separate schools and hospitals, two national anthems and two official languages, two currencies, two police forces. Somehow I lost my way one day in the half dozen or so streets that make up the town of Vila. A French policeman refused to direct me. "Go and ask him," he said, pointing to a British officer a few yards away. "He's responsible for Australian tourists, not me."

The French did show some responsibility in the early Seventies when they first realised how close the threat to their power was.

They began to pour aid into hospitals and particularly schools in unprecedented quantities.

The French education budget up to independence ran at around \$13 million a year, compared with \$2 million from Britain. French schools were free, so predictably the impoverished Melanesians began turning to them in droves. But if it was a cynical attempt to shore up influence, it was far too late.

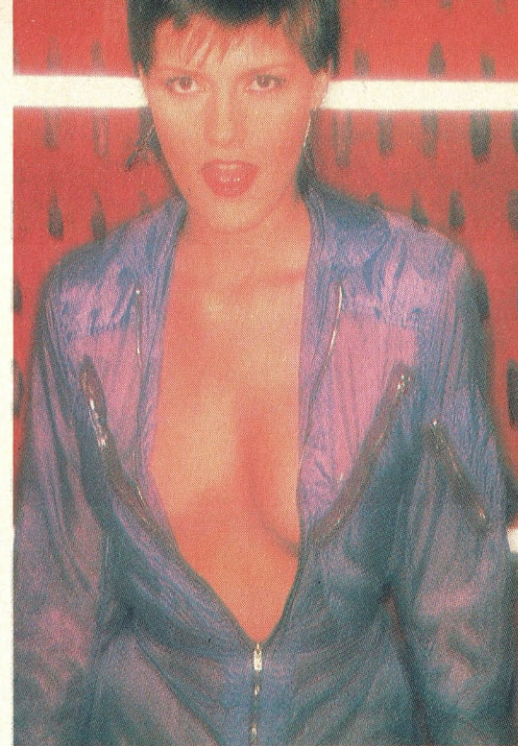
In the capital, Port Vila, the tricolor flies on the French residency set high on a hill overlooking the harbor. The Union Jack waves in splendid isolation from the British residency marooned on an island in the bay.

When the residencies were built, so the story goes, the British made every effort to keep themselves as high as the French, who had pinched the highest hill.

Right between the two stand the offices of the New Hebrides government.

There is no doubt that is where the winners now live. The British have accepted defeat with some dignity and a sense of responsibility.

The French still seem to have a tantrum or two up their sleeves. O+



SAMANTHA

“I’m too young to limit myself to one of anything — a life style, or a lover.”



"No, ratfink, you can't pay me with ears!"



PLAY IT AGAIN

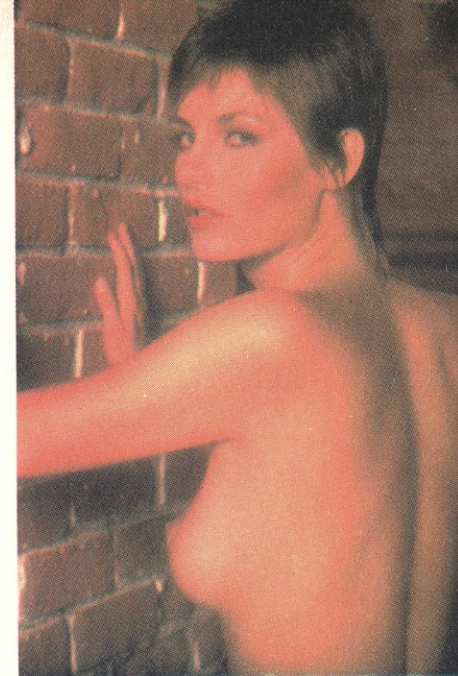
PHOTOGRAPHS BY EARL MILLER

Sultry Samantha Faye seems to find adventure wherever she goes, "and if it's not there," she says, "I make it. And if it's a game I like, I'll play it again." This self assurance permeates our carefree Pet, who measures out at exactly six feet of commanding beauty, elegance and promise.



6 *In bed with a man, I know that if I'm relaxed and natural, he will be, too.* 9

"I have one boyfriend I'm crazy about who insists that I be faithful," says Samantha. "But after several months of attempted monogamy, I just couldn't keep it up. I'm too young to limit myself to one of anything — whether it's a career, a life style, or a lover." She knows precisely where she's going and doesn't intend to miss anything along the way. "I'm learning Chinese, and studying art, I have dancing lessons, love sport and do occasional acting for student film makers."





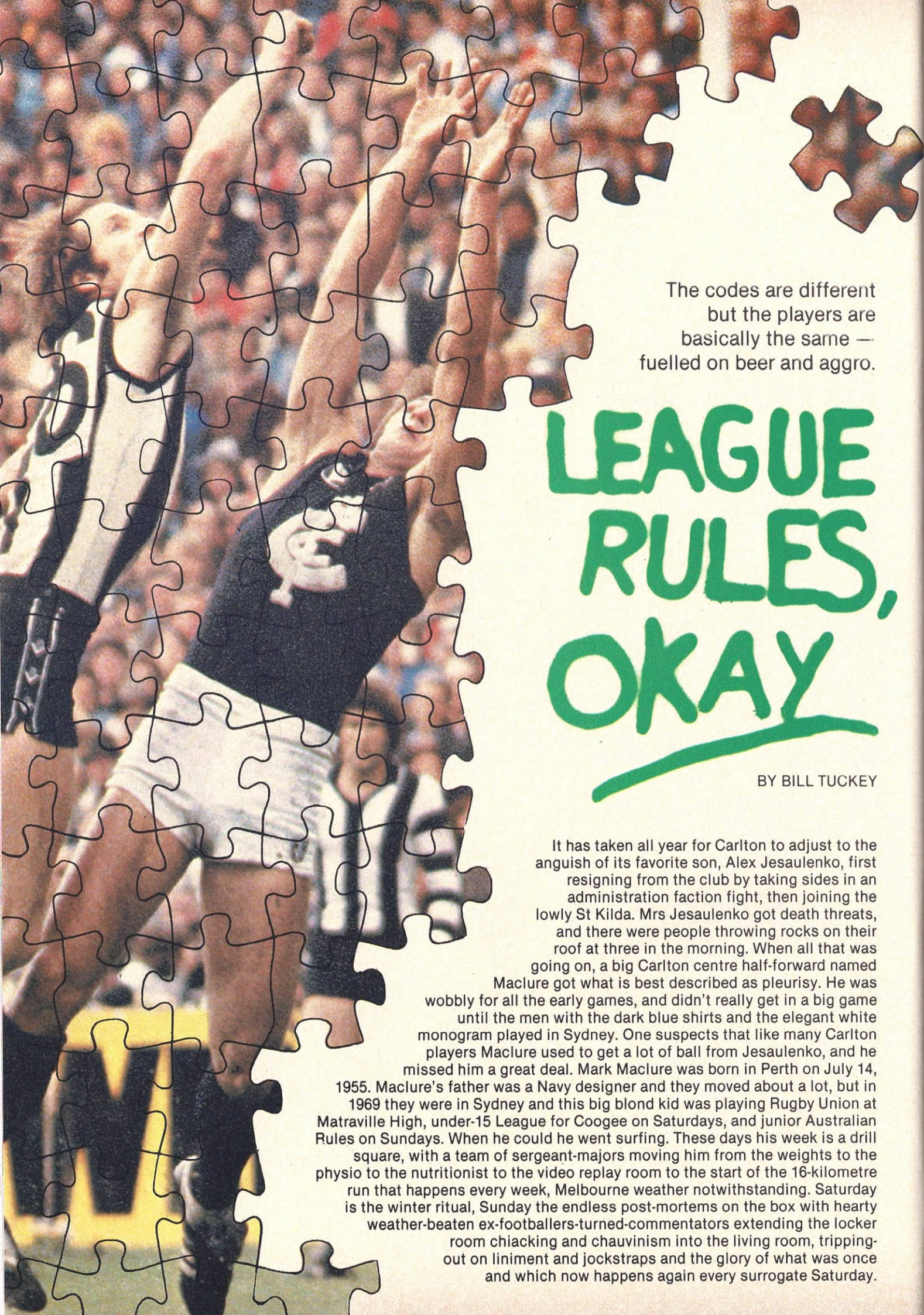
Samantha's ease with men is a natural extension of her general feeling of self-confidence. "I came from a really great, close-knit family who made me feel loved and secure. When I'm in bed with a man, I don't feel I have to pretend anything or fake orgasms . . . I know that if I'm relaxed, he will be, too. Even when I try something new in bed, I simply trust my instincts. So far, they've never let me down."



“Even when I try something new in bed, I trust my instincts . . .”

“The sky’s the limit for me, and not just because I’m so tall,” she jokes. “It’s just that I don’t want to be like so many people who are frightened and lead half-baked lives. I don’t want to suddenly find I’m 40 years old and look back and say ‘I wish I’d tried that’. Even failure has elements of success, provided you do your best trying.” We’re sure you’ll succeed at everything you try! ○✚





The codes are different
but the players are
basically the same —
fuelled on beer and aggro.

LEAGUE RULES, OKAY

BY BILL TUCKEY

It has taken all year for Carlton to adjust to the anguish of its favorite son, Alex Jesaulenko, first resigning from the club by taking sides in an administration faction fight, then joining the lowly St Kilda. Mrs Jesaulenko got death threats, and there were people throwing rocks on their roof at three in the morning. When all that was going on, a big Carlton centre half-forward named Maclure got what is best described as pleurisy. He was wobbly for all the early games, and didn't really get in a big game until the men with the dark blue shirts and the elegant white monogram played in Sydney. One suspects that like many Carlton players Maclure used to get a lot of ball from Jesaulenko, and he missed him a great deal. Mark Maclure was born in Perth on July 14, 1955. Maclure's father was a Navy designer and they moved about a lot, but in 1969 they were in Sydney and this big blond kid was playing Rugby Union at Matraville High, under-15 League for Coogee on Saturdays, and junior Australian Rules on Sundays. When he could he went surfing. These days his week is a drill square, with a team of sergeant-majors moving him from the weights to the physio to the nutritionist to the video replay room to the start of the 16-kilometre run that happens every week, Melbourne weather notwithstanding. Saturday is the winter ritual, Sunday the endless post-mortems on the box with hearty weather-beaten ex-footballers-turned-commentators extending the locker room chacking and chauvinism into the living room, tripping out on liniment and jockstraps and the glory of what was once and which now happens again every surrogate Saturday.



There is already a light dew on the cold wooden benches of the Sydney Sports Ground and the mind automatically thinks of piles and mothers' warnings. Across the grass the centre mark on the goalposts disappears against the night sky and it looks like the cross-bar has a gap in it. There are two squads training, most of them wearing the T-shirt of the Eastern Suburbs Rugby League Club sponsor, City Ford. The damp air is full of white breath and yelling: "Yes-yes-yes!" and "On your right, Stumpy!" and "Unload, unload the ball!" They play touch football, two hands to the tackle, one knee on the ground to stop, the scrums two rows leaning gently on each other, large and dirty men touching each other gently as if aware of the hurt potential of the real thing next Saturday when you crash 26 men head-on into each other in their weekend Armageddon. Out on the wing of the first squad, up-and-back, light blue track suit top and a light fuzz of blond hair on his legs, heavy-shouldered, thick-necked, roams Ian Robert Schubert, son of a dairy farmer from Comboyne in the mountains behind Taree, where the cows audition for Nestles commercials. Schubert was born on August 22, 1956, in Wingham, a small town near Taree. Wingham has a patch of sub-tropical rain-forest called The Brush, where flying foxes screech and fight; it once had a meatworks but they closed that down and the people went away; it has a football ground with a big old stump at one end and a Vampire jet on a small tower at the other. Nothing much ever happens in Wingham.

VFL football and Sydney Rugby League arouse strong feelings in the breasts of common men who would otherwise believe that the residents of Sydney and Melbourne are reasonably intelligent and somewhat equal. The two football codes have become a point of focus for the differences between the two cities. Enough is known about how and why they began and continued on their separate courses not to need repeating here. It should be said, however, that neither code can claim the internationalism of Rugby Union and Soccer.

The misconceptions held by the burghers of Sydney and Melbourne about each other's football are breath-taking. For instance, most Melbourne people seem to believe that Rugby Union and League are the same code of football, but played by amateurs and professionals, just as the VFA plays the same football as the VFL but its players don't pay tax.

Now, that kind of misunderstanding is enough to bring a nervous tic to the cheek of your average Union follower, raised on a diet of rawboned South Island farmers and bull-necked sjambokkies and white-eyed Welshmen, all of whom cheerfully inflict on each other physical damage that would appal the average Rugby League footballer, despite his reputation for violence. And to the Union devotee the game of Rugby is chess played with 15 men a side for the honor and glory of the Empire (although we have allowed the Japanese and the Argentinians to get rather good at the game lately). To them Rugby League is neanderthal nonsense.

On the other hand, Sydney Rugby League fans dismiss the Union crowd as "rah-rahs" — a term with all the ingredients of leather elbows in tweed jackets, pipe tobacco, the halls of academia, Lancias, and some strange goings-on in communal baths after the game.

Sydney League fans tend to admire VFL — the live Saturday telecasts north attract an increasing audience — while generally failing to understand how it works. They gaze earnestly at the screen every Saturday, admiring the long kicking, the high marking and the speed of the game, laboring over the complexities of holding-the-man versus holding-the-ball. They also envy the ground facilities and the big crowds and the obvious professionalism of the VFL administration.

But what of the men who play the two games? What of 25-year-old Maclure and 24-year-old Schubert? Both from vastly different backgrounds but both big men, blond, unmarried and halfway through what should be 15-year careers that will probably segue neatly into a coaching job and then maybe, become like the hundreds of boisterous be-cardiganned men, their footballing protein hardened into an 18-stone rotundity, who pour out fruit juice in the club dressing rooms and smack the passing bare arses yelling "Bloody big game last Sattidy, Sluggo".

This story is an interface between two very similar footballers in very different disciplines. What emerges from this is that while there are some major differences in the way they train, and are trained, and in the style — for want of a

better word — of their clubs, both men have a curious air of resignation. They share another factor, in that both had greatness thrust upon them by the system, and at times there are glimpses of two big kids who played football because they liked it, and happened to do it better than most others and where do we go from here?

Schubert, with one elder sister and younger twin sisters, went to schools in Maitland and then Wauchope, a brief little place graced by a showground that slopes downhill 15 degrees and a part State Government subsidised tourist attraction called Timbertown. He played school football and age football and then two years for Wauchope in the mid North Coast zone competition, with the considerable advantage of being coached by ex-Australian player John Wittenberg.

He played centre, all 12½ stone (80kg) of him. There have been some very hefty centres who have played for Australia, among them Harry ("Bomber") Wells and Peter Dimond, and today's Gerringong publican Mick Cronin, who has not had sand kicked in his face by a bully for many years now.

Centre in Rugby League does correspond roughly to centre half-forward in Rules; his task is to add further impetus to the attack that has been catapulted from the scrum base by the five-eighth and deliver good ball to the winger, who should finish off by scoring. If you read rover for half-back, centre wing for five-eighth, centre half-forward for centre, and full-forward for wing you may get the corollary. Or, you may not.

There was an Australian Schoolboy team to be selected to tour England in 1973, and the selection system — school, zone, area, North Coast, North Coast versus South Coast, then NSW State — saw the kid from Comboyne in the final squad of 30. That was an amazing team. It rampaged through 14 English games undefeated, having only one try scored against them; that was in a game they won 49 points to three, which is roughly equivalent in VFL to winning by 200 points to 12.

"I was 16 years old, and I couldn't believe it," says Schubert now, his cheeky, Ginger Meggs face splitting in a big grin that lights up a pair of anthracite eyes. "It was a big thing for a bush kid to handle. When we came back I was in two minds about staying in school, but I stayed through fifth form and played first grade for Wauchope. But it was hard to come down again."

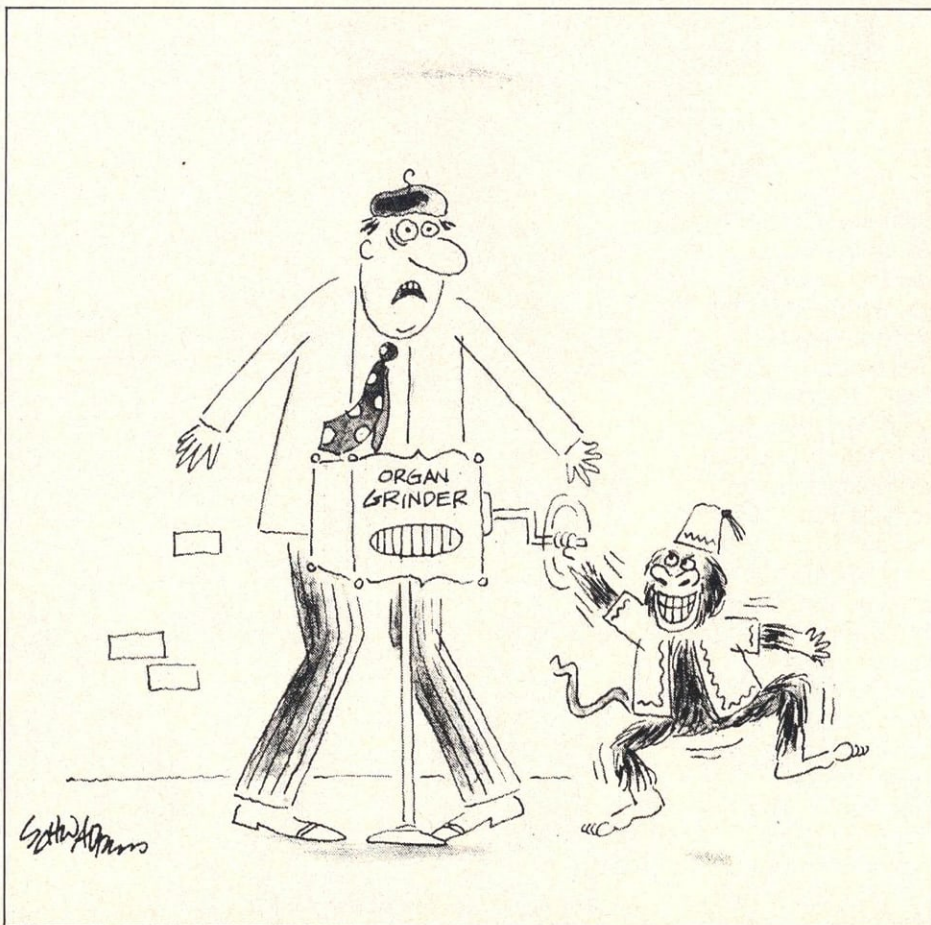
Eastern Suburbs coach Jack Gibson, acknowledged thinker, first to summer with a US football team and learn motivation and tactic, a mixture of philosopher and red-neck who made losing a crime, asked Schubert to come down to Sydney for the 1974 pre-season trials. "I played three games in the under-23s and

GIRLS DROP OUT OF THE SKY FOR MEN WHO WEAR SUAVE.

BUS STAND
NO OTHER VEHICLE TO STAND BETWEEN NOTICES



Jackets, shirts, trousers and shoes



reserves and then was on the bench for a first-grade game, but I was flying down every weekend and still worrying about the Higher School Certificate. So I told Jack I had to choose and I had chosen sixth form. He told me that was bad luck because he was intending to play me first grade from the next game on; I thought: 'Bloody hell, what have I done?' and almost changed my mind, but I went back."

Schubert struggled through HSC without really getting enough assessment to qualify him for the PhysEd teaching course he wanted, but he moved to Sydney at the start of 1975 on the dual basis of another try-out with Easts and a primary teachers' trainee job in the suburbs.

For the Rugby League club, attracting a high-potential country boy to live and play in Sydney was mainly a question of demanding that the young cannon fodder take the punt, make the break, gamble on his talent. Certainly, there have been occasions when compassionate club officials — Balmain with black Larry Corowa was one — have set up accommodation or board or jobs or billeting or academic help for young talent, but mostly it's an invitation to be thrown into the deep end of the pool.

It was so for Mark Maclure . . .

In Sydney in 1969 Maclure would try any sport. He was playing Union at

Matraville High, the school that turned out such luminaries as Russell Fairfax — a contemporary of Maclure and still a friend — and the mesmerising Ella brothers. In 1971 he started an apprenticeship as an electrician, because it seemed like a good idea at the time, when out of the blue he was approached by Carlton club secretary Bert Deacon — the 1947 Brownlow Medal winner. Maclure in 1971 won the Sydney best-and-fairest, at 16, playing full-forward; by July 1973 he was in Melbourne.

"The offer was just a chance to train and play," he says now. While remarkably like Schubert in build and coloring, Maclure is leaner in the face and generally tighter, less relaxed. He toys with cutlery at lunch, shifts the big body a lot in the chair. As he talks about how he came to Melbourne you get the picture of the big, gawky, 17-year-old hobbledehoy, with \$40 in the bank and no job and no winter clothes, lobbying in the July-bitter southern city to seek fame and fortune, walking instantly into the culture shock compounded by the yearning for the golden northern beaches he loved so much — all of it mixed up with the knowledge that nobody of any stature had ever before been successfully recruited from Sydney football to the VFL.

"I'm just lucky somebody noticed me. I didn't bother training or anything, although we used to surf and swim a lot,

and I was always playing some kind of football." Maclure didn't smoke, and drank only the odd beer, and thought he was fit — until the first training.

"I got an incredible shock. I couldn't stay the distance for a two and a half mile run. I just couldn't stay. It was awful. I had no friends, I knew nobody. I lived just across the road from the ground and every day I went to the PhysEd trainer. He worked me and worked me and worked me. It took three years to get that fine edge so you could get through a game. Jesus, it was a lonely time."

Here we see developing the first major differences in how the two codes operate. Both 17-year-olds were in the traditional role of the snotty-nosed recruit hovering around the feet of the mighty, scooping up crumbs, but in League the assumption is made that if you're a country kid with talent then you should be fit enough and tough enough for first grade within a year. Eastern Suburbs considered Schubert ready for first grade after six games — and he had an England tour behind him, of course. Maclure in his first two years played five games in the under-19s and 14 in the reserves. He didn't get his first senior (first grade) game until the 12th round of 1974, when they put him in as back pocket against Geelong. He started well; he was reported for thumping an opponent.

Briefly now, we'll take their careers from that moment. In 1975 Schubert did get a place with Easts, more as a winger than a centre, and at the end of that season was selected in the squad to tour New Zealand and then Britain and Europe to win the World Cup.

The World Cup is a knockout contest between the only countries of the world that still play Rugby League — Australia, New Zealand, England, Wales, and France. It is an uneven and today pathetic spectacle of the mercilessly fit Sydney professionals against balding and toothless Englishmen from Wigan, crazy Frenchmen with their socks around their boot-tops and referees who see only French advantage, and Maoris from the gum-digging tribal lands of the far north of the North Island.

Schubert blitzed them on that tour. The 19-year-old scored seven tries, including one for which he ran maybe 80 metres downfield. He had a poor year in 1976: "It was a bit of a let-down — the balloon burst, I guess."

He managed to squeeze into Sydney Technical College for his PhysEd diploma, which was to occupy him for the next three years. In 1980, he can't get a teaching job, apart from casual assignments. He faces the problem that if he gets a posting it may be to Cobarr and a game with the local A grade, travelling 300 kilometres a weekend for an away match. In mid-season he was driving a brewery truck and still playing on the

The moment our wine-maker says his wine is private we know that we're onto something really good.



"Here's looking at you."



Lindemans Private Bin 23 Riesling. The wine-makers wine.

wing for Easts, a mammoth 98kg 185cm tall express train finisher for a side jammed with talent.

Maclure had a good 1975, moved to the half-forward line for the first time and playing 21 games, plus one in the reserves, suspended for two weeks for striking ("I still had some of the Rugby League physical thing in me") and finishing fourth in the Carlton best-and-fairest table. He had a good year in 1976, and in 1977 kicked 40 goals, although Carlton finished out of the five. In 1978 Jesaulenko took over as coach, and Jezza confirmed the big blond man as centre-half-forward.

While for the 18 men on the ground in a VFL side almost every position has a special function, the general lore is that your best men, your engine room, are in the ruck, roving on the ball, or at centre half-forward. The centre-half-forward needs most, if not all, the skills — high marking, long kicking, the determination to get the loose ball, strength to fight off the big defending backline, the ability to kick with either foot, the speed to spin out of close play. It's a glamor job, demanding a special brilliance.

Maclure bought into an existing furniture retailing business in Richmond, with an accountant to worry about cash flow and taxation. He went into 1979 with a Carlton club in the full glory that comes occasionally to every VFL club when

everything clicks, when everything works all over the big ground and the ball bounces just right. They won the premiership because they were faster, fitter, and had better skills — and knew it.

Most of it was training, and it is here that we find another major difference between the two codes. In Rugby League the concentration is on teamwork tactics, and mental approach. The player's diet, conditioning and fitness are generally assumed to be his problem. In other words, if you don't set your own program and your own goals, you don't measure up, and next week you're on the reserve grade bench. In the VFL the club management tends to treat training as the total club responsibility. They immerse players so deeply in club life that failure to measure up on the training field becomes the criteria — not the actual game performance. Training is more disciplined, more formalised, more intense.

The ingredients are similar — special weight routines, timed sprints, distance running, team plays, video reviews of previous games, and motivational talks. Rugby League, however, is heavy on communication on the field. The players are encouraged to talk all the time, to work the rehearsed plays. "If we don't talk during a game we get beaten," Schubert says. "You must yell at each other all the time, tell them where you are, what you're doing, what you want

them to do." So their training goes over and over and over the set plays, using running and pad-tackling and diving at truck inner tubes as ancillaries.

In VFL football the emphasis lies mainly in honing the ball skills and sharpening fitness to the point where the player can make his body answer any call he makes on it. The injuries are different; in the VFL it's ankles, hamstrings, pulled leg muscles and tendons. In League it's broken bones, head cuts and knee damage.

On-field communication isn't as important in VFL football as in League because the players are much further from each other and the method of moving the ball downfield is through ball skills rather than close positional tactical work.

Schubert 98kg and 185cm:

Typical week: On Monday Easts rumble out on to the Sports Ground and first work on getting rid of the soreness from the weekend. They loosen up with sprints and tackling practice on the pads and the inner tubes. Tuesday is tennis or squash, and Wednesday sees a 1pm start on working out with weights in a combination of sits and squats. Then they move to more sprints, ball handling practice and touch football, and finally a shower and a video of the last weekend's game.

Friday is a 5pm practice start, generally for light ball work and touch football, and sometimes a review of the video of one of the previous games involving the weekend rival.

All the Easts players seem to work on the basis of keeping up their weight. Says Schubert: "You work so hard at training that your weight goes up and down by maybe a stone during the season. So you try to get the bulk into you — high protein like steaks and salads. On Tuesdays and Thursdays we get out a lot together and go on the hunt. We might drink 10 or 15 schooners after training, and maybe a bit more on Tuesday and Thursday."

Maclure 92kg and 184cm:

Carlton started training for the 1979 season in the second week of November, 1978. They began with three nights a week under Peter Clark at an Olympic weight training clinic, plus one night of straight exercises. They were put on a special high protein diet — cheese, meat, fish, eggs, chicken, skim milk, yoghurt, peanuts and not too much vegetables or bread. "I put on 15 pounds in six weeks; you'd come home rooted."

There was no running except for four kilometres on a Saturday morning, followed by a swim. Like Easts, the weight-lifting program was repetitive — squats, snatches, clean lifts, stomach and leg exercises. "The better you did it the worse it got because they kept pushing you harder. They try to keep raising your pain threshold."

There was a break from December 23 to January 1 and then the senior squad

We have an agreement.



I promised her the best of everything. I bought a dozen red roses, a bottle of Moët et Chandon. I promised her filet mignon, just a little bleu, soft candlelight and sweet music. The filet was overdone and the candles burnt the roses.

Well, she said, maybe the music...? Sweet, you promised.

I leaned casually back and switched through eight of the fourteen memory presets on my Marantz ST500 AM/FM Stereo Computuner, looking for the right mood.

That's amazing speed and precision, she said.

That's Marantz, I said. It's drift-free too. That's nice she said, I like rock. And roll? I asked. That too, she curled closer.

I have these cassettes, I said, Blondie, Boomtown Rats, Clash, Kiss...Let's clash, she said.

I like their sound. And I like your Marantz.



The Marantz Agreement.

marantz
Now you're listening.

Distributed by: MARANTZ, 32 Cross St., Brookvale, NSW 2100, Telephone (02) 939 1900 Telex AA 24121 Melbourne (03) 329 7655, Brisbane (07) 48 8266, Adelaide (08) 223 2699, Perth (09) 328 3874.
SEND NOW FOR OUR FULL COLOUR 16-PAGE BROCHURE.

Available through selected hi-fi dealers, Marantz features one of Australia's most comprehensive ranges of sophisticated hi-fi components. State-of-the-art tuners, cassette decks, amplifiers or complete home music systems — Marantz makes a sound investment.

SD8000 shown with TDK MA-RC60 tape. Models, prices and specifications subject to change without notice.



"At least my sinuses have cleared up!"

started on a grass athletic track at Parkville, warming up with 100 pushups and 100 situps, followed by eight 800-metre runs, six 400-metre runs and six 200-metre sprints. That was the first night. The next night they were back on the weights, and two days later came out for 10 400s, and 10 200s, followed the next night by 10 800-metre races and 10 200-metre sprints.

"You'd lose a lot of weight, but you'd recover quickly. You'd be so thirsty that at night you'd go to the pub and drink 10 pots in an hour and make an arse of yourself," says Maclure.

This was kept up for three weeks, and then the club took a squad of 40 players and 10 officials to Fiji for 10 days. In the mornings they ran them down the beaches or up the mountains, and in the afternoons played them at Soccer, volleyball or cricket. At night it was a rage.

"That screwed us completely," says Maclure. "It was mostly to get everyone in the squad to know each other better, I guess."

They came back to normal training, their first ball work, and a 10-kilometre run each weekend. Then the practice matches started. "They brought in a dietitian to talk to each player individually. She heard stories about 30 beers on a Saturday night and maybe 20 on a Sunday and 12 on a Monday and she said we

were all alcoholics and restricted us to seven beers a day."

They run distance — 16 to 20km. "If you don't do the run on time they send you down for special training."

The similarities are striking. In both codes the big players, at least, shovel bulk protein into their bodies and drink hard, only to balance out the enormous weight losses from training and playing. Both Schubert and Maclure tend to go out socially with their football mates to discos or pubs or card games, and while they might hunt women it is obvious that women are peripheral to the main function. The stress of driving the body so hard, of balancing output against input, of controlling the body so it can stand up every weekend to punishment, tend for both young men to put women into the role of social companions.

Neither man understands or uses the football groupie supplement. "They're mostly dogs," says Schubert. "I don't really understand them, and I guess that when I go out I don't want other people talking football to me. I'll talk football to my mates, but that's different."

Both are indifferent to the kind of food they eat. Food is fuel, and they will accept junk food as easily as anything, except they try to stay away from carbohydrates. Both have a kind of easily-managed contempt for the fans who approach them in public. "They're fickle. You're only as

good as your last game," says Maclure, "and one week they'll be all over you and the next week they'll tell you what a shit of a game you played." Says Schubert: "Guys walk up to you in the pub and get in your ear and you put up with it for a while, but when they start asking you what about this referee's decision or why you didn't punch so-and-so you have to tell them as best you can that they should shut up and piss off."

Curiously, both footballers tend to play down the enormous amount of physical and mental aggro they meet on a weekend. To a casual Victorian watcher of a Sydney Rugby League game the audible crunch as three men built like railway locomotives hit a single opponent simultaneously is horrifying; yet in VFL football the dogma of getting the ball at any cost demands that if it is lolloping around in a bunch of half a dozen players the way to get it is to go straight in, eyes on the ball and nothing else, with total disregard for the consequences; the impact of bodies in this circumstance is just as horrifying.

"Oh, there's a lot of aggro out there," says Maclure. "The great players always go in hard for the ball and they're the tough ones — not the ones who throw punches or come in from behind to hit you. There's lots of sledging and lots of shit, but it's all aimed at breaking your concentration, and that's part of the game."

Schubert says the same. "No player really scares me. I'm not frightened that anyone can hurt me. I'm more worried that they'll get around me, or that they're so fast they make you look bloody stupid. Larry Corowa can do that. It's a man-on-man thing; you have to stay on top all the time."

Maclure: "It's personal pride. The best players I've been against are Peter Knights, young Francis Bourke, Billy Picken. The best I've ever seen is Jezza. It's mainly concentration. It's funny — sometimes you just know somebody will be there when you dispose of the ball. You make space — you might run a thousand metres during a game and not get the ball, and all because you are making space."

Easts use their overseas trips both as a reward for the players and as a way of getting new players into the club spirit. They went to Singapore in 1976, America in 1977, Thailand in 1978, and South-East Asia again in 1979. Like Carlton, it makes the players (and the officials, one might say) feel they are part of a special group. Says Schubert: "I like the fellowship. It's a whole little world. You have several lives — work, football, night time and then home with the family at Wauchope; it's the best of everything."

You ask them what they think of each other's code. Maclure has the advantage because he's played them all, except

PDQ LITERARY AGENCY



"It's got topicality, it's got pathos, it's got audience impact — but is the world really ready for a TV game show based on the Jonestown Massacre?"

A talking clock is not a toy.



So, it might be fun to play with, but it also has a serious contribution to make to your business life.

If you can afford a beautiful blonde secretary sitting beside you all day to remind you of your appointments, you may not need this latest contribution by Sharp's innovative voice synthesizer technology: the "talking clock." But can you have your beautiful secretary at 6.45 to "talk you awake" in the morning, or tell you your lap-time when jogging at 7.30? If you can, then we can't compete. After all, the most advanced technology in the world is not everything. \$74.95*

EL 304. The executive "on the Go" calculator, with four memory functions to solve all your normal everyday needs. Comes with protective wallet. \$17.95*



EL 8162. An amazing 5 big functions calculator in a slim compact case. Combines a calculator, clock, calendar, stop watch, with lap-time function and alarm. \$39.95*

EL 8156. Conversion calculator for quick, easy conversion to metric or vice-versa. Pre-programmed to convert length, area, capacity, weight, or temperature. \$21.95*

YET ANOTHER SHARP IDEA.
SHARP
Number One in Calculators.

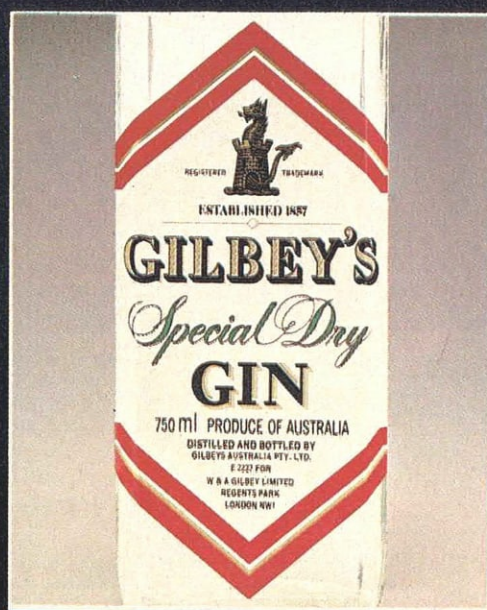
(Design and specifications subject to change without notice.)

*SUGGESTED RETAIL PRICE.

Sydney: 728 9111; Melbourne: 329 5344; Brisbane: 528 922; Adelaide: 223 7800; Perth: 277 7477

GREY 1609 C

West Gilbey
Established 1857
LONDON, ENGLAND



Gilbey's Gin.
Part of the English scene since 1857.

AB225/80

GBSP 0042

Soccer, but he is still a little in awe of the absolute physical toughness of the Sydney League monoliths.

"I went to Eastern Suburbs Leagues club with Jezza one day and I met guys like Artie Beetson and Gary Stevens. They couldn't get a tie on, their necks are so enormous. I think they drink more than we do, but it's the same thing — put in protein and then work it out to keep your weight."

Schubert: "We used to play it at high school when it was wet. When I'm not playing on a Saturday I always watch the VFL on television. I couldn't imagine myself playing it. I like the skills, the marking and the kicking, but they don't seem to have the same team thing. Like we're always talking: 'I'm coming with you . . . Here comes Harvey — he's yours.' They're both man-on-man games, but the difference is in our game that if you miss one tackle you can lose the game."

"In League a good team can put it over another through a team effort. You must work as a unit. You must have confidence in the bloke next to you. You give the wrong guy an inch and he's gone."

To Maclure the main demand of VFL football is for concentration. He says you spend most of your time looking at what's happening and getting yourself into the right spot for the next move, or maybe two moves ahead. "You lose concentration and you're gone."

How much money do they make? A question like this — never asked of them by the sycophantic Sydney and Melbourne football press who are more interested in preserving their nice jobs than writing good sporting copy, puts them both on edge.

Both of them, separately, said that the three or four top players in their codes would probably be grossing close to \$100,000 a year, with the next bracket looking at around \$40,000 and the average player probably \$15,000. Where they fit, nobody knows, except that I could guess at around \$30,000 for each of them.

Neither Schubert nor Maclure knows where he will finish up. Maclure says he would like to coach a Sydney side to VFL standard, but says that's impossible because Sydney doesn't have the administration, the grounds, or the money. "I love Sydney, but there are too many alternative entertainments to keep two codes going, and the poker machines are all that support the Leagues clubs. In a Melbourne winter what else is there to do except go to the football; I guess that's what keeps it going."

Schubert is still facing the problem of how to use his teaching qualifications while continuing to make money out of the game. The problem is that the kid from Comboyne still doesn't think of football as a profession. "To me it's still a game. I just love playing it." ○✚



Because it's hard enough getting a home together, we've put all this cover together.

Six insurance covers in one.
It's called the AGC Insurance Executive policy for homeowners and householders.

And it saves you dealing with six different insurance companies and worrying about six different policies.

You get one simple policy.
Up to six kinds of cover.
It's a policy that's never been beaten.

Your home itself.
AGC provides insurance cover for your home. Even garages, out buildings and swimming pools.
And we also offer you the New Rebuilding Cover alternative.

These days there is generally a big difference between the current value of your home and what it would cost if you had to rebuild.

AGC's Rebuilding Insurance protects you automatically against inflation. And the increased cost of building materials.

The contents of your home.
We'll cover household goods and personal effects of every description.

No depreciation on goods or articles less than 5 years old.
(Excluding linen and clothing.)
Specified personal property anywhere in Australia
We'll also cover the special things you value.

Very valuable objects such as furs, jewellery, paintings and the like.

Other essential protection.
Your AGC Executive policy can also give you cover against Personal Legal Liability

Death of nominated person by accident.

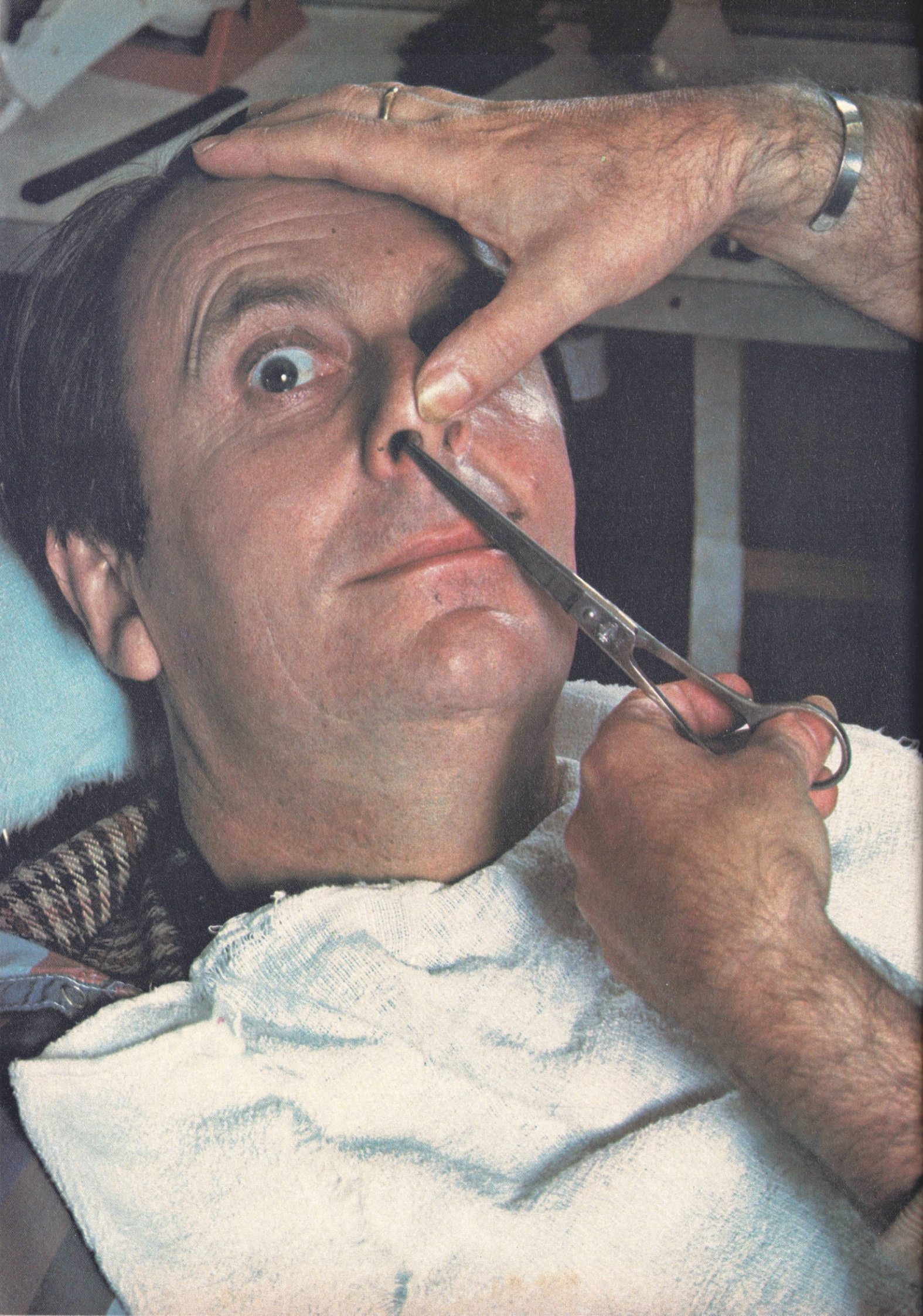
And, if you employ domestic help, workers' compensation (not applicable in Queensland).

With AGC's Executive policy you're not only covered by up to six different types of insurance.

You're covered by a big name — **AGC Insurances.**
Sydney: Phillip & Hunter Streets.
Melbourne: 31 Spring Street.
Brisbane: Tank Street & North Quay.
Adelaide: 10 Pulteney Street.
Perth: 165 Adelaide Terrace.
Hobart: 161 Collins Street,
and offices throughout Australia.

AGC (Insurances) Limited. A division of Australian Guarantee Corporation Limited in which the Bank of New South Wales is the major shareholder.

AGC 994 FCB



Photograph by Rennie Ellis

PENTHOUSE INTERVIEW

BARRY HUMPHRIES

I've been dipping my index finger into Australian life since the early 1950s and always coming up with a smear of something funny.

Historian Professor Manning Clark has called him a man of genius, Nobel Prize-winning author Patrick White labelled him a maverick and dedicated a play to him, Marty Feldman once described him as the greatest comedian of our age, Max Harris says he is the most brilliant Australian social critic of our time, and Julian Jepp, writing in *The London Times* in 1973, referred to him as "a prodigiously subtle and gifted performer" and went on to declare that "since the retirement of Maria Callas, Barry Humphries is the greatest star alive".

He has also been accused of being Australia's worst enemy and an idiot who runs around ruining the country's image. To most Australians he is best known as the creator of Edna Everage and Bazza McKenzie, and more recently Australia's cultural trouble shooter, the grotesque vulgarian Sir Les Patterson. He is seen primarily as a comic entertainer — a funny man whose characters can be appallingly offensive yet somehow never manage to alienate their audience.

As a satirist he cuts into the meaty underbelly of Australian life with the precise skill of a master surgeon and exposes many of our less likeable characteristics. If his scalpel is dipped in venom, as some critics insist, there is also present in these operations a balm of affection that takes the edge off the pain. His excursions into our collective conscience are more instructive than destructive.

Barry Humphries' interests and talents are varied, and his output prolific. He is the author of five decidedly eccentric books, has appeared in several films as a character actor and performed in musicals in the West End and on Broadway; he has made records, written newspaper columns and been a radio broadcaster. He's starred in his own TV specials in Britain and Australia, and his one man shows have been sell outs. He is also a distinguished collector of late 19th Century art, especially the paintings of Australian artist Charles Conder.

Last year in London, Sir John Gielgud presented him with the Society of West End Management's Award for the best comedy performance of the year.

His major achievement, at least in the eyes of the general public, has been to elevate his alter ego, Edna Everage, from a little-known cult figure into a housewife superstar of international repute.

Edna began her career in the mid-Fifties appearing before a limited public as a smug, garrulous housewife from a War Savings Street in the Melbourne suburb of Moonee Ponds. Her narrow-minded, bigotted opinions were delivered with such an air of niceness that we forgave her her faults. We laughed because she reminded us of not so much of ourselves, God forbid it, but of people we knew, including our mums. Edna could be a bitch, but there was something about her that had all the disarming familiarity of a well worn living-room. She was a cliché with claws. Her platitudes and her values conjured up the peculiarly Australian essence of a familiar past that was not yet extinguished.

Edna had her own concept of upward mobility which helped her migrate from Moonee Ponds to the sherry belt of *nouveau*, but not quite *riche*, Highett. This allowed her to exercise her smugness with much greater security. Her self-image of being a crucible of goodness and rightness became more transparent, her hypocrisy more rampant. But still we loved her. She ventured overseas on a Women's Weekly Discovery Tour, got Culture, leaned Left and replaced her symbolic Queen Mother hats with Jag denim hotpants.

She appeared in a movie as Bazza McKenzie's aunt, met Prime Minister Whitlam and somehow acquired a Dameship. Dame Edna developed a new sense of her own importance, and in 1976 successfully starred in her own one woman show in London and later the US. Suddenly she was an international celebrity — the Housewife Superstar — brassy, abrasive, trendy; a born-again consumer with a new up-market profile who lectured us on bodily discharges and exercised a callous disregard for the sensibilities of others. In the Eighties Dame Edna is quite possibly the best known "woman" in Australia.

While Edna knew how to grab the headlines, Barry Humphries, the person, was hardly less visible. His practical jokes were legend and his tongue-in-cheek comments and his penchant to outrage made him great copy for the media. His ability to exploit crassness first surfaced publicly with his exhibition of Dada objects in 1958. His *piece-de-resistance* was gumboots filled with custard and titled *Pus in Boots*.

In 1962 he was the subject of "one of the most dramatic rescues ever made in Britain" when police, firemen and a helicopter were called in to haul him up

from the bottom of a cliff he'd managed to fall down while trying to rescue his then wife who'd slipped part way down. He delighted in telling people he'd broken his humerus bone.

He hit the headlines again in 1969 when a Supreme Court writ was issued against him alleging unpaid income tax. At that time he said he would never perform in Australia again.

In the late Sixties a heavy drinking habit began to get the better of him. In 1970 police arrested him in Camberwell and charged him with being drunk and disorderly — a charge that was subsequently dropped. Three days later he was found slumped in a factory door after he'd been beaten and robbed by two hoodlums. At this stage life was not very funny for the comedian and he spent three months in a private hospital to emerge a much more together person.

Since the late Fifties he has lived most of the time in London where, with New Zealand artist Nicholas Garland, he created the Barry McKenzie comic strip for *Private Eye* magazine. The book of the adventures of lantern-jawed Bazza, the jingoistic, no-hoper son of Australia who turned his crude but inventive vernacular loose on the Poms, was banned in Australia for three years as obscene. The irony of this action was that some years later the government backed a film of the comic strip to the tune of \$250,000.

Now that Bazza has been laid to rest, Humphries uses the character of Sir Les Patterson to epitomise the most vulgar and hypocritical extremes of the sexist, male ocker.

The aforementioned three, along with perennial Sandy Stone, who still comforted by his hotty, now talks to us from Heaven, are Humphries' best known creations. But every new show introduces characters who confront us with pointed references to sex, sickness, death, racial prejudice, trade unionism, artiness and pretensions of all hues.

Humphries likes to shock his audiences with distasteful references to subjects many people prefer to handle with kid gloves.

Humphries considers himself an important pioneer in the field of presenting Australians with their likeness on the stage. "I think it was a breakthrough of a kind" he says. "And I think it has led the way to lots of things that are now good about the Australian theatre".

Penthouse contributor Rennie Ellis remembers Humphries' early *Wild Life in Suburbia* radio programs and saw his first one man show, *A Nice Night's Entertainment*, at the Assembly Hall in Melbourne in 1962. The following year he met Humphries in London when he was appearing in Lionel Bart's musical *Magpie May*, and they've kept in touch since. This interview was partly recorded during a juicy-toast breakfast in Melbourne's

Windsor Hotel and partly while the comedian was being shaved and trimmed at Vince and Dom's barber shop near Her Majesty's Theatre. Ellis, who sees Humphries as the consummate performer both on and off the stage, found that the most interesting aspect of the dialogue was trying to determine at which stage the Humphries tongue became firmly lodged in his cheek.

Penthouse: Through your characters you often savagely pillory things Australian. To quote one critic, you "satirise our crassness without mercy", and yet you never seem to alienate your audience. How do you explain this? Are we especially masochistic?

Humphries: No, I think it's just charm that I seem to have — some way I have of taking the curse off these insults that I hurl at Australia which delights the audience and enables them to forgive me.

Guilty laughter
is enjoyable, isn't it?
It's like slightly guilty
sex. It just adds an
edge, a little savor to
the pleasure.

The fact also that I'm an Australian, I think, is a difference. If Derek Nimmo or someone came out and did what I did he wouldn't be allowed back. So it's the way I dish it out I suppose. It's stick of course. Giving stick is my profession.

Penthouse: It has been suggested that although one can't help laughing at your characters, one sometimes feels guilty about laughing.

Humphries: Well, guilty laughter is enjoyable, isn't it? It's like slightly guilty sex. It just adds an edge, a little savor to the pleasure. I think that it may be due to the fact that people feel slightly unpatriotic sometimes for laughing at identifiable Australian characters. But, really, I've always portrayed Australian characters because they are the people I know best. I am an Australian, and therefore can write better about Australians than I can about Sicilians or Sardinians or Lithuanians. I can really only write about things I have been brought up with and lived with for a long time, and this of course applies to England.

The shows I do so successfully in Australia now work without change in the

United Kingdom, and in remote corners thereof. Just before Christmas I did a tour of some Northern cities and some provincial English cities — like Norwich, Leeds, Newcastle-on-Tyne, Coventry — and these performances were in big theatres, and people laughed just as much as they do in Launceston or Perth or Melbourne. And all the characters were Australian. But they were also, of course, English provincial characters. After all, Melbourne and Sydney are a bit like Newcastle-on-Tyne and Leeds. They are just cities that are a bit further out of London than most. Whether we like it or not, we do live in a provincial English society with a few little overtones from the United States, but not as many as I think some of us would like to think.

Penthouse: One reviewer has said of you, "His matchless comedy seems to be wrung from a loathing of almost everything Australian". Another one said your humor is laced with hatred. What's your response to those comments?

Humphries: I think hatred is too strong a word. Hatred neutralises humor. A comedian who is lacing his work with hatred wouldn't get too many laughs — the audience would be too intimidated by this overbearing emotion. This overwhelming animus would throw the balance of the comedy, but I do think my humor is laced with a strong element of exasperation, which is the emotion I feel most days.

I feel a strong sense of exasperation every time I pick up a newspaper. Whether it's the way the journalist writes or whether it's just a news item, or whether it's Dawn Fraser once again telling us that the Russians didn't really invade Afghanistan and that that particular news item was merely a hoax perpetrated by the multi-national newspapers. I accept responsibility for the "Harpoon Dawn Fraser" graffiti outside the Windsor Hotel. It's exasperation. I just find most things exasperating. Frustrating.

I found living in Australia in my youth very frustrating, as I find living in England in my middle age very frustrating. And frustration is good material for comedy. It gives a nice little edge to what you do, and obliges you to sit down and think why you find this or that frustrating or exasperating. And that's the opportunity to explain something to yourself humorously. After all, my shows are just my way of explaining Australia to myself. Of understanding my own background.

Penthouse: Another reviewer said Edna Everage was your most appalling creation and that: "She is Humphries himself. Her prejudices, smugness, malice, cruelty glorify all that's base." How much of the Barry Humphries persona and prejudices are manifested in Edna?

Humphries: Hardly any at all. We have quite different views, you see. Edna is an extremely left-wing person. She is to the

THE NEW MQ PATROL DIESEL FROM DATSUN.

If 4WD instantly makes you think of bouncing around inside a metal box—with most of the metal showing—it's time you met the all new Datsun MQ Patrol.



Illustrated: Hardtop with option pack.

Unless you're prepared to spend almost twice the money, there's simply nothing to touch it.

Recently, we put the MQ Patrol through some incredibly tough trials.

Trials which proved a number of things about our new 4 x 4. Like its dustproofing and waterproofing. Its greatly improved ride, handling and comfort. The efficiency of its power-assisted, ventilated front disc and large rear drum brakes. The sheer guts of its

6 cylinder 3.3 litre diesel or 4.0 litre 6 cyl. petrol engines. And MQ Patrol's new gearbox — 4-speed, all synchro, with a single lever transfer case operation that allows you to engage 4WD on the move. Naturally, free-wheel hubs, if fitted, must be in lock position.

On the inside, the MQ Patrol is as sleek and stylish as its exterior lines suggest.

Instrumentation is clear and comprehensive and displays all major functions at a glance.

In the Hardtop there's a fully reclining driver's seat and a two-person bench, leaving the rear entirely for payload. Or, as an option you may have two fully-reclining front bucket seats with a comfortable fold-up bench in the rear.

And, if the climate demands it, integrated airconditioning is available as an option.

On the Hardtop there's steel belted radial tyres for high performance and durability and a push button radio is standard. From the driver's seat, you will appreciate the light, responsive steering which ensures good, straight-line stability and parking ease.

Illustrated: MQ Patrol Cab/Chassis with custom body fitted, MQ Patrol Pick-up and MQ Patrol Hardtop with option pack.



To really appreciate what the new MQ Patrol is like, you have to drive it. Check your nearest Datsun Dealer on availability.

THE NEW MQ PATROL



Nissan Motor Company (Australia) Pty. Ltd.

BUILT LIKE A TANK, FEELS LIKE A CAR.



far left — further left than Vanessa Redgrave and Jane Fonda. Whereas I am much more conservative. By the way, Edna is often mistaken for Meryl Streep these days. She's thinking of having contact lenses — if they can design them with those butterfly frames. So politically of course, Edna and I are very, very different. She's hoping to go out to Jim Cairns' and Juni Morosi's commune — I wouldn't be seen dead there. My sense of humor disappears when the name Jim Cairns is mentioned.

Edna is, of course, a star. In a way she's a more successful person than I am. She is a much richer person than I am. She's a great deal older and she's a woman.

And I had a very thorough medical recently and while I can't obviously divulge everything that was passed between me and my physician, he was able to determine that I was, certainly at the time of the examination, *not* a woman.

Penthouse: You once said you have ambivalent feelings about Edna.

Humphries: Well, that just means that I really don't agree with anything she says and can't stand her or people like her. But the sum total of her vices seems to produce the synthesis of all those unpleasant characteristics — bigotry, cruelty, callousness towards her husband, vanity, the ludicrous posturings of a suburban housewife who thinks she's Barbra Strei-

sand — it's quite repellent. But somehow the synthesis of all of these defects makes a very amusing and highly attractive person.

Penthouse: Does she have redeeming qualities?

Humphries: Well, you just have to see all these people laughing and clapping and giving her standing ovations and wanting her to come back on stage to realise that she obviously has some redeeming qualities. She has tremendous mass appeal. She is the only Australian actress whose name can appear in lights outside the theatre and then the theatre is booked out for the season. I can't think of another actress in Australia to whom this happens, unless it's the great diva — Joan Sutherland.

Penthouse: Dame Edna has been called La Stupenda of the Suburbs, hasn't she?

Humphries: Yes, that's a very good description of her. I'd like to shake the person by the hand who said that. She is really La Supenda of the Suburbs and, of course, she's a bit like Lucille Ball, too. She is someone with whom an intelligent, female audience can identify. You know, the women of Australia have never really had a heroine.

They thought perhaps that Dame Zara might have been heroine material, but somehow — I don't know — she let them down. Germaine Greer was too clever, too much of a blue stocking.

But Edna was a mother. There is fruit of her womb on this planet — she has children and grandchildren. So, for the first time in the history of the Australian theatre, women were able to relate very intimately with a figure on the stage. That's been her strength, I think. And now women all over the world deeply admire her. So I feel rather ambivalent in that I see her faults all too clearly since I'm so close to her, but also, I cannot help but admire her achievement.

Penthouse: She seems to have changed a bit — a lot less likeable, more overtly abrasive and aggressive. Is this some sort of post-menopausal condition, or has it to do with her souring of the world?

Humphries: I think she just feels that in her position now she can be a bit more forthright than before. I think she felt she had to pull her punches. That Australia wasn't really ready for the talking to she intended to give it. She had to treat her fellow Australians with kid gloves.

Now she feels that Australia, like her own family, has grown up a bit and can be talked to adult-to-adult. She's very fond of that book *I'm OK, You're OK*. She considers herself very OK. It's just that she now speaks to her fellow Australians as though they are adults and can take it on the chin.

This can be interpreted by those with a guilty conscience as being brutal and abrasive, but I think it's just a part of

Edna's maturity — the greening of Edna, or rather the browning of Edna.

Penthouse: You mentioned her children. I think Kenny was tied up with Gay Lib there for a while . . .

Humphries: There were problems.

Penthouse: And Valmai was into the Valium. And was it Bruce and Joylene who were having marriage problems? How have they coped with the liberations and pressures of the Seventies?

Humphries: I think now the Seventies have passed and we're into the Eighties that these crises have ebbed a little. Edna has devoted more time to her family. She was well aware, after discussions with Minelli, Streisand, Tatum O'Neal, Helen Reddy — a lot of her close friends in the business — that super-stardom inevitably brought family problems. She didn't think any of this could happen to her until, of course, the poison pen letters reached her. Until she was accused over the air by local gurus like Bert Newton and Sir Eric Pearce of neglecting her husband, and that her son was mixed up with a bunch of sexual deviants in the Glenhuntley area.

But these things seem to have passed. Ken seems to have settled down and he's sharing a flat with a nice person who is certainly no deviant because he was once married for a very short time. His name is Clifford Smail. They have a sort of indoor plant and Aboriginal art deco shop in High Street, Armadale. I'm just wondering who he could have been married to. Would he have been married to one of the Channel Nine dancers for a week? Or was it a sculptress at the RMIT — a sculpt person. Yes, he was briefly married to a sculpt person. And he's still on very good terms with his ex-wife. She sometimes broadcasts on women's affairs. She gives the Palestinian Liberation Organisation's view on Australian women sculptors.

Penthouse: With Edna, do you feel you have created a monster — like your own personal *bete noir* that sometimes has a mind of her own which is not subject to your advice?

Humphries: Oh, I'm aware of the independent existence of the character. I really program the character — it goes on stage and does all kinds of things that I don't consciously manipulate. But I've never really thought of Edna as a monster. If I found myself in the morning slipping into panty hose or if I found myself fondling mauve acrylic wigs at Myer's with more than a professional interest then I would begin to think that a lot of journalists perhaps might have been right when they posed the inevitable layman's question, "Are you being taken over by Dame Edna?" But I'm no more taken over or pre-occupied by the character than I think any other character actor is pre-occupied with a character that he does a fair bit.

Penthouse: Professor Manning Clark suggests that the changes in Edna and the creation of Les Patterson are in some way manifestations of the changes in us — in Australia — cocky, affluent, vulgar, pretentious, self-seeking. Do you think there's any truth in that?

Humphries: Well, yes I think that when the character of Barry McKenzie was laid to rest he catalysed the whole ocker movement. If it hadn't been for Barry McKenzie, John Singleton wouldn't exist. Nor would Paul Hogan or a comedian I have the highest regard for — Fred Dagg the New Zealand humorist. His short radio pieces I think are wonderful and very original. The revival of jokes, vernacular humor and the burlesque of a proletarian stereotype in advertising all stemmed from the character Barry McKenzie, and when he was laid to rest I felt that I'd lost a very valuable, vulgar character.

The virtue of
Australia is that
everyone is vulgar.
They are wasting their
time trying to be
genteel or artistic.

The virtue of Australia of course is that *everyone in Australia is vulgar*. To me the biggest joke is the leathery Sydney socialite who tries to be genteel. Australians are wasting their time trying to be genteel, or artistic for that matter. You know, there's plenty of art in Europe — I mean you can go to whole huge buildings devoted to it. Generally speaking Australia is almost totally free of irritating artistic activities. And the government very wisely continues to give generous grants to people who show slight artistic promise so that they immediately leave the country.

Penthouse: There have been veiled hints that Edna is a bit of a dyke. Would you like to comment on that?

Humphries: Edna is in the vanguard of fashion. Whatever the best dressed Australian woman wears — whatever Ita Butrose or Bo Bo Faulkner or Robyn Archer wear — Edna was wearing a year before. Edna was into tennis about three years ago — leapt on to the stage in tennis gear — seconds later every restaurant and bistro in Toorak Road and Double Bay was thronged with women in

identical clothing. Edna was first into high fashion denim — before Jag moved from South Yarra to Beverley Hills.

Of course, Edna was dabbling with leftism before it was fashionable for housewives to express radical views, and it's only natural now that there is a hint of "dykery" as you say, about the lady. Her new record, Edna sings Brecht is a selection of feminist pre-Hitler songs. She is a feminist really — although she is a dame. She can't call herself Ms. She proposes to call herself Dmmm. Yes, it's just slightly fashionable to suggest a touch of lesbianism. It's that David Hamilton thing. She's thinking of posing nude for David Hamilton. She and her bridesmaid, Madge Alsop, are going to do a short, lesbian photographic sequence.

Penthouse: Perhaps you should tell us how and why Edna was created.

Humphries: Well, it was natural that as there were so many people like Edna in real life, one of them would stray accidentally on to the stage. The fact that I happened to be present at the time to record this event and to perpetuate it was a happy and profitable accident. I used to have a party turn in which I employed a rather strident, falsetto voice. I can't do many accents — not too good at Scottish or Irish or Indian — but I can do several Australian dialects and I can bounce words off a part of my larynx and make them sound quite convincingly like the ringing tones of an Australian housewife who is lost without food or shelter in a deserted supermarket.

So I used to do this character as a party turn in the back of a bus touring around Victoria. We were performing Shakespeare for the Council for Adult Education. We were touring *Twelfth Night* at the time in 1956, when I invented the character of Edna and at Christmas time, Ray Lawler — who was busy writing *The Summer of the Seventeenth Doll* in his spare time — asked me if I would write a sketch for this character and present it at the pantomime at the Christmas show, which I did. The character was instantly recognised by the audience as one of their own. That's just under a quarter of a century ago. So as a stage character Edna is 25 years old. Her real age remains mysterious like most superstars. She now calls herself a mega-star of course. Well, if Jon English is a superstar, Edna would have to be a mega-star.

Penthouse: She has her own personal phallic symbol — the ever present gladiolus.

Humphries: Yes, the flesh pink buds on the stiff, sturdy stalk of the vigorously trembled gladiolus dripping with morning dew does seem to be a metaphor for something sexual.

Penthouse: As you well know there has been some criticism of your show in London from Australians. Harry M. Miller once came home making loud noises,

The ayes have it, for Gordon's gin.

Gordon's and orange. Gordon's and soda. Gordon's and dry.
Gordon's and bitter lemon. Gordon's martini.
Gordon's and tonic. Gordon's and water. The gin preferred
internationally by more people who prefer gin.

It's got to be Gordon's.



saying you were doing a disservice by presenting Australians in this light. And back in '68 Mike Walsh said something similar.

Humphries: I think that was a period when we had learnt the word 'image' from the ad men. And a lot of people were talking about Australia's 'image', and who was good for it and who was bad for it. I think at the time Harry Miller, who had successfully emancipated himself from his task of selling hosiery to New Zealand housewives and had become an Australian producer, felt it his duty to protect Australia's image wherever possible. And if that meant attacking the reputation of Australian performers, it was strange if only because Harry was a Kiwi.

So he did I think, as you say, make loud noises to the Australian press on returning from a very brief visit to London where he didn't see my show, but did see some annoyingly favorable publicity that my show had attracted. So, indignation coupled with patriotism I think, combined to produce an outburst forgotten by most people — except you and me. But I think he said, "Humphries' show is rubbish".

Penthouse: Part of the quote was: "the man Humphries is an idiot". You were doing "more harm than a whole bunch of our dowdy politicians could do in a month".

Humphries: I see. Well, the damage — whatever it might have been — seems to have faded now. I think all he meant was that I was

representing Australian characters and people were laughing at them or with them. But at the time, as you know, Harry Miller was very busily engaged in presenting American shows in Australia. They certainly did Australia's image no harm, but perhaps no good either. On the other hand, people have come to me after shows abroad and said "we are looking forward to visiting Australia because we had thought Australians were rather pompous and weren't able to laugh at themselves and you have demonstrated that this is not the case".

It's probably a sign of maturity when people find themselves amusing — see the funny side of themselves. And clearly my critics, whether they be Mr Walsh or

Mr Miller, had briefly at any rate, been deserted by their own senses of humor. **Penthouse:** Do you think Australians take themselves too seriously?

Humphries: Everyone takes themselves a bit too seriously some times. The geographical isolation too, tends to make a lot of Australians, particularly solemn about themselves. Too much so I think. And it's the job of comedians of course, to remind people that they shouldn't take themselves too seriously.

Though I think comedians, as a race, have certainly some characteristics in common — most comics are mean. Notice I've only given you one slice of toast and half a cup of coffee during the whole of this interview. No champagne has been offered, no black Sobranis, no

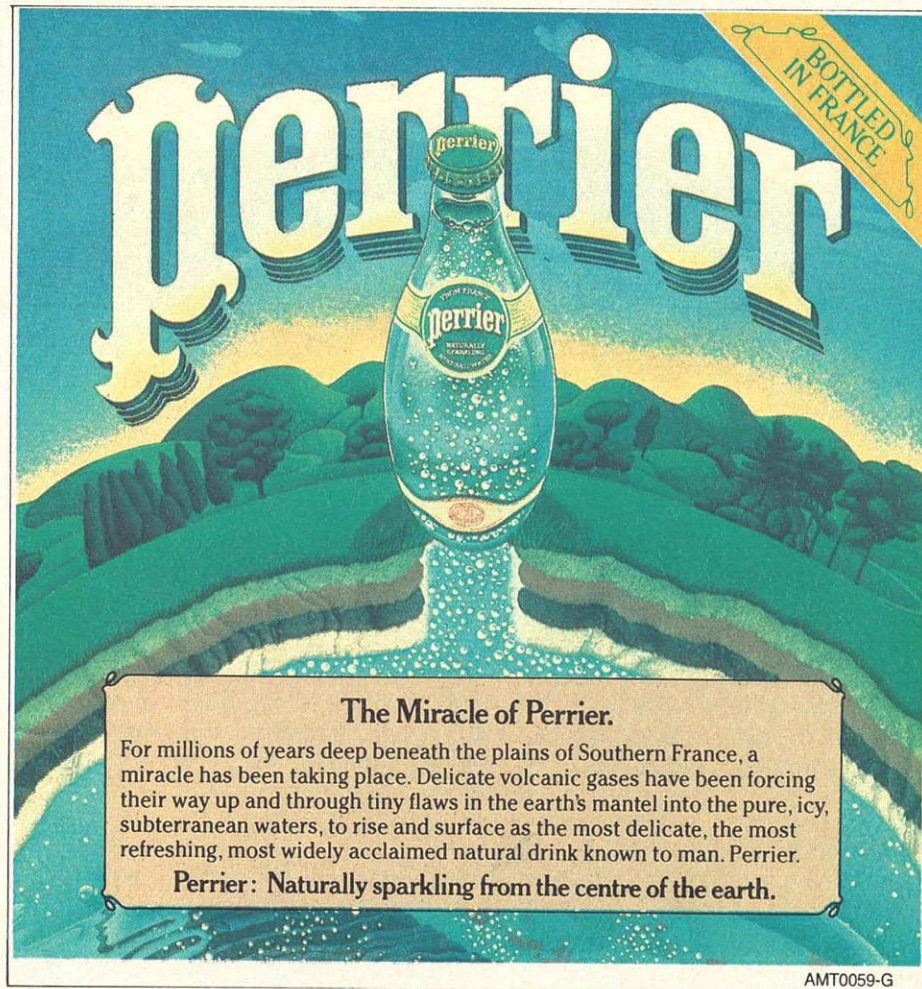
And, it is an attractive thought that comedians are really broken-hearted clowns. I think it is a popular, romantic view, and one nurtured by journalism, that behind every successful funny man there is a whimpering, bruised, broken, uncertain, painfully shy, neurotic. I just think there are lots of broken, painfully shy neurotics all over the place who somehow don't get into the paper. But if you happen to be a well known comedian, then you get the publicity and it locks into the popular thesis. Ah yes, there's another Hancock perhaps — says the journalist rubbing his hands together, licking his lips. When is he going to go down for the count?

In Australia more than anywhere else there is a kind of relish when someone who gets a bit too successful in the popular view, a bit too big for his boots, falls upon difficult times. I wouldn't want to make too much of that because generally speaking my own experience of the press and the public here is one of tremendous good will. In my good times and difficult times I've had nothing but sympathetic treatment from the press. But I wouldn't ignore the fact that the old tall poppy thing still exists. That when the amateur turns professional he incurs a certain amount of resentment. Australia still is a country of knockers.

Penthouse: Just now you have been talking about yourself as a comedian. Once you referred to yourself as a "theatrical caricaturist". Do you see yourself as an entertainer, a satirist, comedian or what?

Humphries: I suppose I'm a comic moralist. I'm a number of things. I'm a monologist to start with. My characters all just talk at the audience, or they dream in the presence of the audience or they ramble on to themselves or they speak on telephones, and no one interrupts except to laugh. So in that sense, I belong to a very old theatrical tradition, going back much further of course than the Victorian music hall because the Canterbury Tales were really a series of monologues.

But there is a moral intention in what I do. It would be very dishonest for me to pretend that I wasn't trying to draw the audience's attention to the folly,



The Miracle of Perrier.

For millions of years deep beneath the plains of Southern France, a miracle has been taking place. Delicate volcanic gases have been forcing their way up and through tiny flaws in the earth's mantle into the pure, icy, subterranean waters, to rise and surface as the most delicate, the most refreshing, most widely acclaimed natural drink known to man. Perrier.

Perrier: Naturally sparkling from the centre of the earth.

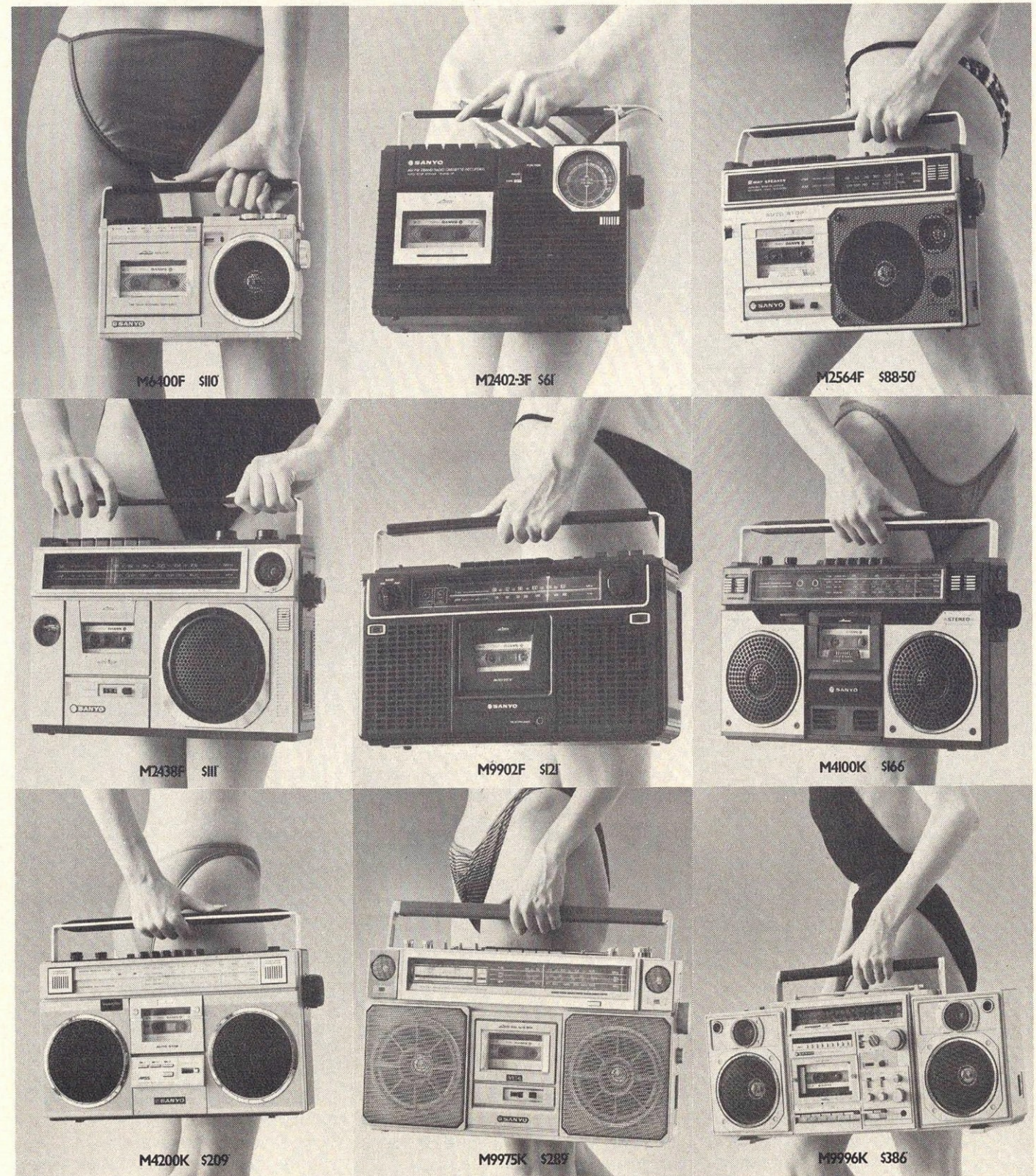
AMT0059-G

sexual diversions of any kind, no money has changed hands. Comics are very mean, and they also take themselves too seriously and they love droning on about themselves and their work as I think this interview amply demonstrates.

Penthouse: What sort of pressures are top comedians subjected to? We've seen some of the greats like Tony Hancock and Spike Milligan and even yourself succumbing in one way or another to severe emotional stress. Is this endemic to comedians?

Humphries: No, I don't think so. I think it's just something that happens to everyone. But, anyone who is in the public eye, whose life is newsworthy, then his crises are generally newsworthy.

Ready to wear cassette players in sizes SSW to XOS.



M6400F \$110

M2402-3F \$61

M2564F \$88.50

M2438F \$111

M9902F \$121

M4100K \$166

M4200K \$209

M9975K \$289

M9996K \$386

From Sanyo, cassette players styled to suit every taste. And priced to suit every pocket.  **SANYO**

*Recommended retail

stupidity, cruelty and boredom in our society. I try to draw the attention of the audience to these things in an amusing way. So that the things that we were talking about earlier in this interview that exasperate me in the public life, in the press, in the world of entertainment, in the world outside Australia — which is still the microcosm that my characters inhabit — is the thing that generally sparks off my inspiration.

So, I had in my last show a character called Lance Boyle. Now, he was a character who was sitting in a Hong Kong hotel bedroom phoning his wife in Australia. And everyone in the audience thought that he was a terrible, unappetising opportunist — a businessman no doubt, a capitalist of some sort — until it emerged that he was a trade union executive. In fact it is my view that certain leading trade union personalities in this country and elsewhere are nothing more than unappetising opportunists. And I wanted to paint a portrait of such a person. It was of course, very unfashionable in the Australian satirical theatre to represent a left-wing figure with any degree of contempt or satire. Since all satire was supposed to be left wing, a point of view expressed from the right as mine was, was indeed unheard of. But the audience copped it because it was funny, it was patently true and it was dramatically entertaining. But above all, I had to remember that it had to be dramatically entertaining. If it wasn't funny then it wouldn't grab the audience at all and no one would get the point. So, I suppose I'm giving the audience pills covered with a lot of sugar.

Penthouse: Bitter pills?

Humphries: Sometimes they are.

Penthouse: Do you think of yourself as conservative or reactionary or slightly to the right of centre?

Humphries: No, I don't think I'm reactionary. I think the socialist is the reactionary. Australia is still sufficiently cut off from the rest of the world for many people to still think that a system like socialism is faintly workable. It's been tragically demonstrated in most places that socialism — utopian socialism — is just a kind of unworkable pipe-dream and ends in tragic tyranny and terrible bureaucracy — countries just run by brutal bureaucracies. So my right wing humanist attitude seems to me far from reactionary. I think the lefties and pinkos are all reactionaries. I use the words lefties and pinkos only to irritate any lefties and pinkos who might be reading this because they hate being called lefties and pinkos. I really do think that I am a conservative person. I think that I put the conservative, traditional point of view. In other words there are aspects of conservative living that I enjoy very much. I used to think that I hated routine, but I find I'm liberated by it. I have freedom when I have a certain routine. I have breakfast at

a certain time and I have lunch at a certain time. And so I often disguise myself physically as an ultra-conservative person. Though I suppose my views on most things are rather unconventional.

Penthouse: Patrick White once referred to you as a maverick.

Humphries: I don't know what a maverick is. Is it a bird or a cowboy?

Penthouse: I think it's actually a cow that doesn't run with the herd.

Humphries: Is it? Yes, I remember he called me a maverick and I thought he was identifying me with Lorne Green or James Arness. I've never particularly liked running with the herd. I always felt that the herd was a frightening thing — whether it was at school or later at the university or later still, during the sack-Kerr-anti-Fraser demos. Whatever the pros and cons of that, I really very much distrust a mob that says anything all at once. Particularly a lot of people

“
Sir Les
Patterson wears the
sort of suits that
you really only
see on *The Don
Lane Show*.
”

who talk about freedom, very loudly, at the same time, wearing the same clothes.

The most conformist elements as opposed to conservative — and I don't see those two terms as being interchangeable — are university students. It's the one group in society who always wear the same clothes and have the same opinions. I think generally speaking, and contrary to popular belief, as people become older their views become slightly more independent. They feel they can say more or less as they feel or as they please. But in our universities and colleges there are tremendous pressures on the inhabitants to think the same things, to form a students' union and speak with one voice and allow themselves to be manipulated by militant minorities.

Penthouse: You once said that you suspected that there was an element of puritanism running through everything you did. Do you still feel that?

Humphries: Yes, yes, I think so. But I think that it is a more liberal form of puritanism than the kind of puritanism you hear on parliamentary broadcasts.

Of course, we don't have talented politicians because there isn't enough money in it. The talent is in business and it goes there because the money is there. I think most of our politicians are rather short sighted and dull, but then we don't have that on our own in Australia. Politicians all over the world seem to be very dull and short sighted at the moment. The tragedy of modern history lies in the sort of dreary, nondescript nature of our leaders. The villains are still the colorful ones, aren't they? The Amins and the Ayatollahs — even the Brezhnevs. The goodies are all absolutely appallingly dull.

Penthouse: Do you think we lack leadership in Australia?

Humphries: No I don't. We may lack charismatic leadership — to use a word I don't like. But, we have a stronger leadership than a lot of people are prepared to admit. It would be very nice to take Malcolm to one side and perhaps give him a few relaxation lessons.

Penthouse: Do you still pull your famous practical jokes?

Humphries: Yes, I'm developing new forms of practical jokes. I have a friend who loves his dalmatian dogs. Every time I see him I get eaten alive by the fleas in his house from these dogs. He claims the dogs don't have fleas. When my wife and I visit him we have to have ourselves fumigated after we leave the house. One of the dogs is called Spot so I bought a large piece of white acrylic and painted a lot of black spots on it. It's about four metres long and I put it on the pavement outside his house when I knew he was away and I emptied five huge caterer's cans of tinned tomatoes all around the edges. Then I rang him and said, "Ed, come home quickly, there's been a bit of an accident with Spot."

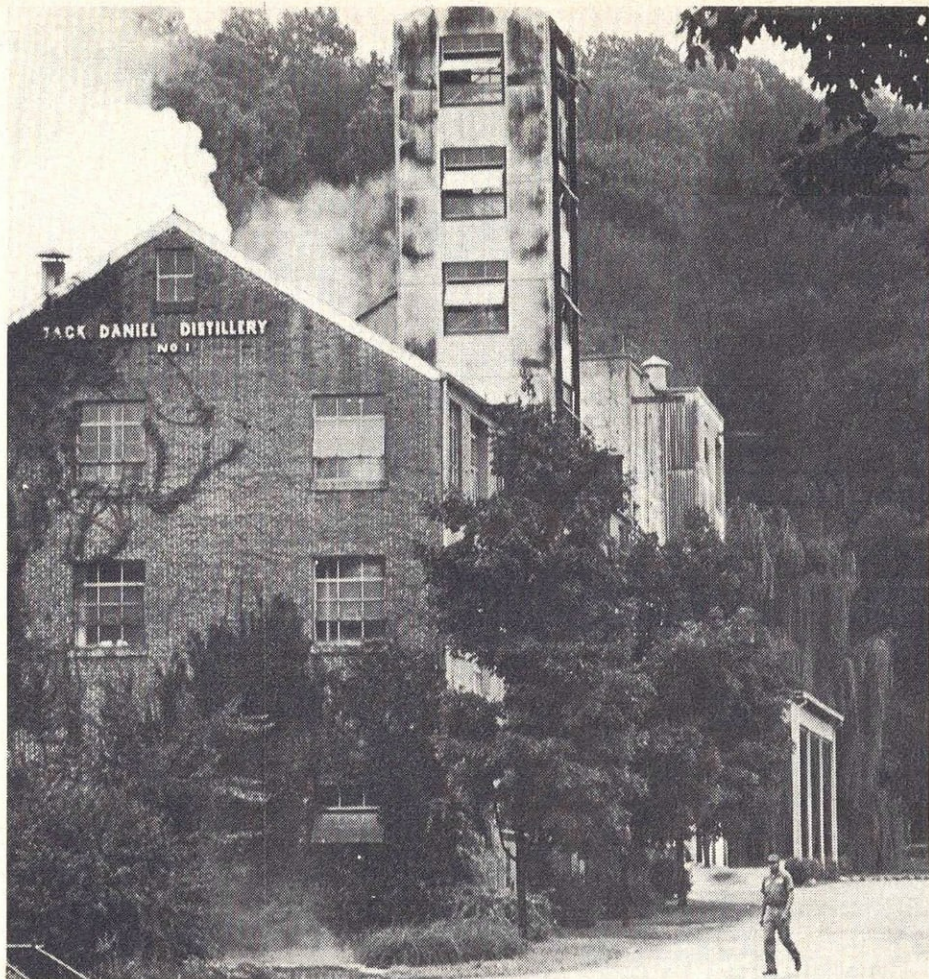
And of course, as his car turned into the street he saw this ghastly mess. It was as though Spot had been stretched by a steam roller. I've always wished death upon his dog. It's a kind of running joke. I say: "Would you like me to take it to the vet?" So as his car turned the corner and he saw this horrible sight, of course, he got a bit of a shock. But I took the curse off as soon as possible by leading Spot out round the corner on a lead. It was just a huge, squashed dalmatian. Not all that funny, but it was funny doing it. I mean, emptying tins of tomatoes in the middle of the road is amusing.

Penthouse: Are you into any particular garb at the moment? You are well known for your sartorial innovation.

Humphries: I'm about to go Chapel Street gawdy. I've just bought myself some polka dotted sandshoes and I'm having a canary yellow sweater knitted. So I'm going to be very colorful. Of course Sir Les Patterson is a very good advertisement for Australian clothes. He wears the sort of suits that you really only see on the *Don Lane Show*. Incidentally,



paco rabanne
paris



Jack Daniel Distillery. Named a National Historic Place by the United States Government.

AT THE JACK DANIEL DISTILLERY, we have everything we need to make the world's smoothest whiskey.



Our own iron-free water

We have daily deliveries of the finest grain American farmers can grow. A stream of iron-free water (ideal for whiskey-making) that flows close by our door. And a unique way of smoothing out whiskey by filtering it for days through ten feet of finely-packed charcoal. Thanks to all these things — and some others too — Jack Daniel's has been awarded five gold medals by judges all over the world. If you're seeking a truly smooth whiskey, we predict a pleasurable moment when you discover Jack Daniel's.



as Sir Les I wear stomach padding and a phallus that descends as far as my knee and can be manipulated. There's a rubber bulb in my pocket and I can squeeze it and cause mild tumescence whenever I want to. He's a character I enjoy doing very much. And he speaks the language of the Australian politician and diplomat.

Penthouse: Sir Les once said that "knockers were so low that they could parachute from a snake's arsehole and still free fall". Yet in his own unobtrusive way he's a knocker himself, isn't he?

Humphries: Yes, he is. Les is not a soul of tolerance. But he has a tremendous *bon ami* and cordiality. People recognise, as they do of Edna, that somehow underneath all of this is a nice person. Niceness is an Australian characteristic, isn't it? Whatever they say about us, we are basically nice people.

Penthouse: Sir Les makes lots of references to the map of Tasmania. This being a predilection of his, I would imagine he finds *Australian Penthouse* a valuable addition to our cultural heritage.

Humphries: Yes, I think Les would say that there's nothing wrong with the female form — particularly featuring the map of Tasmania. I think he's very glad that the map of Tasmania is back in fashion. You know, it used to be air brushed out.

Penthouse: How do you work up your characters? I mean, you're not in Australia all that often.

Humphries: By massaging their genitalia.

Penthouse: That was a bad choice of words, let me rephrase that. You are not here that often, are you?

Humphries: No, you can pick it up very quickly. Generally from glossy magazines — *Australian Vogue*, *Mode*. The magazines that take themselves seriously are the best. *Vogue Living*. They are very, very good because they regard themselves as being in the vanguard of taste — the people who write for them consider themselves to be sophisticated and generally speaking they produce the most convulsively funny material which hardly has to be changed. Just speak it from the stage and the audience will instantly and delightedly recognise pretentious rubbish.

Penthouse: You choose to live in London and some years ago you explained that this was because you happen to like living in a rather decadent city.

Humphries: Well, it's even more decadent now of course, but then I suppose everywhere is. I really travel about so much I don't seem to live in any one place. I have lived in London on and off since 1959 but because I am in Australia at least once a year I never really feel out of touch with what's going on.

I couldn't really stay away from Australia for any longer either because I have strong family ties here and because I like it very much.

AUSTRALIA'S MOST SIGNIFICANT OIL CHANGE



TOTAL GTS is a new oil. It meets the API SF specification. With a viscosity of SAE 15W/40 TOTAL GTS

reduces oil drag and friction, to help improve fuel economy. It is designed to cope with the higher temperatures and subsequent faster rate of contamination and oil oxidation common to the new pollution controlled engines.

The higher performance rating and improved additive treatment of TOTAL GTS helps engines last longer by reducing wear.



TOTAL GTS is a year-round oil, suitable for all Australian climatic conditions. It's the right oil for all

petrol engines, naturally aspirated diesel engines and motors driven by LP Gas. (For this use we recommend conformation with the Car Manufacturers' recommendations.) TOTAL GTS is available at all TOTAL service stations. We changed because the car changed.

Helping you all ways.

Penthouse: Despite the frustrations and exasperations?

Humphries: Yes, well these frustrations and exasperations are really delightful because they are just a catalyst for my work. They give me ideas for new characters, which leads me back into that question you asked, how do I set about creating a new character? I have to think of a type who will be instantly recognisable to the audience. Now, I thought that the Lance Boyle, trade union businessman type was a good one, and I think there's more mileage in him. He was physically meant to look a bit like

a TV union boss. The haircut — you know — sort of old Beatles style. The Zapatta moustache and the Sampsonite briefcase were based on any number of people that you could see in Bangkok or Singapore or Hong Kong travelling around. The large family — all with names like Damien and Megan, Simone, Nathan. The ranting against the multi-nationals.

The audience of course enjoyed it very much whatever their political views might have been, because it really did give a lot of stick. And then suddenly when the character bursts out against Bob Hawke

and his Jew boy mates he is finally revealed in his full anti-Semitic colors. There was a massive intake of breath by the audience. I felt the stick was being given really where it hurts. But of course, the audience very much enjoy that. There's not really enough edge to a lot of our theatre. There are the usual Leftist postures — the usual jokes about Joh and Fraser — but they have been so oft repeated that I suppose an evening at fringe theatre would be disappointing if one didn't hear them.

I was actually told that because of the Lance Boyle character I might fear some reprisals from certain trade union militants.

But I have a feeling that if any of them attended they were amused rather than determined to come around and break my kneecaps.

Penthouse: What are your major projects in the near future?

Humphries: I'm going more into films. I hope to do a film every year. I'm writing one for Les Patterson which I hope will be a success in the English speaking world, including the US because it will have some American stars in it. I would like to have Johnny Ray and Robert Wagner — two of my favorite American actors. Johnny Ray playing the President of the US. Robert Wagner playing the head of the CIA. Les Patterson of course, and Meryl Streep. She's marvellous. And her name is so good, isn't it?

Penthouse: Sounds like a name you invented.

Humphries: I try to invent names that sound very, very real. You see, when I came on the scene Mrs Entwistle was considered a funny name. A north of England working class name like Entwistle. But I tried to find names that sounded like real ones, and the duller the name the better, I always thought. Les Patterson is as dull a name as you could think of.

Penthouse: Bert Newton?

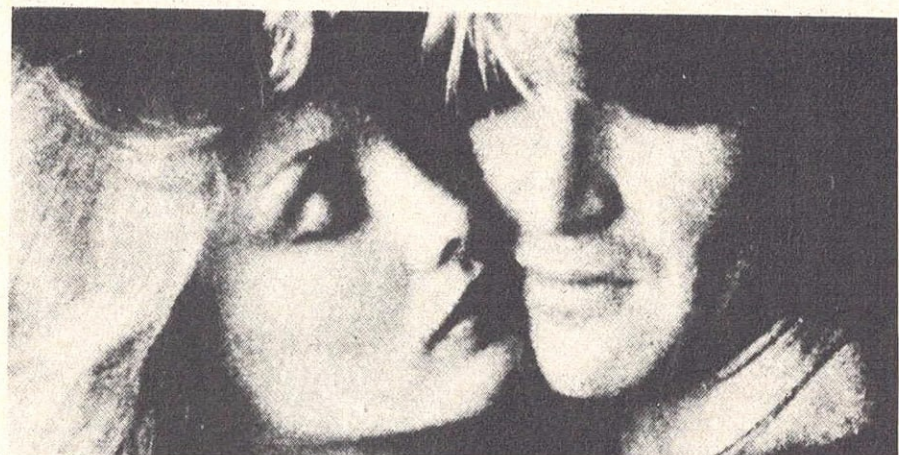
Humphries: Bert Newton is a wonderful name. You could never think of it.

Penthouse: Someone once said that if Bert Newton wasn't real, you would have invented him.

Humphries: Well, I wish I had invented Bert and received a royalty. I'd love to have shares in Bert Newton. I would give him a few shares in Barry Humphries in exchange.

We are little local industries after all. I don't know if I'd sell my Graham Kennedy shares though because I think Graham Kennedy is emerging as one of our best actors. His performance in *The Club* is wonderful. However, returning to names, Merle Boag is a new character of mine. She is a friend of Edna's husband Norm, who is now forming his own group of friends.

Penthouse: Is he still on his prostate machine?



Do you miss out because she does?

Now — a therapist-approved way you can share orgasmic sensations you've never experienced before!

The Discovery

Therapists have long known that one of the most effective ways you can increase love-making pleasure is via tactile stimulation, not only of the sexual organs, but also of dozens of other responsive areas on the body. The method has brought fulfillment and happiness to thousands of couples. For many others, however, the demands it places on their physical endurance are simply too exhausting. Knowing this, Dr. Wardell Pomeroy (co-author of the Kinsey Report) set about producing an aid which could not only duplicate, but actually improve on the stimulation normally provided by hands, fingertips, tongue and lips. The 'Plus 5' stimulator is based on his revolutionary design.

Be a better lover

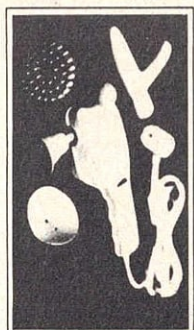
We believe the remarkable 'Plus 5' will become a natural and exciting part of your lovemaking. It is so effective, in fact, that it can enable many women to reach true orgasm for the first time! It adds a bonus of intensified sensations for both of you. It helps make both of you better lovers by making sex fun and exciting again.

What Forum says

Bettina Arndt, Psychologist and Editor of the famous Australian 'Forum' magazine, is unstinting in her praise of the 'Plus 5'. She says: '... it is light and comfortable to hold, simple to use, not at all offensive and ideal for women who wish to climax more easily. By far, the best in Australia.'

Comes complete

Your 'Plus 5' comes complete with five specially designed attachments (some soft and fleshy, others firmer) and is ready to use the minute you get it. Simply plug into any 240v power point and turn on. It has two speeds — bold or fine —



needs no maintenance, has almost two metres of flex. Unlike fearsome sex-shop devices, the 'Plus 5' will not wake your neighbours, or pump-

mel you like a Sumo wrestler. It is gentle. It is teasing. It is an inhibition relaxer. Including instruction leaflet, it comes to you certified mail postpaid, for only \$26.95.

The male dome

This is an optional extra attachment you can buy for \$4.50. It takes the form of a flexible cap, which cups your glans, and as it is slowly moved about, transfers the 'Plus 5' sensations from corona to meatus, with a tingling effect that can reach incredible intensity.

We believe the 'Plus 5' is the best investment any couple can make in exploring their sexual response. Send your order today — write to TINMIN, PO Box 118, Woollahra NSW 2025 or telephone your credit card order giving your name, address, credit card type and number and expiry date to 02-326 1932.

SEND THIS COUPON TODAY

TO: TINMIN PTY LTD, PO BOX 118 WOOLLAHRA 2025

Please send me Plus 5's at \$26.95 each and male domes at \$4.50 each, for which I enclose \$..... by cheque/money order.

Name

Address

Postcode

BANKCARD/DINERS CLUB/AMERICAN EXPRESS

Name Expiry Date

Signature Amount \$.....

MALE DOME



Do you want to see two of the biggest

names in the photographic business?

fletcher's & Ricoh

Go to any of the Fletchers Photographics Stores and ask for a free demonstration of the complete Ricoh photographic range ... priced from \$74.00 to \$359.00. They'll show you a Ricoh camera to suit your every need ... every situation. Fully recommended by Australia's leading photographic retailer ...

Ricoh KR-10 (illustrated)
Fully automatic with manual override, accepts full range of interchangeable lenses and accessories ... simplicity of operation ... at a realistic price.
RICOH KR-10 under \$300 — lenses and accessories extra.



fletcher's fotografics

SYDNEY: 317 Pitt St. 235 7298 DUTY FREE. 276 Pitt St. 235 7531 • BANKSTOWN: 79 North Terrace 708 3966 • BURWOOD: 185a Burwood Road 747 5806 • CANBERRA: Caga Centre, Akuna St. Civic 47 8460 DUTY FREE: Caga Centre, Akuna St. Civic 47 3057 • MELBOURNE: 59 Elizabeth St. 61 2885 DUTY FREE: 59 Elizabeth St. 62 1938 • MELBOURNE: Lower Plaza, Southern Cross Hotel, Bourke St. 63 6099 • NEWCASTLE: 376 Hunter St. 23 048 • WOLLONGONG: 101 Crown St. 28 1979

Humphries: He's writing his book, which is an expose of Edna. That's a big bombshell that's going to hit. This is an exclusive for you. *Norm's Story* is the title of the book. This will blow the whole thing wide open. Edna will have to try to have the book suppressed, which will be very good publicity for it. Injuncting against her husband's book. He thought of calling it "Edna Dearest" but Joan Crawford's daughter really more or less beat him to that title with *Momma Dearest*. So apart from finishing various literary works of a frivolous nature, I want to devote myself to perhaps a film a year — a comic film. The thing is although we are producing wonderful Australian films there aren't enough funny films. I have a feeling that *The Club*, with marvellous actors like Frank Wilson and Jack Thompson and others in it, will be a big success because Australians love to laugh at themselves — contrary to popular belief. They just don't get enough opportunity to do so.

Penthouse: And your role will be writing and performing?

Humphries: Yes. And possibly even directing and producing. I feel that it's time an Australian Woody Allen emerged. I've waited around for him to appear. Since he's not going to I'm converting to Judaism and doing it myself.

Penthouse: Who are your favorite comedians? Who makes you laugh?

Humphries: I like most comedians because I know the difficulties involved in the job. So I admire pretty much all of them. There are some I don't think are

funny. Some who don't reach me as I know some people aren't reached by my brand of humor. But I find John Cleese is perhaps one of my favorites. I like very much old Bob Hope movies. I just like those gags — I mean I can't remember jokes. People tell me funny jokes — I can't remember them. I think it's marvellous that he can, even if he's reading them. I like Billy Connolly, the Scottish comedian very much.

Penthouse: What about Australians?

Humphries: I think Garry McDonald as Norman Gunston is very good. And I've seen some very funny things that Paul Hogan has done.

Penthouse: Edna referred to the Melbourne of her girlhood as being a good Rexona town. I guess that's changed a bit now?

Humphries: It's changed rather interestingly in that Edna of course tried to emancipate herself from the suburb of Moonee Ponds, which is now back in fashion. Moonee Ponds is now becoming a bit like Paddington in Sydney. People are moving back there and it's getting to be smarter again. So perhaps Edna's return to Moonee Ponds is something we must soon advertise. There's a street in Moonee Ponds which has now been named after her. She must be one of the very first fictitious characters in Australia to have a street named after her — it's hard to think of Edna as fictitious, isn't it? Edna's obsession with products in the early days — whether it be Rexona or whatever — hasn't changed much.

She doesn't talk about Rexona any more but there's a lot of talk about Nivea. I used to always think that there was something particularly funny about Nivea cream but I didn't know what, so I thought I'd see if the audience shared my point of view. Now I can actually bring the house down by talking about Nivea cream.

Penthouse: Despite the fact that Max Harris said he had never heard of it?

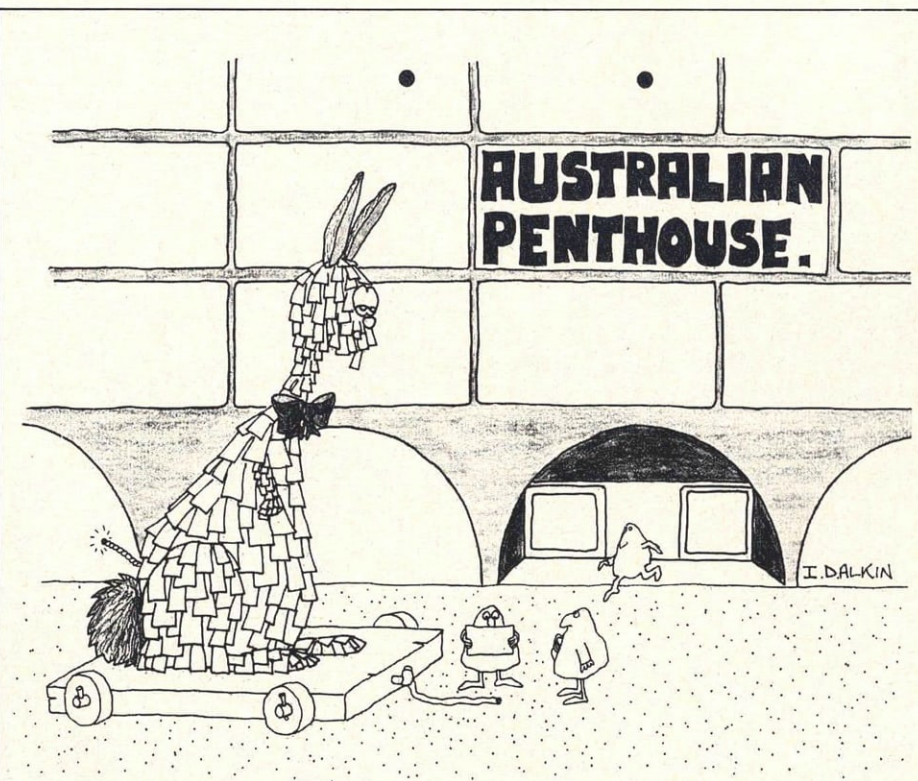
Humphries: Did he? Oh, well perhaps he hasn't heard of it, but perhaps he doesn't need to go into chemists much these days. He never goes in the sun and perhaps he's able to ask for contraceptives without ordering anything else first. He probably hasn't heard of razor blades either. But I always thought Nivea was something that you smeared and I think anything that you have to dip your fingers into is funny. I think anything you do with the index finger is funny. I've been dipping my index finger into Australian life since the early 1950s and always coming up with a smear of something funny. I always thought Zinc cream on the noses of swimmers was pretty comical. It turned everyone on the beach into clowns, and it looked very Australian too, because it resembled a kind of abo war paint.

It is just really a question of choosing something — isolating it — and if it is related to any intimate physical process then it turns out to be amusing, whether it's undressing or whatever. Eating is fairly funny. Sit in a restaurant and just watch people putting food of different colors and different textures into their mouths and moving their jaws up and down — that's pretty funny. Wiping their chins with serviettes, getting bits of spinach off their teeth. I'm going to build up a whole new show just asking the audience what they had before they came. Of course, the next stage is asking them when they last had a shit and was it firm and you'd probably get them talking about that. The minutiae of people's intimate lives is the stuff of comedy to me. It helps build up a composite picture of the audience and its group personality, and then a picture perhaps of the society itself. Then people see that some of these actions — however necessary to their survival — are also ridiculous.

Penthouse: Do you find criticism hard to accept? You've been so successful and yet occasionally there are bad reviews.

Humphries: I think every theatrical performer is an approval seeker. One of the neurotic impulses which drives you to it in the first place is a desire for approval. You know they can't hit you if they are laughing. And when one of them stops laughing and does hit you, it's chastening and disappointing to say the least. So that I respond, I think, to adverse criticism with a healthy and righteous indignation.

Luckily, I manage to weather the storm. ☐



"It says . . . 'Best wishes, from your pals at Playboy'."

Small wonder.

Small wonder that a Café Crème is one of the world's most popular small cigars.

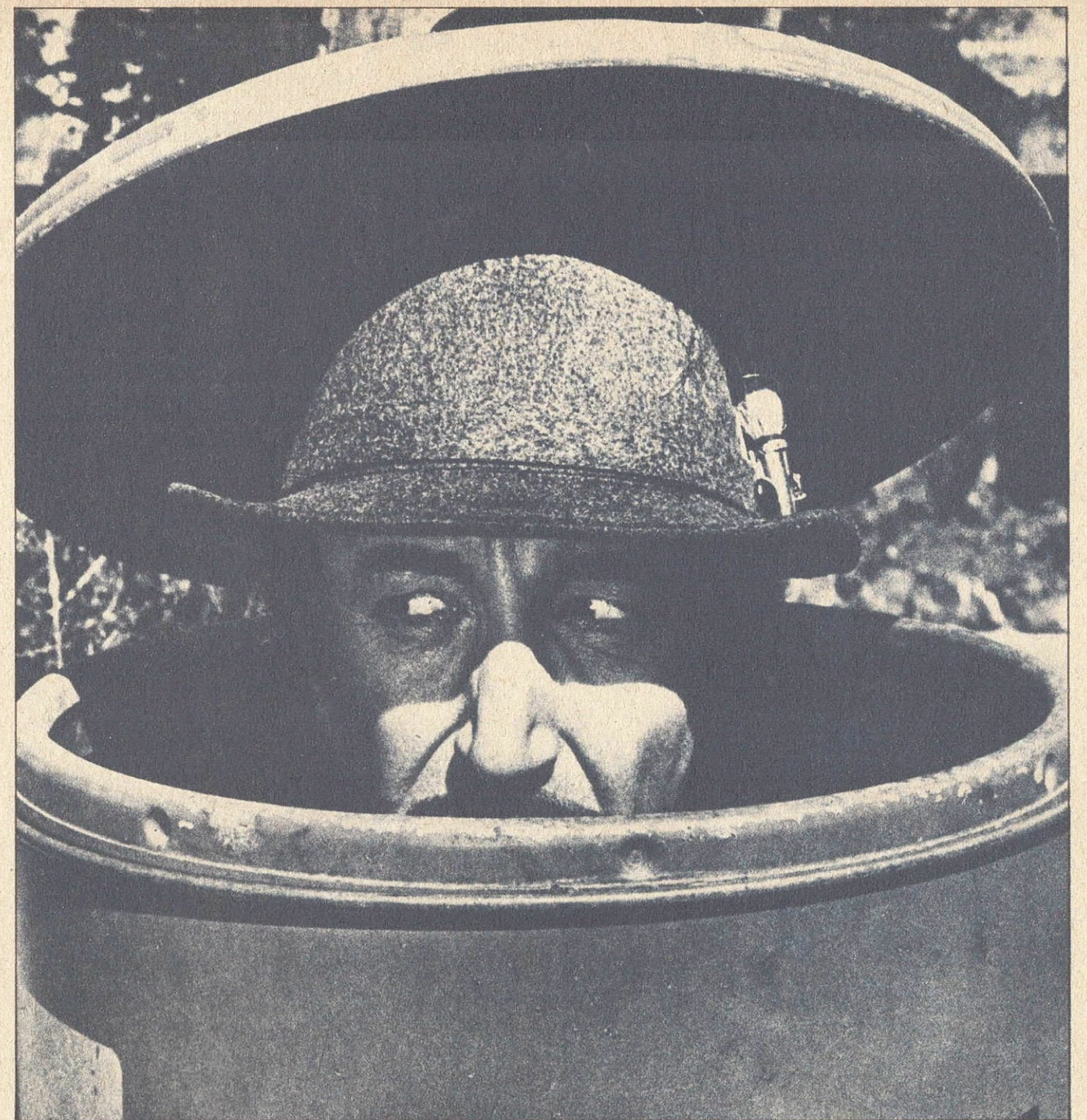
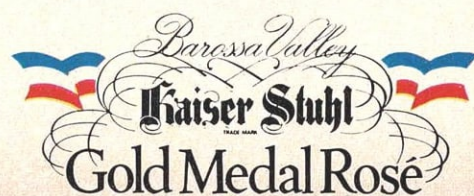
Small wonder that a Café Crème is the small cigar people ask for when a cigarette just doesn't give them enough. Try a pack and you'll understand why.



HENRI WINTERMANS.
CAFÉ CRÈME. The nicest cigars in the world.



What to have with fish.



THE LAST PETER SELLERS INTERVIEW

When *Time* magazine earlier this year ran a cover story on Peter Sellers, the actor was pictured in a variety of his more famous roles underneath the line, WHO IS THIS MAN? It was a fair question because not even Sellers, one of the greatest comic actors the screen has ever known, truly knew the answer.

"As far as I'm aware, I'm nothing — I have no personality of my own," he once told an interviewer. "I have no charac-

ter to offer the public. I have nothing to project." On another occasion he said: "Perhaps through playing so many other characters one becomes a sort of nil on one's own account." Some close friends and Sellers' three ex-wives tended to agree with him, finding him frequently withdrawn and when he was working on a film, completely obsessed with the character — or characters — he was playing. A workaholic, Sellers made more than 40 major

films in two decades, often playing more than one role. Halfway through his career he was acclaimed as the "greatest comic genius since Chaplin".

Peter Richard Henry Sellers was born "in a trunk" on September 8, 1925, at the resort town of Southsea on England's south coast, the only son of show business parents who were touring at the time. He attended 17 different schools and had scores of boarding house "homes" but never a permanent, stable environment in which to grow up.

His first experience as an entertainer was as a drummer at school, and after working with Royal Air Force musical shows during World War II he started knocking on agents' doors.

He got a job with the Windmill Theatre in London, but his first big break came in 1951 on radio with *The Goon Show*. By the time the series finished in 1959, it had made stars of Sellers and fellow Goons Spike Milligan and Harry Secombe.

Sellers moved into TV comedy roles, and in 1956 won the film part of Harry, youngest of the gang of rogues led by Alec Guinness in the comedy classic, *The Ladykillers*. In 1959 he reached film stardom with *The Mouse That Roared*, playing the roles of a prime minister, a duchess and a constable. A string of hits followed, among them *Two Way Stretch*, *The Millionairess*, *Only Two Can Play, Dr Strangelove*, *Shot In The Dark*, *What's New Pussycat*, *The Pink Panther* series and of course, his latest, *Being There*, for which he was nominated for an Academy award in the role of Chance, the gardener.

Sellers mastered at least 20 British dialects and had a flawless ear for accents of all kinds. He was a black belt judo expert, a very good photographer, drummer, cricketer and a compulsive car buyer. After fame brought him riches he owned more than 100 cars, keeping them, on average, for no more than three months.

He also had a penchant for marrying young women. Australian actress Anne Howe was 20 when they married. Britt Ekland was 21. His third wife, Miranda Quarry, was 23 and Lynne Frederick, with whom he seemed to have found a degree of true happiness at last, was 22.

Sellers suffered a major heart attack in 1964 and was clinically dead for almost three minutes. Thereafter he was plagued by health problems, although he insisted that his pace-maker enabled him to work as hard as before.

Radio personality Gordon Elliott, of Sydney's 2UW, phoned Sellers at his home in Switzerland for this interview just over a week before Sellers left for a Goon reunion in London. Sellers didn't

make the reunion and Elliott's taped interview became, in all probability, the last Peter Sellers interview.

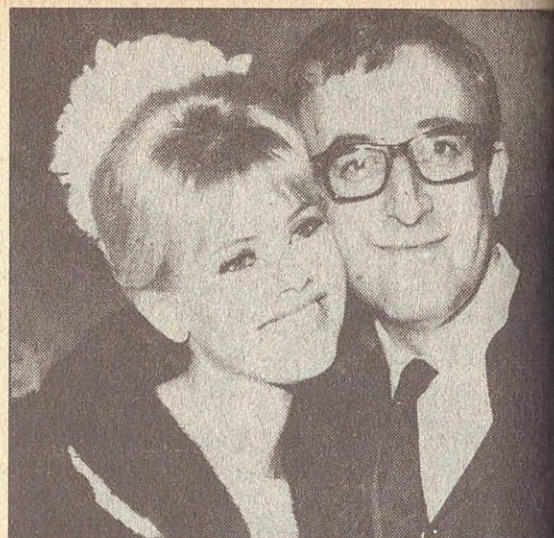
Penthouse: You've had some health problems recently and I believe you were also involved in a jet scare over the Bermuda Triangle. But you've been quoted as saying that you firmly believe you'll pass away quietly in your sleep one day. Do you think about death very much?

Sellers: Well actually that stems from something that I was told many years ago. I never usually come into contact with clairvoyants or people like that, but — this was when I was about 17 — we were staying at Gloucester and there were some nurses staying there as well. One of them was Irish and she read tea leaves.

It was quite amazing, really. She told me then about everything that has happened to me to this very day. She told me about my illness which, of course, seemed rather unlikely back then, and she told me about my success and she made the remark about dying in my sleep that you've just mentioned. She said: "When you are 75 you will die in your sleep." Well, when you're 17 that seems so far away that you don't even think about it, but now I'm almost 55 and I'm starting to think about it a bit. You know, if she's right I've got 20 years left. But the sort of death she predicted for me doesn't worry me at all. I mean



The four wives of Peter Sellers. Above: marrying Australian actress Anne Howe in 1951. The marriage broke up when Sellers confessed he was smitten by Sophia Loren, his co-star in the 1961 movie, The Millionairess; above right: marrying actress Britt Ekland in 1964 after an 11-day courtship. The stormy marriage lasted until the end of the decade; right centre: marrying London socialite Miranda Quarry in 1970; right: relaxing with his fourth wife, 25-year-old actress Lynne Frederick. Far right: Sellers and karate star Burt Kwouk, camp it up during a promotional tour of Europe.



it's really a sort of luxury death, if you know what I mean.

Penthouse: Knowing when it's coming?
Sellers: Just the luxury of going to sleep and not waking up again. This thing over the Bermuda Triangle was a bit scary. The idea of death coming suddenly occurred to me, although I must say I had this feeling, no, no, not now, it can't be now.

I had this feeling that it wouldn't happen then, even though we were floating around weightlessly in this small plane. I don't know how much is in this Bermuda Triangle thing, but it certainly happened right there.

Penthouse: What actually happened to the plane?

Sellers: Well, it was a Lear jet and we were flying at 42,000 feet and apparently the pilot had neglected to put the icing arrangements on for the jets. I don't understand the technical significance of all this, but I asked another Lear pilot about it and he said that if both engines iced up and cut out at the same time we would have been in trouble.

It was all quite frightening. The stewardess was shrieking. I'll never forget it. When the worst of it was over, when we were back at 24,000 feet, we

had a drink and I asked the pilot if he could account for it. Now whether or not he had forgotten to turn on the icing machine I don't know, but I asked him if he believed in this business about the Bermuda Triangle. He said no, he didn't believe in it at all. I'm not so sure. I've kept an open mind on that one.

Penthouse: Do you feel you've been lucky in life?

Sellers: Yes, I do. I mean I've been lucky as far as my career goes. Until now I haven't been all that lucky as far as my domestic life is concerned, but I suppose a lot of that is to do with coming from a theatrical family. My grandmother and my mother and father all worked in the entertainment industry and it was more or less a logical step that I went into it.

But aside from that I had this amazing drive that was shared with Milligan, Secombe and Bentine. I think that kind of driving force does tend to take its toll on one's personal life. I don't know whether long marriages actually do work, but I know that Lynne [Frederick] and I are terribly happy. I must say, however, that four marriages is too much. If I'd had the same luck in my personal life that I've had in my career it would have all been very different. But then again, perhaps it was meant to work out that way. It's very difficult... there are so many people in our industry who have these short marriages, people who shouldn't have married in the first place.

Take for example, the rather stupid case of Britt Ekland and myself, which, I suppose was brought about by loneliness. We should never have married and I think we realised that immediately afterward. It was just one of those things.

Penthouse: Do you have any great regrets about your personal life?

Sellers: No, not really. I've got three very nice kids. Well, they're not kids any more. I think everyone has certain feelings when it comes to looking back over a life and... let's put it this way. When I was very young and thinking about getting married I used to conjure up thoughts about the great men in history who have had great women behind them. Churchill is an example. You know, the sort of women who drive them, who spur men on to greater things.

I never got into that situation. It was always my dream, but it didn't work out that way and I can't see it working out now.

Penthouse: Do you need someone to motivate you?

Sellers: To be quite truthful about it, I don't know. My present wife, Lynne, is a great inspiration to me, despite the difference in our ages. I actually think that doesn't matter very much, although it

might if it were the other way round. Anyway, for us it works terribly well and Lynne, having been an actress, understands the problems and the price you have to pay. The price is very high. You may earn a lot of money but what you give of yourself is much more. That is, if you're serious about it.

Penthouse: But you seem to give far more than you have to. For example, why take on several roles in one movie? That's a tremendous burden for any man.

Sellers: Well, yes. But then, harking back to what I said earlier, one sometimes does things which one regrets later. You see, I find myself talked into things. Not so much these days but in the past. When I was making my early films in London I had a whole string of successes and two American agents came over looking for English artists to sign. It was when I became enmeshed with the Americans that I started to make some bad films. I think I was overawed by Hollywood. I had about 20 books about Hollywood in the old days and, of course, my first visit was spent going to the studios and gazing at all the sets and things that I'd seen as a film fan.

It was quite extraordinary really, because when I first arrived in New York I was hailed like a visiting god. I remember the entire staff of *Newsweek* turned up to a dinner for me and I was scared stiff. They must have thought me an idiot because I didn't know what to talk about. The whole point was that there was nothing to talk about. I was just a new face in films and therefore someone of interest.

Penthouse: On the subject of your film career, by all reports you're a very sensitive man. Do you worry a lot about whether the roles that you play will be well received or whether you'll be criticised?

Sellers: No, I don't worry too much about that. You can't afford to if you're a character actor as opposed to a leading man. Now a leading man has only one role to play, like Roger Moore plays Roger Moore. I mean Roger Moore in private life is the same as Roger Moore on the screen.

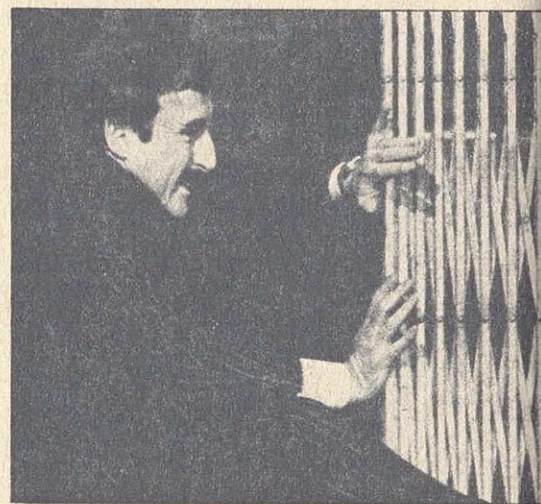
Penthouse: And Cary Grant always plays Cary Grant.

Sellers: Yes, or used to. But character actors like myself or say Alec Guinness spend hours trying to find something different, to be something different. When you're in that position I don't think it does any good to worry about it. I mean you are going to make failures, that's for sure.

But the ones I worry about are the ones that I was talked into against my better judgement. Things you know you shouldn't do but other people seem to want them. Like the Pink Panther



Inspector Clouseau, who has never doubted that he is the world's greatest detective, at work. Above: caught up with a vacuum cleaner and co-star Catherine Schell in The Return of the Pink Panther (1974); right: wrestling with an unco-operative lift door (he also had problems with a pond and a globe); far right: getting a parrot to verify his police ID in The Pink Panther Strikes Again (1976). Below right: a jovial Sellers answers questions at a 1974 press conference after the release of The Return of the Pink Panther. Sellers' share of the Panther sequels is said to have been around \$4 million — making him extremely rich.



series. We've done about five or six now and I'll do one more and that will be it. With Blake Edwards' permission we've written a whole new side into the character of Inspector Clouseau, so that as I bow out people will be able to see him in the way that I think he should be remembered. It'll be a nice way to say goodbye to Clouseau and I think it will be the best film of the series. We start making that in November.

Penthouse: The character of Chance Gardiner, which you played in *Being There* must have been one of the most difficult roles of your career, because he seemed to lack any real character at all. It must have been hard to keep him so neutral throughout the film.

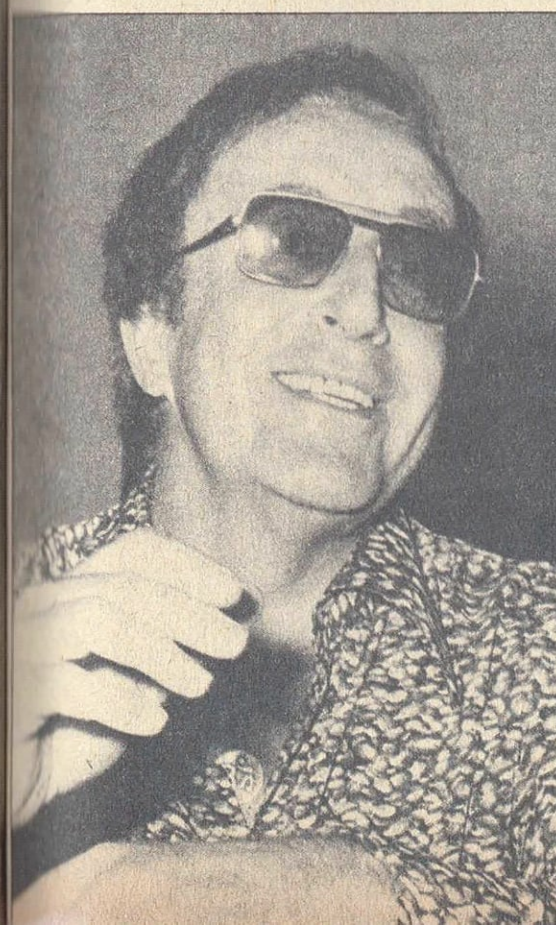
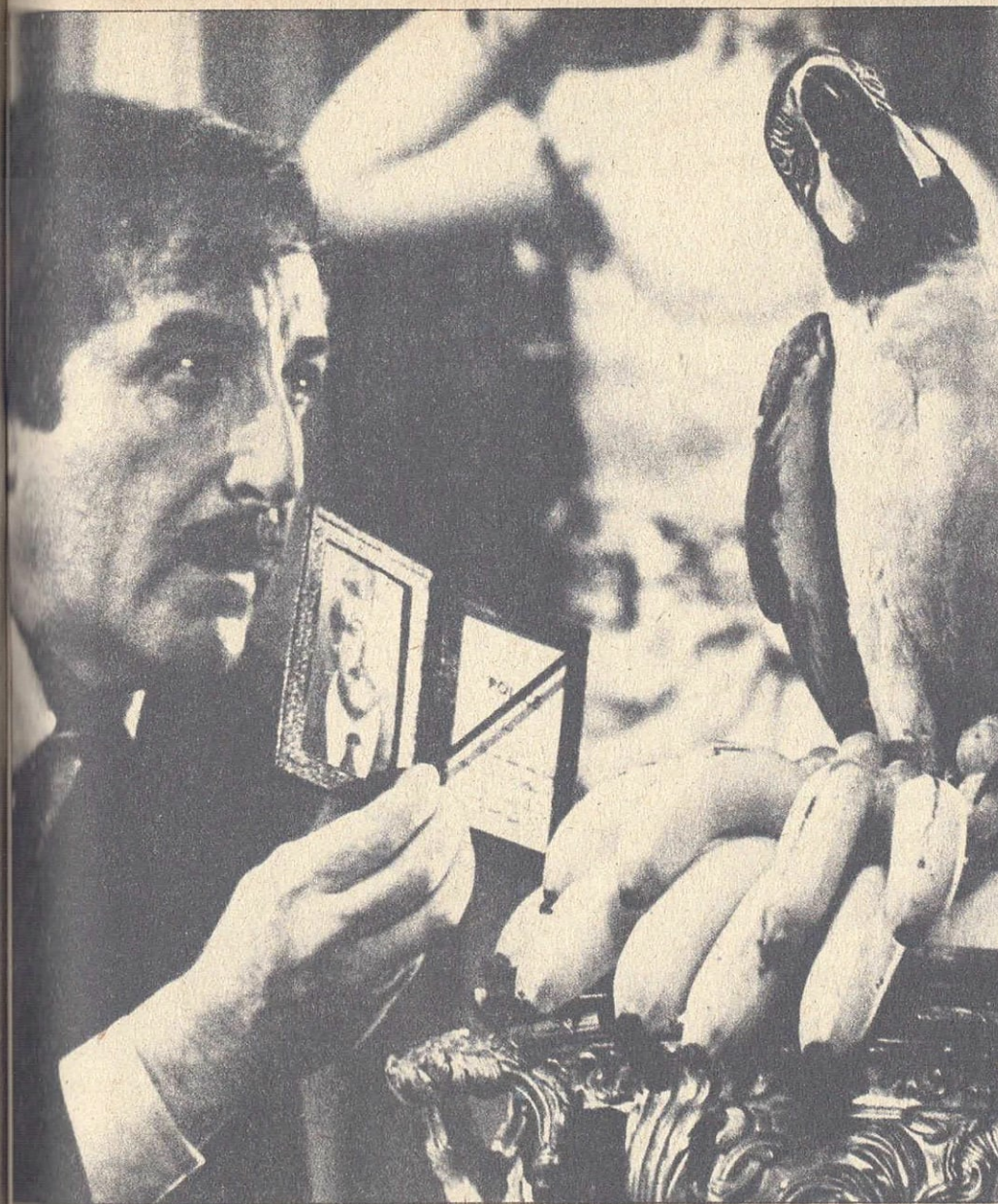
Sellers: Yes, it was very difficult to play, had to be played absolutely on the knife's edge as it were, if the credibility of the film was to be maintained. I mean if one had shown any inner character, any sense of intelligence or understanding of events, then the whole film could have gone down the drain. If the audience had felt that there was something else to Chance, something which

motivated him, the mood would have been lost.

Penthouse: I understand that you'd wanted to play the part since you read the Jerzy Kosinski novel back in 1972. What was it about Chance that attracted you?

Sellers: Well, I liked the setting for one thing. I'd never read Kosinski before and, as it turns out, this was the only satire he'd written, but I was very much attracted to the idea of someone being shut away in a monastic kind of life, and then going out into the world and seeing it as it is now. I imagine, for example that as a child he lived in quite a posh neighborhood but now it's a ghetto.

And the other thing that appealed to me was the idea that people don't listen when you speak to them. You must have noticed this in everyday life. I mean it's very rare that you find somebody has heard everything you've said and is not poised to say something immediately your mouth has stopped moving. Usually they have their thoughts ready to spring, and sometimes they're not even that polite, they



just break in on you. The role of Chance explored all these ideas.

Penthouse: Your career has been based on mastering complex characters. How do you prepare? What do you take on first — the voice, the look, the walk?

Sellers: Well, my background is the years that I worked for the BBC as a voice man. I spent several years doing the Goons and other series and the more voices you could do, the more work you got. So I think my approach to a character has always been to find the voice first and build the rest around it. Other actors go to great pains to build up the visual image and then get a voice to fit it, I work in the reverse way.

Penthouse: I read that your career in radio started when you impersonated two people who referred you to the head of the BBC.

Sellers: Yes, that's quite right.

Penthouse: You must have been a cheeky lad.

Sellers: Well, when you're that age you're itching to get somewhere and you'll do just about anything. I doubt that I'd do that now, but you know, we

were just out of the Windmill Theatre and nothing was happening. Five shows a day for 25 quid a week and the audience was coming to see the girls, not me. But it was a good place to be seen by agents so I stuck it out. Well, when I say I stuck it out I did one season and I wasn't asked to do another, fortunately. I wanted to get into the BBC but it was very much a closed shop. They spoke in hushed tones as if it were the inside of Westminster Abbey. It was strange, but I was willing to do anything to get in.

Penthouse: Of all the characters you've played, who are the favorites?

Sellers: I suppose the characters I've enjoyed playing most are those I did in the *Goon Show* because they were based on real life characters, and as crazy as they sounded I think that's why people identified with them. I also enjoyed the characters I played in the two Stanley Kubrick films I did — Quilty in *Lolita* (because he was a complete weirdo) and Group Captain Mandrake and Dr Strangelove in that film.

Penthouse: A lot of people have commented that you must have met Henry Kissinger to have portrayed Strangelove the way you did.

Sellers: No. Actually it was only later that we came to see there was a physical resemblance. Strangelove was based on Dr Werner von Braun. You know, the chap who worked on rockets for the Germans then went to America at the end of the war.

Penthouse: How many characters do you play in *The Tales of Fu Manchu*, which is soon to be released here?

Sellers: Oh, just the traditional two. I play Fu Manchu and Superintendent Smith of Scotland Yard. It's an excursion into the ridiculous, bordering on the sort of stuff we used to do on the *Goon Show*. Very tongue in cheek, but I think some people might miss the humor completely because we play it very straight.

Penthouse: I'm looking forward to Prince Charles ascending the throne because I know what a great Goon fan he is and I hope that he'll order the Goons back together for a Royal Command performance.

Sellers: Well, there is some talk of a reunion. I've been trying to get together with Spike since he got back from Australia to talk about doing one more series.

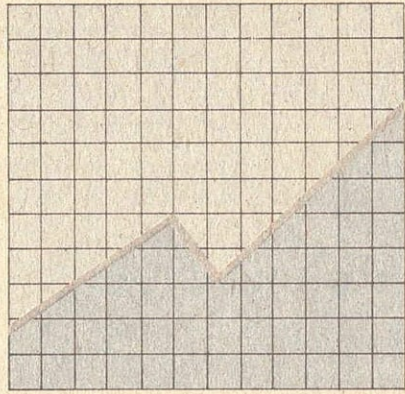
Penthouse: Do you think Spike will be in it?

Sellers: Oh yes, of course. If it comes about it will be the three of us again. I'd make myself available and I'm sure that Harry would. I think we should only do about six. I really don't know how far we're going to get with all this but it's an attempt. I think we're ready to sit down and talk about it anyway. ☐

PENTHOUSE PSYCHOGRAPH

Thirty-two questions to see if
you're ready to deal with liberated women.

YOU AND THE NEW WOMAN



There may still be women out there who want to stay at home, making babies and sultana cake. But if there are, they're getting harder and harder to find.

The female of the species has liberated herself. This psychograph will tell you whether you've liberated *yourself* enough to deal with her successfully.

The questions in this psychograph go to the heart of male-female relationships. They are not easy to answer honestly; you'll probably have to make an effort not to lie to yourself. Questions that touch on one's masculinity can hit some tender nerves. But remember this: if you can't answer these questions honestly, it's *prima facie* evidence that you're not ready to deal with the new woman.

1. Have you ever received flowers from a woman?
(a) yes
(b) no
2. Would it *bother* you to receive flowers from a woman, particularly if they were delivered to you in the presence of your co-workers?
(a) yes, a lot
(b) perhaps a little
(c) no, not at all
3. Could you respect a woman who had sex with you primarily to fulfil her own needs and not because she was fond of you?
(a) yes
(b) no
4. How do you feel about this statement: "I expect women to take the steps necessary to prevent pregnancy. Basically, contraception is the woman's responsibility"?
(a) agree
(b) disagree
5. Have you ever lied to a woman about the amount of previous sexual experience you've had?
(a) yes
(b) no
6. Do you think careers in engineering, physics, and math are basically unfeminine?
(a) yes
(b) no
7. If you had a son, would you give him dolls to play with?

- (a) sure
(b) perhaps
(c) not unless he asked for them
(d) not under any circumstances
8. If you were assured that vasectomies could be reversed, would you have one?
(a) yes
(b) no
(c) I'm not sure
9. You are highly attracted to a woman. You hope that the attraction evolves into a deep, lasting relationship. The first time you go to bed with her, you find out that she's more experienced in exotic love-making techniques than you had suspected. How do you feel about the discovery?
(a) I think it's great; the more she knows about making love, the more fun we'll have
(b) I might be disappointed that she isn't as "virginal" as I had thought, but I wouldn't let that sabotage the relationship.
(c) I'd forget the girl; I wouldn't want to continue a serious relationship with a woman who had obviously slept around
10. If you had kids, would you consider taking time off from work (paternity leave) to take care of them?
(a) yes, men should be more involved in raising children

- (b) probably not — it's a nice idea but not very practical; you just can't afford to take time out from your career
(c) no, it's a dumb idea
11. Have you ever regularly gone out with a woman who worked or was studying in the same field as you and was more skilled than you?
(a) yes
(b) no
12. How do you feel about this statement: "I could never love a truly brilliant woman, because I'd feel like an idiot"?
(a) agree
(b) disagree
13. How do you feel about this statement: "A woman who pursues her career can never be a really good mother"?
(a) agree
(b) disagree
14. Would you say this statement describes you: "I want to make something of myself; I don't like staying in one place or one job too long"?
(a) yes
(b) no
15. Would you say this statement comes close to describing you: "I'm impatient and can't stand people who don't make quick decisions"?
(a) yes
(b) no
16. Have you ever lived with, or dated seriously, a woman who earned more than you?
(a) yes
(b) no
17. Have you ever lived with or dated *for more than three years* a woman who earned more than you?
(a) yes
(b) no
18. Do you agree or disagree with this statement: "Women, by their nature, are not so aggressive as men"?
(a) agree
(b) disagree
19. With which of these statements would you be most likely to agree:

- (a) in general, women are more petty than men
(b) men and women can both be rather petty
(c) in general, men are more petty than women
20. Are women more sensitive than men?
(a) yes
(b) no
21. Are women more emotional than men?
(a) yes
(b) no
22. Do you think that women take offence and feel insulted more easily than men?
(a) yes
(b) no
23. Do you agree or disagree with this statement: "For a relationship to succeed, it's important that the woman should be able to lean on the man and look up to him"?
(a) agree
(b) disagree
24. When you meet a woman, do you make pretentious, pompous statements . . . things you wouldn't say to men because they'd consider you full of hot air?
(a) yes
(b) no
25. Would you be able to love a woman if you found out that she had had a lesbian relationship?
(a) yes, what's past is past
(b) I think I could, but it wouldn't be easy
(c) no, the idea of screwing a lesbian might excite me, but I could not love her
26. If you were going to be married and your fiancée asked you to adopt her last name instead of her adopting yours, what would you do?
(a) I'd tell her to shove it
(b) I wouldn't do it, but I wouldn't ask her to adopt my name
(c) I'd try for a compromise: I'd add her last name to mine
(d) I'd do it if she said she wanted me to very badly
(e) why not? — women have been doing the same for centuries

27. How do you feel about this statement: "A man and woman can never really be 'just' friends. Sex is always in the background"?
(a) I agree
(b) I don't think it's easy, but it's possible
(c) I disagree
28. Are men more rational than women?
(a) yes
(b) no
29. Does it bother you if a woman tells you about her former lovers?
(a) yes
(b) no
30. Are women more devious and scheming than men?
(a) yes
(b) no
31. Would it bother you if your friends saw you riding in a car with a woman driving?
(a) sure, the man should drive
(b) no, I don't think it makes any difference who drives
32. Do you think that men stand to gain just as much from the women's movement as women do?
(a) yes
(b) no

22. a. 1 b. 3
23. a. 1 b. 3
24. a. 1 b. 5
25. a. 4 b. 2 c. 0
26. a. 0 b. 2 c. 2 d. 3 e. 3
27. a. 1 b. 2 c. 3
28. a. 1 b. 3
29. a. 1 b. 2
30. a. 1 b. 3
31. a. 0 b. 3
32. a. 3 b. 1

If you scored 88-100 points:

Are you sure you answered all the questions honestly? It's highly unusual for any male born into our society more than 15 years ago to be that free of sexual stereotypes. It would be a rare man who could overcome his upbringing so completely. If you are that rare man, congratulations; you must be the dream man of every liberated woman.

70-87 points:

You've done a good job freeing yourself from sexual stereotypes. You're the type of man that most sophisticated, high-achieving women are looking for. You treat women as equals and are not threatened by their successes.

50-69 points:

Like most men today, you're caught in the middle. You were brought up to believe that women should wear white gloves and be secretaries, and now you discover that they're after your job. You've made an effort to adapt to the changing times, and you've been relatively successful. You try to treat women differently than you used to, but you're not certain you know what they want.

33-49 points:

You're a traditionalist. Today's new woman wouldn't touch you with a barge pole. Of course, that doesn't bother you, since you believe she's full of feminist crap. You may end up a very lonely man, however, since the pool of traditionalist women seems to be shrinking rapidly. Why do you have such a need to be the Dominant Male? If you can loosen up a bit, you may find that your life will become considerably more pleasant.

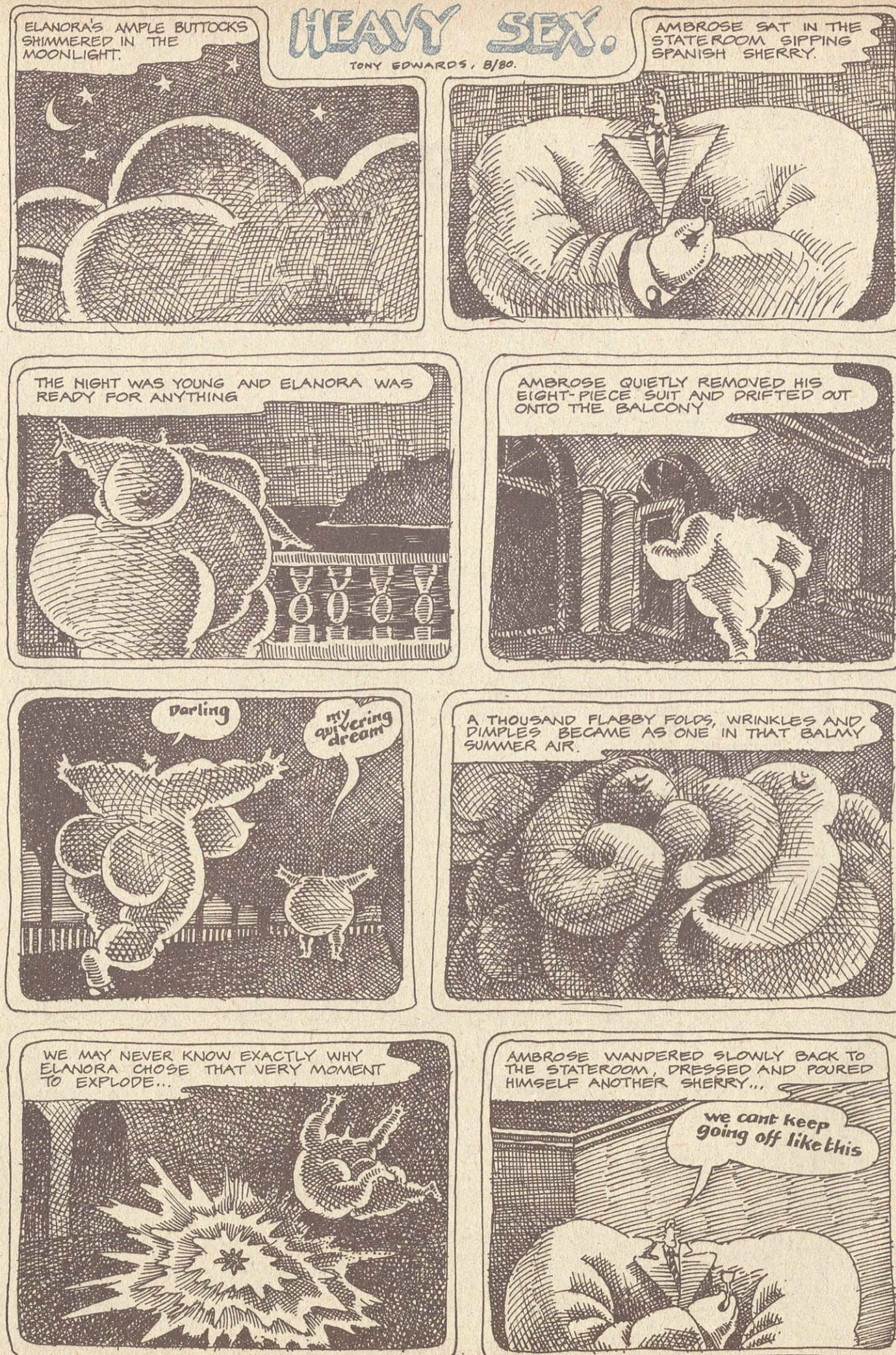
20-32 points:

You are an unreconstructed caveman. They may put you in a museum soon. In this day and age it would be unusual for any man to be so thoroughly imbued with the old sexual double standard. Do you really believe all the answers you gave? Or are you projecting a facade to disguise a general fear of women? 

SCORING

Each answer has been assigned a point value. To find your score, add up the points of the answers you chose.

1. a. 4 b. 0
2. a. 1 b. 2 c. 3
3. a. 3 b. 1
4. a. 0 b. 3
5. a. 1 b. 4
6. a. 0 b. 3
7. a. 3 b. 1 c. 1 d. 0
8. a. 3 b. 0 c. 1
9. a. 3 b. 2 c. 0
10. a. 3 b. 1 c. 0
11. a. 4 b. 1
12. a. 1 b. 3
13. a. 1 b. 3
14. a. 1 b. 2
15. a. 1 b. 2
16. a. 2 b. 0
17. a. 5 b. 1
18. a. 1 b. 3
19. a. 0 b. 3 c. 0
20. a. 1 b. 3
21. a. 1 b. 3



Jeep Renegade. As much fun getting there as being there.



Photograph of Australian participant in the 1979 Jeepers Jamboree held in the Sierra Nevada Mountains U.S.A.

The great outdoors start the moment you climb aboard your Jeep CJ Renegade. With the hard top easily removed and only the sky above the adventure begins as the wheels turn.

You and your Jeep CJ start avoiding the easy way and go looking for challenges. You seek out tracks, hills, water splashes and obstacles to measure Jeep CJ's abilities and give you a chance to test your skill.

Suddenly driving is fun all over again in a way you'd almost forgotten was possible. Places you would have passed up as too difficult to get to become favourite spots to visit in your Jeep CJ Renegade.

That's because it's different from any off-roader you've ever considered — by about a decade.

For a start it's automatic. Not just the transmission. There's a Jeep exclusive system called Quadra-Trac® which automatically distributes the power between front and rear axles as required. This gives you maximum traction at all times. When a tyre starts to lose grip more torque goes to the tyres with traction thereby pushing or pulling you through any obstruction. You run four wheel drive all the time — on road or off it. No need to disengage hubs.

All you do when the going gets rough is feed in the power as you need it. The Jeep Quadra-Trac will keep you moving in conditions you just wouldn't believe possible.

With both hands on the wheel all the time and the power continually engaged you can literally feel your way along on the throttle.

You do all this in the comfort of denim seats (and protected when you prefer by the one piece lightweight polycarbonate hard top. It's quick on and off and resists denting or scratching). Your steering is adjustable with a softly padded rim. Your front brakes are discs and self cleaning. You ride on big wide traction tyres on white spoked wide rim wheels.

So get yourself behind the wheel of a Jeep CJ Renegade. Head for the hills, the rivers, the forest, the desert.

As much fun as being there?
It's the greatest fun you'll have all year.

Jeep Renegade is supplied with a one piece polycarbonate hardtop. Roll bar padding and night running lights on illustrations are additional dealer options.

Jeep CJ Renegade A decade ahead.



For the name of your nearest Jeep Dealer, and for further information, contact any of the following Jeep Distributors: N.S.W., A.C.T. & N.T.: **Renault (Australia) Pty. Ltd.**, 789 Botany Road, Rosebery, N.S.W. 2018. Phone Sydney 6692366, Lic. No. 575. **VIC.**, **RIVERINA & TAS.**: Bill Patterson-Cheney Ltd., 200 Cheltenham Road, Dandenong, Vic. 3175. Phone Melbourne 7983200, L.M.C.T. 578. **QLD. & NTHN. RIVERS, N.S.W.**: Eagers (Jeep) 11-13 Evelyn Street, Newstead, Qld. 4006. Phone Brisbane 2539209. **W.A.**: Jeepville, 93-95 Scarborough Beach Road, Mt. Hawthorn, W.A. 6016. Phone 4447122. Lic. No. 2811.



We wrote the book on four wheel drive.
Compton JA089/C



Driving for fun may be on the way out, but off-road aficionados haven't heard the news.

RVs **THE MOTORIST'S LAST STAND**

BY RIC WILLIAMS

Recreational vehicles — RVs as they are known in the trade — could be the last stand for the motorist who wants to remain an individual. Away from the wide open spaces, motoring is being pushed to conform with the politicians' demands to save fuel and reduce pollution whether the motorist wants it or not. It is pretty safe to say the motorist does not want it. In Europe, raising the price of petrol to a few cents less than \$3.50 a gallon has done almost nothing to cut consumption. Car designers have found a way to make engines both cleaner and more efficient but the pressure is still there to get people out of small, personal vehicles and in to



Far left: the International Scout Traveler. Above: the Suzuki LJ80. Left: the Jeep Cherokee is available in two and four-door versions.

public transport. In the world of RVs, all these things do not seem to matter as much. It is basic motoring and the dreaded future is still a long way off.

RVs cover a wide spectrum. They include trail bikes, caravans, motor homes, campmobiles, hovercraft and many other types of driven vehicles that form part of, or even all of, particular recreational pursuits. The spearhead of the movement, the one which created the biggest sales impact of the Seventies, is the four-wheel drive.

The first mass-production of four-wheel drives began during World War II. Ford and Willys produced the General Purpose Combat Vehicle (GP), or Jeep, as it came to be known.

The original Jeep was a marvel of no-nonsense simplicity and reliability. It was designed for the most severe conditions imaginable and, even if it looked mundane, the practicality of things like its spring steel chassis, and headlights that could be turned inside out to light up the engine bay endeared it to thousands of soldiers.

After the war, many ex-servicemen realised the Jeep would be ideal for their particular industrial or sporting activities. Willys Motors saw the market potential and released the first Jeep CJ (Civilian Jeep). Today, the Jeep, now built by American Motors Corporation, is the top-selling four-wheel drive in the world — an amazing feat, considering the number and the strength of some of its other competitors.

If Jeep have dominated the 4WD sales in many countries, then Australia must, until recently, have been an enigma. Several times over the past 10 years local distributors have been appointed to promote and service the product. All failed dismally.

In the mid-Seventies, a local distributor tried to break into the 4WD boom using basic, poorly-assembled and prepared CJ5 and CJ6 Jeeps.

The attempt was a disaster. Some customers took legal action and others claimed they had been "hoodwinked" into believing that their 1976 Jeep was new when the compliance plate was clearly stamped 1974.

In a last-ditch effort American Motors undertook a big and costly market survey to find out what the Australian buyer really wanted in a four-wheel drive.

The result of that survey is evidenced today in the Jeep showrooms around the country. Jeep Australia are now firmly committed to capturing a healthy share of the market. To date, they have concentrated on the "up-market" or the buyer who wants the best available. At around \$11,600, the Jeep Renegade is the baby of the fleet, but it offers things like disc brakes, automatic transmission, tilt steering wheel, wide spoke wheels and tyres, denim trim, lift-off top, roll bar, carpeting

and full instrumentation, all as standard equipment. It is the "trendiest" 4WD available at the moment, probably because it combines reasonable comfort and good equipment levels with its off-road capabilities.

If Jeep's Renegade doesn't quite match some people's idea of what a 4WD should look like, then perhaps the Jeep Cherokee does.

The Cherokee is loaded. Standard equipment includes power steering, disc brakes, automatic transmission, tilt steering, electric rear windows, map lights, AM/FM radio with an 18-channel CB built in, and so on. There is even a light in the ashtray.

Happily for Jeep Australia, the Cherokee has been an unqualified sales success. With a choice of two and four-door versions, plus more standard equipment than most people would have considered fitting as options, Jeep has quickly cut into the "luxury" market previously monopolised by the Range Rover.

Leyland's Range Rover has about as much in common with the original Land-rover as the Cherokee has with the original Jeep. The Jeep and Landrover have been around for so long that many people, until quite recently, regarded all four-wheelers as either Jeeps or Land-rovers.

To some extent, Leyland in Australia never quite came to grips with the RV market of the Seventies. Perhaps internal problems and government supply contracts kept them busy enough. One attempt was with the Landrover Game — a jazzed-up hardtop that could only be bought in one color, Yellow Devil. Unfortunately, it didn't enthuse the dyed-in-the-wool Landrover buffs and it wasn't enough to swing other potential buyers.

The recently-released V8 Landrover could be another story. The V8 brings together the benefits of the boxy Landrover body and the proven engine and drivetrain of the popular Range Rover. It could be enough to revitalise interest in the "old" Landy.

There is only a handful of motor vehicles locally available which are hard to buy and appear to increase in value when second-hand. Until recently, one of those was the Range Rover — and not without good reason.

Released almost 10 years ago, Leyland's smooth-riding off-roader was a sensation and an over-night sellout. The Range Rover was unique in that it combined first-class comfort, performance, handling, braking, seating for five, appearance, and up-to-the-minute design, all within a package that could still tackle the worst road conditions.

Even today the Range Rover has not lost its appeal. It still looks modern and still retains its prestige, or "snob appeal". Owners of other vehicles are often



Above top: the V8 Landrover — it could be enough to revitalise interest in the "old" Landy. Above: Subaru's 4WD Leone Station Wagon. has earned a solid reputation. Right top: Range Rover. Right: the baby of the Jeep fleet — the Renegade. Right bottom: Toyota's Landcruiser is the largest-selling 4WD in Australia. Below: the Datsun Patrol is the only possible threat to Landcruiser's market stranglehold.



cynical of Range Rover owners. To them, the idea of owning a stylish or a "clean" off-road machine is just not on, but Range Rover owners are too busy enjoying their investment to worry about such things.

At the other end of the scale, there is the little Suzuki. Released in 1974, the first Suzukis were powered by a 539cc three-cylinder, two-stroke engine. If you took into account the past history of two-stroke engined cars in Australia you would have predicted a not too rosy future for the Suzuki LJ50 series. Luckily, the word quickly spread that this pint-sized excuse for an ORV (off-road vehicle) was, in reality, a giant-killer. Owners of larger 4WDs had to eat their words as the little Suzukis buzzed, climbed, crawled and slogged their way through obstacles which stopped the bigger machinery dead in their tracks.

Unfortunately, the two-stroker could not meet the ever tightening Australian emission requirements so, in 1977, the Japanese released a four-cylinder, four-stroke engined LJ80 Suzuki. With a wider track and more power from a cleaner-running, more economical engine, the Suzuki 4WD has captured and held on to the second-largest share of the 4WD market after Toyota.

One of the lesser-known attributes of the 4-cylinder Suzuki is its quietness. Primary producers appreciate the way the vehicle can be driven through herds without disrupting the animals.

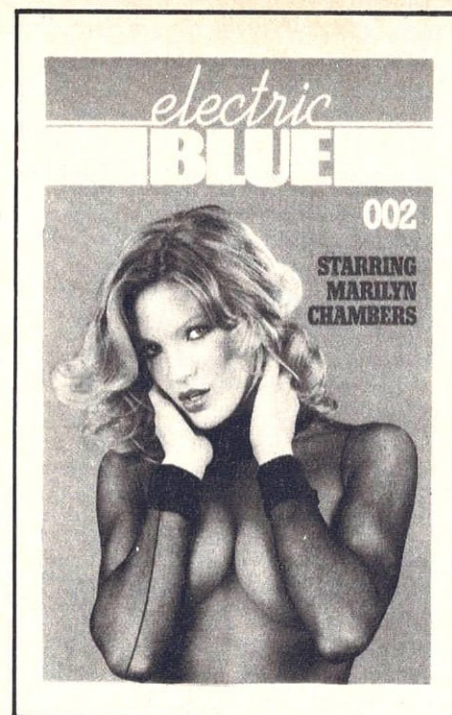
Hot on the heels of the Suzuki is Daihatsu. Daihatsu first introduced a 1000cc version which offered a larger body than the Zook, but its performance on the highway was disappointing. The problem was solved with the introduction of the 1600cc model which has proved quite popular.

Daihatsu also has the new 2.5 litre diesel, which combines good performance and low-cost running.

For many people the smaller Suzukis and Daihatsus seem to lack many creature comforts, so they turn to the Subaru 4WD Leone Station Wagon. Also introduced in the mid-Seventies, the Subaru has earned a solid reputation. The original 1400cc models have a few "bugs", but the 1600cc version made up the ground.

Subaru 4WDs provide two-wheel drive through the front wheels, with connection of the rear wheels by a selector. Whereas other 4WDs use a transfer case to provide low-range of gears for off-road work, the Subaru had to make do with the regular road ratios. The latest 1800cc Subaru now has a transfer case, plus a bit more squirt into the bargain. Wrongly hailed as a poor man's Range Rover, the Subaru is a first-class vehicle with a reputation for reliability and economy.

For the family man, the Subaru may be a little small. If so, there is always the International Scout Traveler. Like Jeep, the



Paul Raymond presents for video connoisseurs his second quarterly adult video magazine.

Imagine on your own TV set, the nudest Joanna Lumley, Lesley Ann Down, and Brigitte Bardot, moving in top quality colour.

If you have never seen a nude disco on your TV you had better buy Electric Blue 002.

REMEMBER 001 IS STILL AVAILABLE!!

Cut out this order form and send to:-
Electric Blue (Australasia)
P.O. Box 320,
Toorak, Victoria, 3142

PRICE:		
001 & 002	\$69.95 each	\$75.00 N.Z.
Both	\$125.00	\$135.00 N.Z.

ORDER FORM

Please send me:-
001 ☐ 002 ☐ Both ☐

Name
Address

I declare I am over 18 years old and enclose a cheque for \$

BANKCARD No.

I use a:-
☐ V.H.S. ☐ Betacord ☐ Phillips System
☐ 1500 ☐ 1700

Signature

Scout has been here before, but don't mention them to farmers.

If the old Scouts were troublesome, then the current model is a peacemaker. The top of the range is the 118" wheelbase Traveler which offers the largest amount of interior room of any 4WD passenger-carrying vehicle on the market, yet is smaller externally than Toyota's Landcruiser wagon. Rear cargo length, with the back seat folded, is more than six feet!

Powered by a 5.6 litre V8 (the same motor as in some ACCO trucks), the Traveler was the first automatic four-wheel drive to be marketed in Australia. It also comes with a full warranty on the engine for 100,000km or 2½ years.

No comment on the ORV scene could be complete without mentioning Toyota. The Landcruiser is the largest-selling four-wheel drive in Australia, accounting for almost half the 4WD sales.

With a variety of hardtops, soft-tops, station wagons, trucks and now popular Hi-Lux 2000cc utility, Toyota is a hard nut to crack.

Its reputation for strength, reliability, parts availability and service outlets is second to none. Landcruisers are the preferred vehicle of many government departments, especially the police.

The Toyota Landcruiser Club of Australia is the outstanding 4WD club in the country. The Sydney branch, (more than 400) vehicle-owning members, is one of the largest motoring clubs in Australia.

The only possible threat to Landcruiser's stranglehold on the 4WD market is the new 1980 Datsun Patrol. The Patrol has always been the poor sister in sales against the Landcruiser — the Patrol had its best selling periods when Landcruisers were hard to get — but the 1980 model is a sign of things to come.

Powered by a 3.3 litre diesel engine, the Datsun offers disc brakes, tinted glass, rear seat, radials, removable top, 4-speed all synchro gearbox and dual

batteries as standard equipment. Air conditioning and power steering are optional, while the 3.9 litre petrol version can be had with automatic transmission. A far cry from the old agricultural/military truck-based recreational vehicles, the Patrol is the first of the new generation four-wheel drives.

In the next 12 months Nissan, Toyota, Suzuki, Daihatsu, Isuzu, and maybe even Mitsubishi will introduce completely new ORVs to Australia. Like the Patrol, they will be true multi-purpose vehicles, equally at home in the bush or driving to the office during the week.

Lastly, there are the off-road race vehicles and two-wheel drive ORVs.

Off-road racing really started in 1967. The route was Tijuana to La Paz, along the Baja peninsula. The occasion was the first Mexican 1000, better known as the Baja 1000. Baja hides some of the most rugged terrain on the North American continent, with hostile mountains and arid desert as lethal as a viper.

The vehicles which ran that race were remarkable. One spectator, now a famous race chassis builder, recalls seeing a car with kitchen chairs bolted to a VW floorpan.

From that day on the sport gained rapid popularity in the US and Australia. In the early Seventies a bright PR man, Don Gibb, with a little help from BP Australia's race manager, John Price, started it all with the first BP Sunraysia Desert Rallies. These early events were to develop into today's professional off-road races such as the BP Monroe Wylie 400 at Goondiwindi, the BP 250, Griffith, the BP Mallee Rally, Hattah, and several others.

Off-road racing has become the most popular participant motor sport in Australia today, drawing up to 265 competitors at an event.

The course usually consists of a variety of formed roads, rocky creek beds, gravel tracks, grass surfaces and desert waste lands.

The vehicles are grouped in six classes, of which the first three are space-framed formulas mostly based on VW components, and others are for four-wheel drives and specially-prepared rally cars that make up the sedan class.

The sport is a real turn-on. You race your competitors, and you duel with the terrain.

Deep down, you know the terrain always has the edge — whoop-de-doo — (big humps on the ground), boulders or hidden gullies mean the retirement rate of cars during an event runs as high as 50 percent. Just to finish is a major personal achievement.

It's excitement like this which is part of the future for RVs, and which makes it probable that of all types of motor transport, RVs are the ones whose future is least in doubt.



ARE YOU GETTING YOUR SHARE?

Are You Making The 10 Basic Mistakes With Girls?

A Plain Looking Guy Actually Has An Added Advantage In The Conquest Of Good Looking Girls!

The difference between having a great time with sexy single girls and spending another lonely night on your own is simple the difference between two tiny words "Yes" and "No".

Just think about it, if you could turn the knock-backs into a firm and delighted "Yes!" when you asked a girl out, wouldn't life be terrific.

And now you can.

You don't have to be good looking.

In fact, being a good looking guy can count against you.

You don't have to be rich or educated.

YOU SIMPLY HAVE TO STOP BEING DUMB WITH GIRLS! And we are going to show you why you are having so much trouble with girls. You will learn why girls won't go to bed with you.

ARE YOU TOUGH ENOUGH TO TAKE THE SEX APPEAL TEST?

The Sex Appeal Test takes you through the ten basic mistakes most guys make when they're approaching a girl. Most men could easily have all the girls they want if they just knew how NOT to act with them.

The Sex Appeal Test isn't hard to do, but you've got to have the guts to face up to some of the problems it may show you have with girls. Don't worry, there is nothing that can't be corrected in just one day. **THINK OF IT. ONE DAY YOU'RE GETTING KNOCK-BACKS, THE NEXT YOU'RE GETTING A BIG HELLO!** But you're not going to get anything if you don't start correcting the error of your ways TODAY!

THE BEHAVIOUR MODIFICATION SELF-CORRECTING SYSTEM

Let's face it, if a girl walked up to you at work or in a pub and said "Umph... excuse me, but you're a terrific looking guy... I'd like to 'er, maybe we could 'um... I mean would you like to go out to the movies or sumptin?"

You'd think she was pretty dumb.

So the first thing we teach you in this revealing new book is HOW TO GET RID OF ALL THAT CORNY JUNK in your basic approach.

Remember a girl wants to sleep with a guy just as badly as you want to sleep with a girl. It's natural and we're going to show you how to bring it about naturally and easily. The Behaviour Modification Self Correcting System is an amazing program that can actually stop you before you make a basic mistake with a girl. You can start reaping its rewards the first day, but after a week or two you can expect to find your entire approach has been

There are approximately 1,000,000 sexy girls in Australia — why are YOU missing out? Find out TODAY!



Research on four continents shows men make the same 10 basic mistakes when approaching the opposite sex.

If you think you're going OK, you would still do yourself an enormous favour by owning this book. If your sex life isn't all honeysuckle and roses, then change it fast, order your copy of "Getting Girls", NOW.

DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK IF OUR SYSTEM DOESN'T WORK

That sounds cheeky and it is.

We know what we're doing and we know YOU can do it.

If, having put into practice the system we outline for you in "Getting Girls" your life-style and your sex rating doesn't improve dramatically then we'll send you our cheque for twice what you paid for this amazing book. If it doesn't help you meet enough girls in one year to last you a life-time, then we'll double your purchase money!

HOW CAN YOU POSSIBLY LOSE?

THE DAY THAT CHANGED YOUR LIFE

"Getting Girls" is an investment of just \$10. Pause for a moment and think about that. Ten bucks could change the rest of your life.

If you seriously want to find out why you are having trouble getting girls then send the coupon now. This could be the day that changed your life. If the system doesn't work for you, we'd be mighty surprised, but we'll happily refund double your money.

You can then go down to the pub and drown your sorrows alone. But you won't need to BECAUSE YOU CAN CONFIDENTLY EXPECT THIS SYSTEM WILL WORK FOR YOU. Then what?

There's a lot of fun ahead for you, that's what!

IF YOU WANT TO GET IT RIGHT ASK A GIRL WHO GETS PLENTY OF MEN

The Behaviour Modification Self Correcting System is based on Para-Scientific studies made over several years. The research was conducted in various parts of the world and only the positive findings used to write the program.

The methodology involved highly desirable girls with pretty faces and tempting bodies. All had one thing in common, they were constantly being approached by men for a date. They were all in a position to be very choosy indeed.

Your program was written from opinions expressed by these hundreds of girls on four continents who contributed to the research. One thing comes through plainly.

IT IS NOT HOW YOU LOOK THAT MATTERS IT IS HOW YOU ACT! Money (except with the wrong type of girl) won't get you into bed with a girl, but the right kind of care and attention during the evening out will. **IT'S ALL THERE, THE TEN BASIC MISTAKES YOU ARE PROBABLY MAKING AND THE IMMEDIATE CURE YOU CAN USE ON EVERY ONE OF THEM.**

POST COUPON NOW!

DEPT MF2, V-X Corporation,
514 Miller St., CAMMERAY, NSW, 2062.

Please rush "Getting Girls" and Sex Appeal Test in plain wrapper. If it doesn't get me enough girls in one year I may return the book for double my money back. I enclose cheque/money order/Bankcard authorisation for \$10 (which includes .70 cents for pack, post and insurance).

496

Cardholders signature

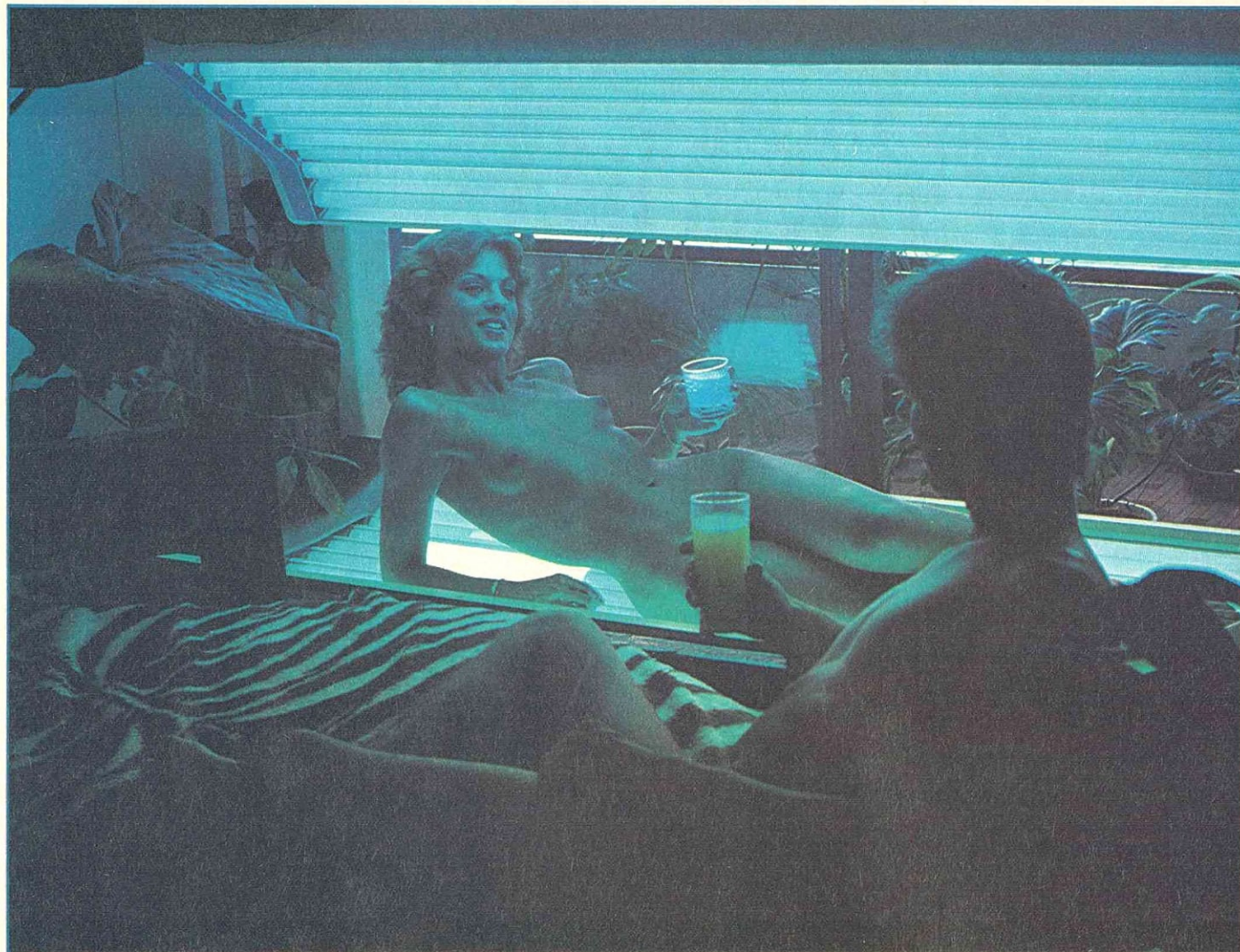
Expiry date

Mr
Address

.....P Code

Please allow 14 days for delivery

New Zealand: PO Box 2508 Christchurch



TANNING WITHOUT TEARS

Solariums to take the sting out of all-year tanning.

For many people, a beautiful body is a tanned body, and for years Australians have been using small, relatively crude sun lamps and faced exactly the same risks with the lamps as with natural sunlight — that overexposure could lead to dangerous burning and, as we have learned more recently, skin cancer.

But the development of filters to take the sting out of tanning has made artificial browning big business — and nowhere is it bigger business than in America and Australia, where more people have more chance to get out into more natural sunshine than anywhere else in the world.

In California, which has an estimated 300 days a year of sunshine, there were soon 1800 solariums doing a thriving business. All the vitamin D in the world showering down free like manna from heaven, and the Californians prefer to pay \$10 an hour to use a sunlamp.

Just in case you think we're too sane for that sort of thing to catch on here, consider this. Eighteen months ago the market for home tanning equipment was almost non-existent: now, Mel Bailey of Southern Sun Solariums estimates, it will be worth \$3 million over the next year.

It seems Australians are stripping off and leaping under the lights at an amazing rate, and it's not too hard to understand why. Firstly there is the convenience. Most of

us don't have the time to build up a deep tan from the sun even in summer, let alone to maintain it through winter.

The recommended initial treatment by UVA machine is six to eight hours, an hour a day, over about a fortnight. By this time, you will have a very substantial tan. You retain it with an hour a week after that.

Then there is the safety factor. UVA rays work "biosynthetically", which simply means there is no risk of burning. Many sunlamps produce a combination of rays, such as UVA for quick tanning, smaller amounts of UVB to build up resistance to natural sunlight and infrared for deep muscle treatment, so that care still needs to be taken.

Thirdly, ultraviolet radiation is a natural source of vitamin D. Apart from being good for the skin, vitamin D is known to increase resistance to infectious diseases and to be good for the nervous system.

Finally, what can make the difference for many people is that the newest solariums cost between \$750 and \$4000, so you don't have to be rich to afford one.

The two major suppliers of solariums in Australia are Southern Sun Solariums, which is based in Sydney but is opening branches in other capitals, and Sul Tan, also based in Sydney and which makes UVA machines here from imported parts.

The Bose® 901® Series IV: A new approach to room acoustics creates a major advance in performance.

It's well known that living room acoustics are a major factor in how any speaker will sound in your home. Recently, an ambitious Bose research program analyzed speaker performance in dozens of actual home listening rooms. The study showed that, while rooms vary greatly, their prin-

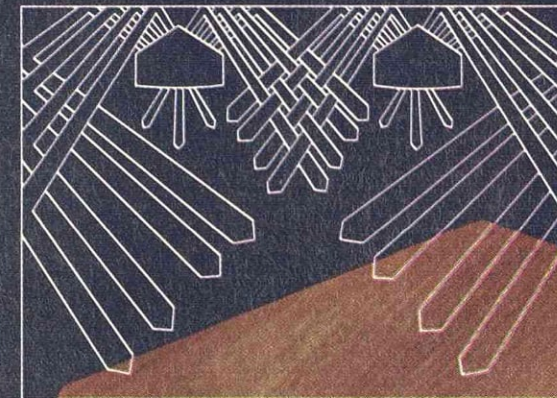
cipal effects can be isolated to specific types of frequency unbalances.

Based on this research, the electronic Active Equalizer of the new Bose 901® Series IV speaker system has been totally redesigned. New controls allow greater capability for adjustment of room factors

than conventional electronics, and make possible superb performance in almost any home listening room.

These new room controls also let us develop a basic equalization curve with no compromises for room effects, allowing still more accurate tonal balance. In addition, an important improvement in the design of the 901 driver makes possible even greater efficiency and virtually unlimited power handling.

These innovations combine with proven Bose concepts to create a dramatic advance in performance: in practically any listening room, with virtually any amplifier, large or small, the 901 Series IV sets a new standard for the open, spacious, life-like reproduction of sound that has distinguished Bose Direct/Reflecting® speakers since the first 901.



The 901 Series IV Direct/Reflecting speaker creates a life-like balance of reflected and direct sound.



BOSE®
The Mountain, Framingham,
Mass. 01701

Covered by patent rights issued and pending.

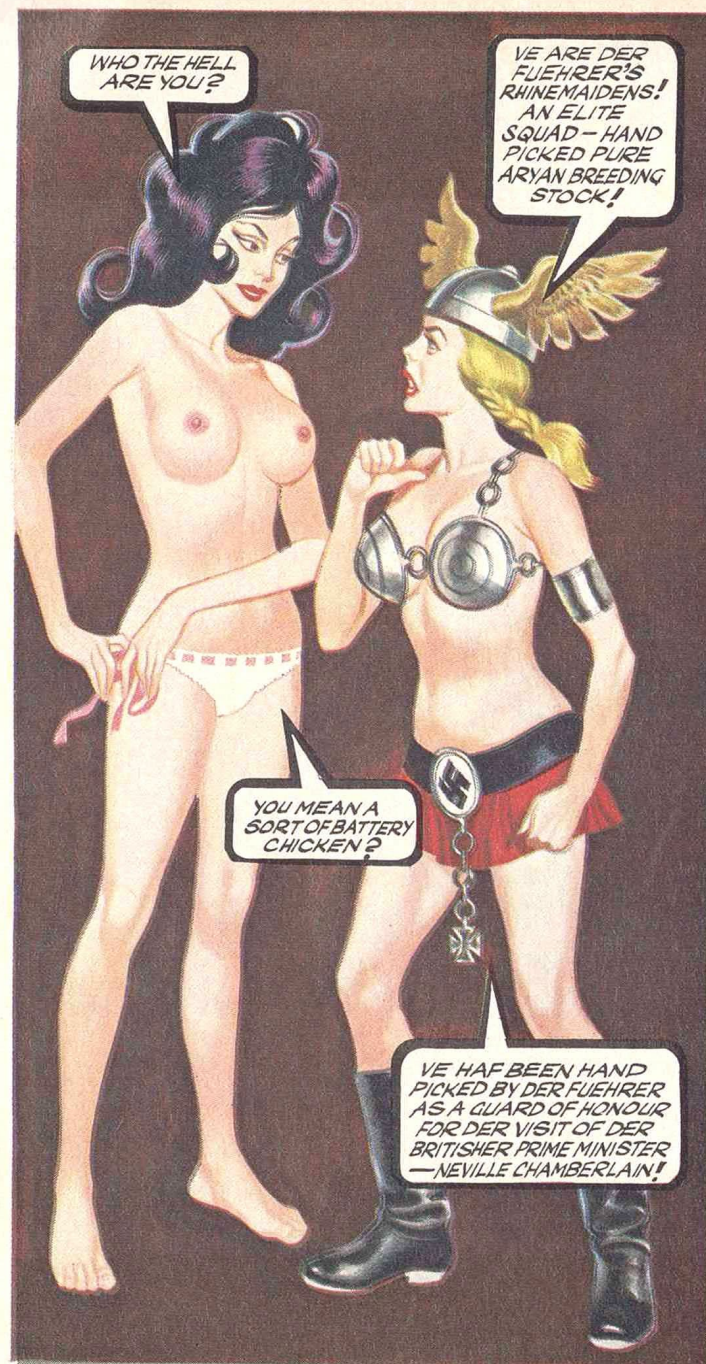
For further information on the world's most highly reviewed loudspeaker — write or phone
Bose Australia, 11 Muriel Ave, Rydalmere 2116 NSW. 684-1022 — 684-1255.

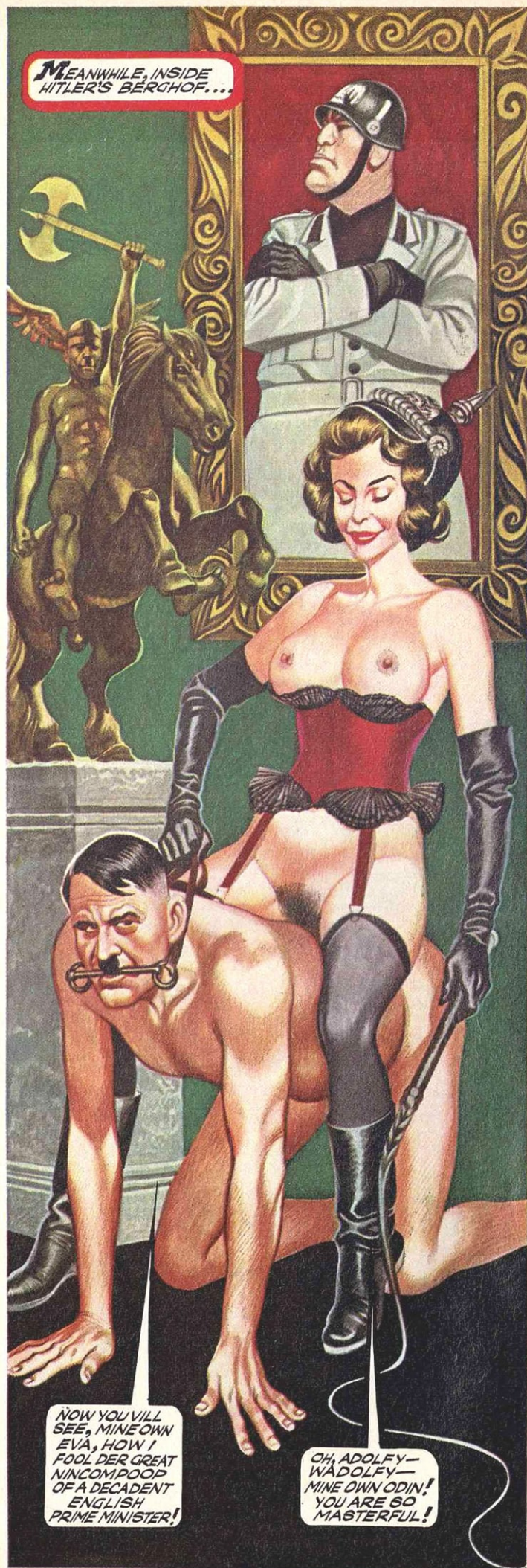
OH, WICKED WANDA!

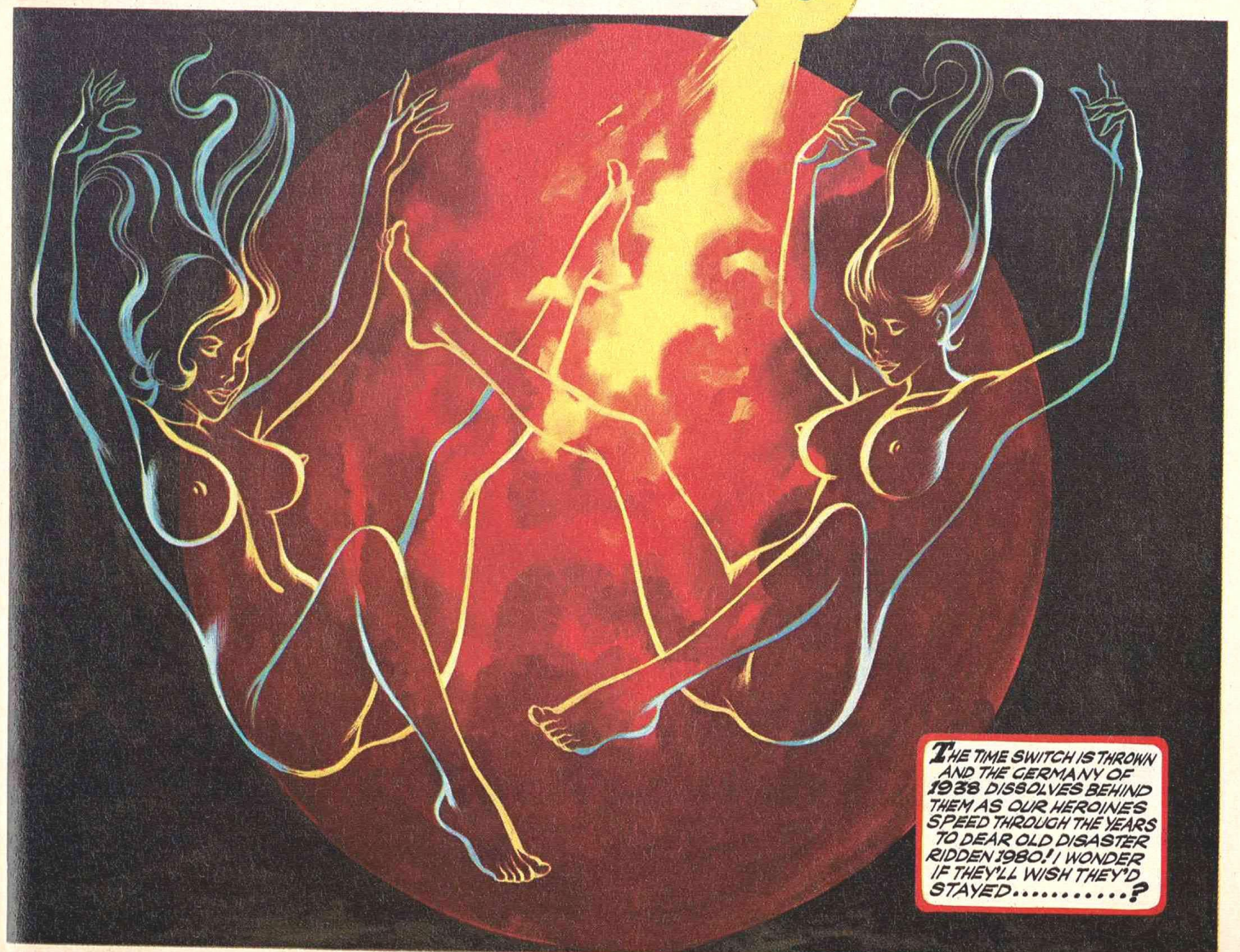
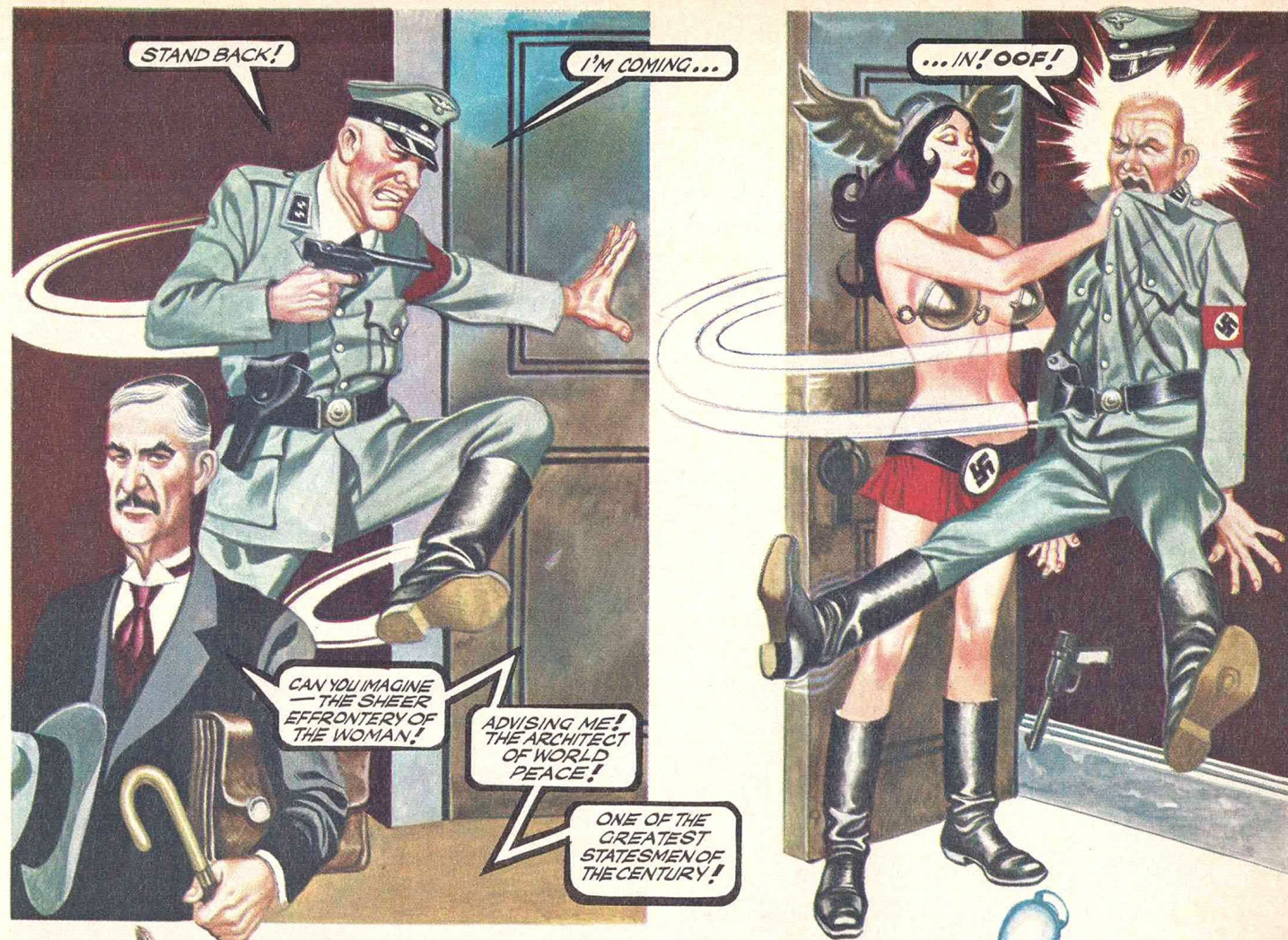


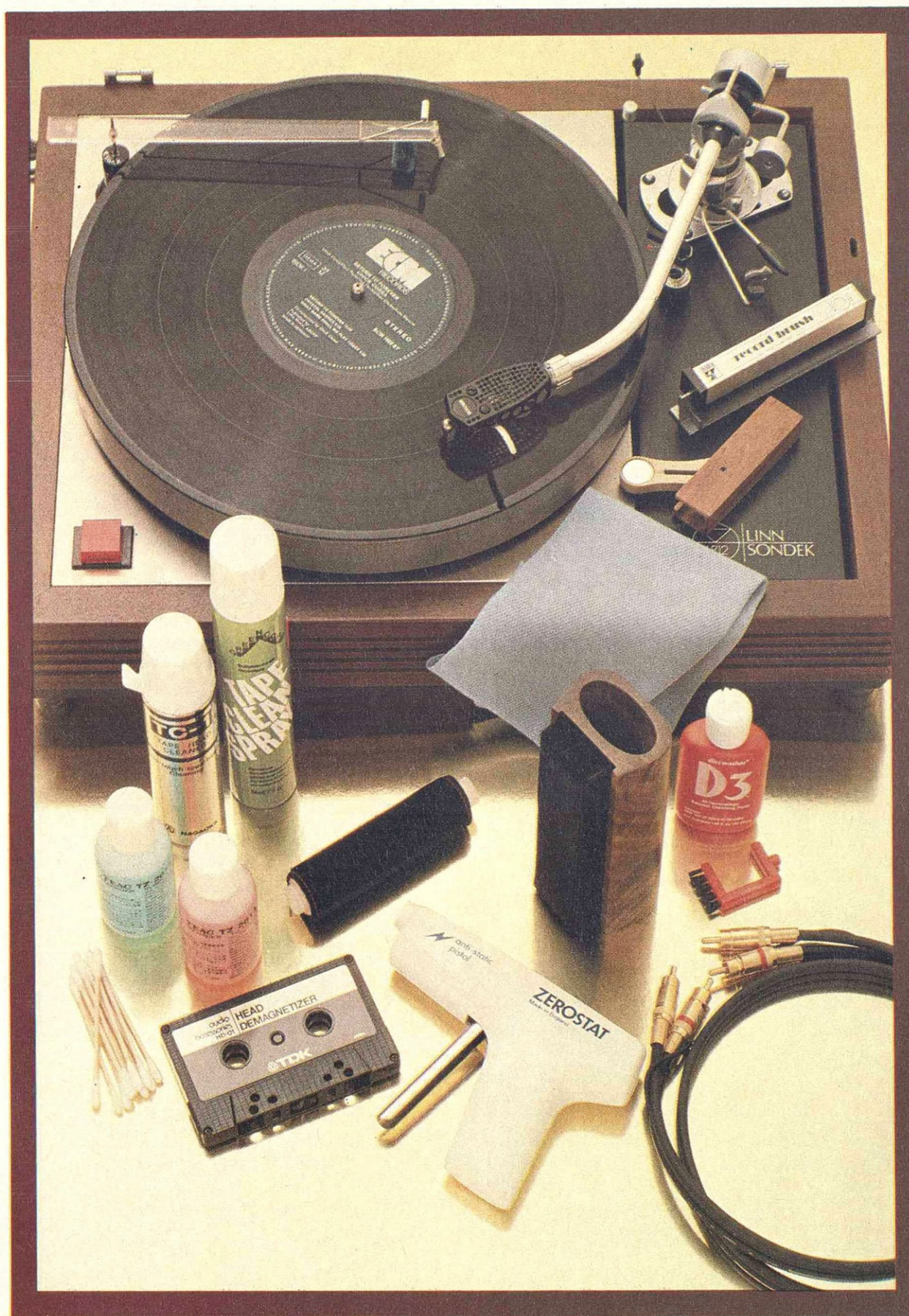
by FREDERIC MULLALLY and..... RON EMBLETON











Equipment supplied by Douglas-Hifi.

There are hundreds of items available to make your music system sound better and last longer.

SOUND INVESTMENTS

BY WAYNE ELMER

The quality and complexity of hi-fi systems has expanded at an enormous rate over the past five years. And during that time there has also been a quiet revolution on the accessories front. It was not so long ago that a record cleaning cloth was considered the be all and end all of essential accessories to a sound system. Today, the accessories field is strewn with literally hundreds of items designed to make your music system sound better, last longer or operate more conveniently. The range of products available is rather staggering, from the expensive and exotic graphic equalisers to humble antistatic record sleeves. And if hi-fi onepmanship is your game, can you really afford to be without a stylus-wear gauge or magnesium headshells? **SIGNAL PROCESSORS:** For any number of reasons that are outside the listener's control — poor record pressings, insufficient FM signal strength, unsatisfactory room acoustics — the quality of your system's sound can often be suspect and in need of specialised tailoring.

This is where the signal processor comes in. Its job is to take your system's original signal and process/doctor/tailor it in such a way that the music emanating from your speakers will sound superior as a result.

Signal processors can be conveniently divided into a number of categories.

Equalisers: The most common signal processor of all, the equaliser is an intricate tone control system designed to plug into your amplifier and supercede its bass/treble controls. JVC's SEA-20G Graphic Equaliser allows the owner to tailor his system's sound across seven audio bands (as opposed to the two bands offered by conventional bass and treble controls).

Audio Reflex's EQ1 is a more elaborate product, offering ten band control for each stereo channel, plus an assortment of filters and boosters. Other equalisers of varying complexity are manufactured by Amcron, Pioneer and SAE. And all of them allow the owner to modify the sound of his system for optimum response.

Dynamic range enhancers: During the recording process it is necessary to compress the dynamic range of the original material and this often results in the music being robbed of much of its dramatic impact. Products designed to compensate for such compression are now being offered by a range of manufacturers. The 1BX Expander by dbx is claimed to offer up to 50 percent

improvement in dynamic range and features a 10 LED display to monitor the extent of the expansion process. The company's 3BX unit is a more complex system offering expansion over three frequency ranges.

The advantage of this process is that if, for example, a bass drum triggers the expansion circuitry, the high frequencies aren't needlessly expanded as well. The Audio Reflex CE431 and Pioneer's RG-1 Dynamic Processor, which combines dynamic range expander with noise reduction circuitry, are also capable of significantly boosting your system's dynamic capabilities.

Noise reduction units: The aim of these products is to help eliminate hiss, rumble, clicks, and pops, while retaining the fidelity of the music. The dbx 128 is a two-way noise reducer as well as a dynamic range expander. It provides for a claimed 30dB of noise reduction across the entire frequency range and operates on a compression/expansion principle.

If clicking and popping noises from faulty records are a problem (and when aren't they!) then the SAE 5000 could be the answer. This impulse noise reduction system will help to reduce the incidence and amplitude of transient interferences caused by scratched records. While you should not expect the SAE 5000 or similar systems to eliminate all of the noises on inferior records completely, the units will go a long way toward making those previously unlistenable discs tolerable again.

Time delay systems: Alternatively known as ambience simulators, digital time delay units attempt to recreate, as far as possible, the acoustic ambience of the concert hall within the confines of your listening room.

Time delay units attempt to make up for the comparative deficiencies of your listening room by adding an element of delay into the music coming from your speakers. With a product such as the SAE 4100, the extent of that delay can be programmed so that your room can take the sound of a box or a stadium, or anywhere in between. Similar units are also manufactured by Advent, Audio Pulse and ADS.

The joys to be had from experimenting with the effects of signal processors are one thing, but their cost — from about \$250 to around three times that much — might put them out of the immediate interest of many listeners. The accessories chain does not stop at signal processors, however. There's a plethora of more affordable audio

Bottom row: Gold-ens connector cables, \$13; Zerostat antistatic pistol, \$23; TDK head demagnetiser cassette, \$25. Top row: Discwasher kit (2 brushes and fluid), \$18; Parostatik disc preener, \$3; Teac TZ head and rubber cleaners, \$5; Greencorp tape clean spray, \$2; Nagaoka TC-1 tape head cleaner, \$4. On turntable: Greencorp Discloth, \$1; stylus cleaner, \$8; Decca record brush, \$15; Audio-Technica tone arm safety raiser, \$19; Watts Dust Bug (on record), \$6. All prices approximate.

Me, and my Nikon.

Australia is a big country. I've seen, and photographed, more of it than most people and I've got to know its extremes, its dangers, its surprises and, of course, its beauty.

To photograph this incredible country, in the deserts, in the tropics, in the mountains, in the wilds and even in the bustling cities, I need to have equipment I can trust. Inbuilt ruggedness, reliability & accuracy.

My system is Nikon.

Nikon

Nobody cares
more about your image
than Nikon.

Distributed by
Maxwell Photo-Optics Pty. Ltd.,
a Bell & Howell Company.
Branches in all States.



Kathie Atkinson
Photographer
Australia

BHM972

accessories to be had which, in their own way, are no less crucial to your system than the most exotic signal controller. TURNTABLE AIDS: The turntable is the most problem-ridden of all stereo components and it receives plenty of attention from the accessories manufacturers. One of the most common and annoying causes for complaint from turntables is that of acoustic feedback.

The solution to this problem is to isolate your turntable from these sound vibrations. Moving your turntable into a room separate from your speakers would be one alternative, but an easier way out is to buy a set of audio insulators from either Discwasher or Audio-Technica. Simply place an insulator under each corner of the turntable, adjust them for correct horizontal operation, and you're away... and so's the acoustic feedback.

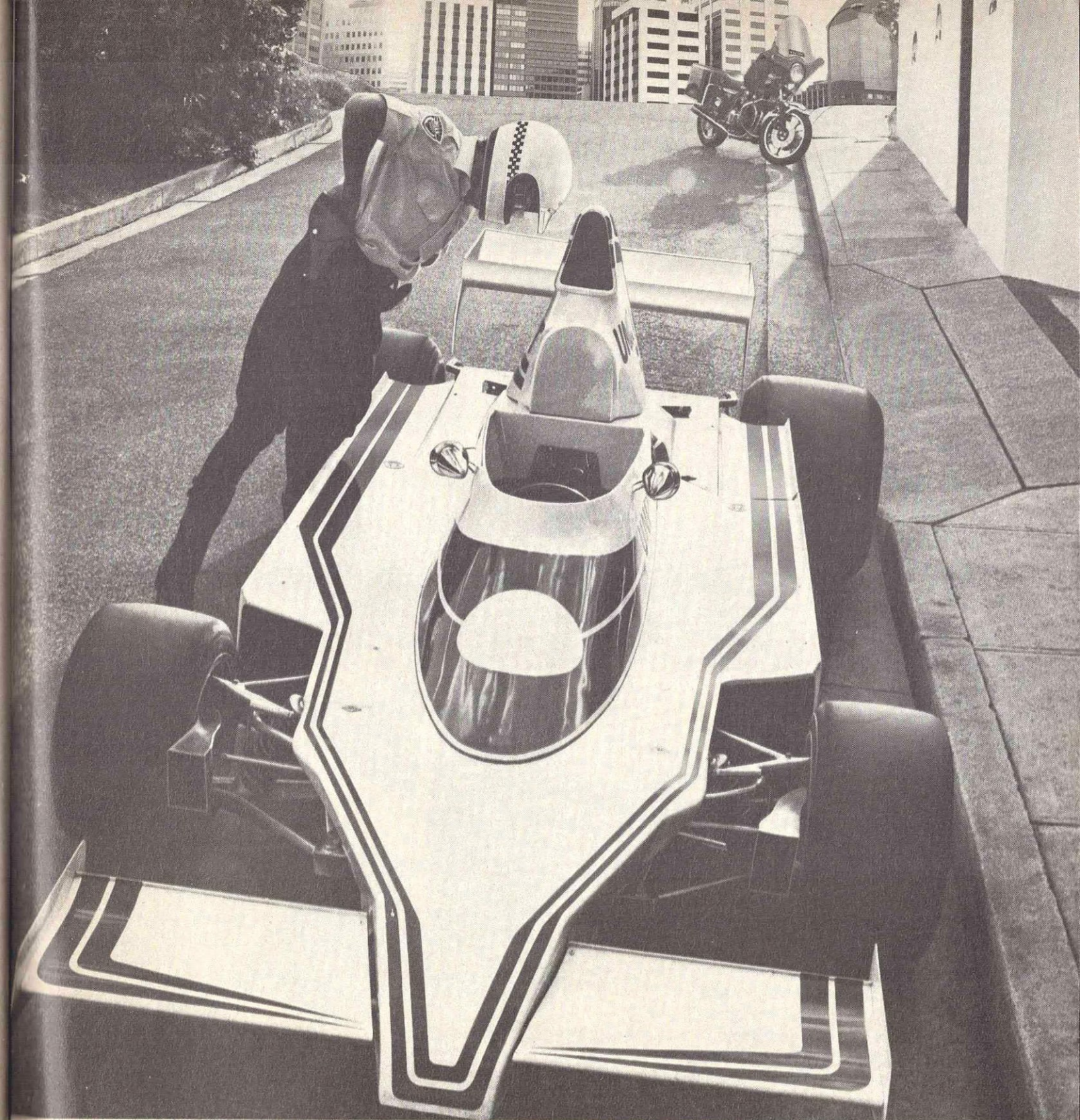
Warped records will also cause vibrations that will resonate into the audible frequency range. And if the warps are severe enough, they will cause your cartridge to mistrack. You can rectify the problems caused by warpage with either the Mitchell Record Clamp or the Nagaoka GL601 MkII. Both are specially designed weights that sit over the centre of the disc, exhibiting enough downward force to iron out the buckles.

Another source of pops and crackles is static build-up on discs. To overcome this problem, you could try the D-Stat II anti-static mat which is designed to replace the standard rubber mat.

Static can also be negated in another somewhat dramatic fashion, by using a static gun. Point the weapon — either the Zeepa Static Eliminator or the Zerostat — at the offending record and squeeze the trigger. The pistols — piezoelectric contraptions that emit millions of positive ions when you pull the trigger, and a similar number of negative ions when you release it — will deal a death blow to even the most hardy static charges.

A turntable wouldn't be much without a tonearm, and similarly, the accessories market wouldn't be complete without products designed specifically for the arm/cartridge combination. Currently being marketed by Nagaoka is a range of magnesium and aluminium headshells that are essential for the enthusiast who desires the tracking qualities that are only to be delivered by ultra low-mass arm/cartridge combinations.

Invariably, such combinations feature a purely manually operated tonearm. And, as anyone who has ever used such an arm is aware, the things are a damn nuisance when they reach the run-out grooves of a record. There they sit with an agonising ker-thump, ker-thump, ker-thump, until you rise from your chair and lift the arm and stylus. Which is why the Audio-Technica Safety Raiser and the Thorens Q-Up are such handy products — easily installed devices that lift the



THE LIMITED EDITION TR-7 AS THE LAW SEES IT.

One look at the limited edition TR-7 and you may think we're trying to pull a fast one on the constabulary.

The limited edition TR-7 looks exactly like the racing edition TR-7, currently being raced by the likes of Bond and Morris.

Same spoked alloy wheels. Same sports steering wheel. Same arresting stripes.

And undercover, the same race and rally proven motor.

Inside, the limited edition TR-7 is

dressed for racy action of a different kind.

With a powerful, all-enveloping radio/cassette sound system, reclining seats and sneaky touch control interior lights.

The crowning glory is the price.

You certainly won't have to rob a bank to buy one which, by the way, is precisely why you'll have to be quick to nab one.

The limited edition TR-7 is strictly limited in number.

While there may not be enough to go around, there'll be enough to keep the law on their toes.



FOR THE NAME OF YOUR NEAREST TRIUMPH DEALER, PHONE (REVERSE THE CHARGE IF YOU LIKE): SYDNEY: MR. G. KENDALL, TRIUMPH CARS, 332-342 OXFORD ST., BONDI JUNCTION 2022. PH: (02) 387 4233. MELBOURNE: MR. T. CAVANAGH, TRIUMPH CARS, 2161 PRINCES HWY, CLAYTON NTH. 3168. PH: (03) 547 6611. ADELAIDE: MR. H. GARF, TRIUMPH CARS, 575 SOUTH RD., REGENCY PARK 5010. PH: (08) 268 3333. BRISBANE: MR. J. TAIT, TRIUMPH CARS, 1709 IPSWICH RD., ROCKLEA 4106. PH: (07) 277 4111. PERTH: MR. J. MILLS, TRIUMPH CARS, 6 FORGE ST., WELSHPOOL 6106. PH: (09) 451 6000. LA5206PL/PE/FMMH

The Penthouse Lifestyle

SUBSCRIPTIONS: Have your copy mailed each month (National edition in Victoria and Queensland). Cost is \$30 for 12 months.

BACK COPIES, BINDERS: Keep your *Penthouse* collection up-to-date and in an *Australian Penthouse* binder. Back copies are available for \$2.50 per single copy post paid. Six-issue binders are \$5.50, with \$2 for postage and handling for each order regardless of number.

You won't be disappointed

NIGHTSHIRTS, T-SHIRTS

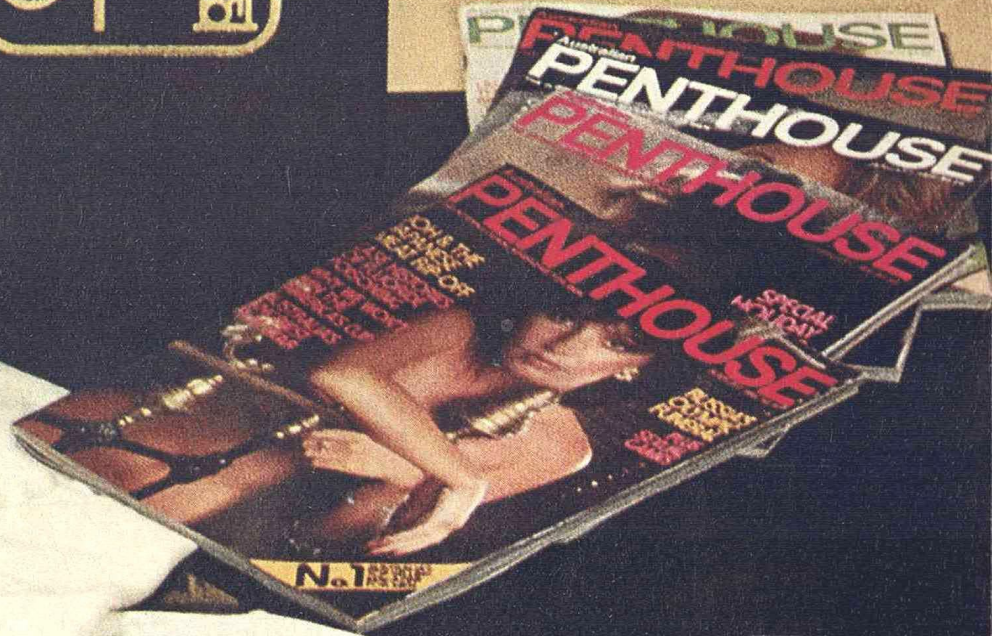
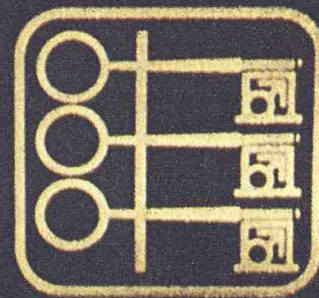
New messages on a top quality T-Shirt: "I'm no rabbit" in men's sizes only joins "More than just a pretty face" in women's sizes. Nightshirts in men's and women's size and featuring the cheeky cap carry the "You won't be disappointed" message. For prices see order coupon.

JEWELLERY

The famous *Penthouse* key, symbol of a life style. Available in gold, silver and gilt. Plus the discreet *Penthouse* anklet — a gold plated silver key on a gilt chain. For prices see order coupon.

NEW! 1981 DIARY

Keep up-to-date with the 1981 *Australian Penthouse* Diary and Good Living Guide. Features top restaurants in all capitals, wine vintage guide, world times, taxi phone numbers in all capitals, night spots etc. A great gift idea but hurry because stocks are limited. \$4.95 plus 55c postage and handling.



I'm no rabbit!

More than just a pretty face...

You won't be disappointed

OFFICIAL ORDER FORM: Post to Penthouse Mail Order, GPO Box 4084, Sydney, NSW, 2001. Allow 21 days for delivery.

NUMBER	TOTALS
☐ 1981 Diary and Good Living Guide @ \$4.95 plus 55c post.....	\$.....
☐ Subscription @ \$30 for 12 months.....	\$.....
☐ Back copies @ \$2.50 each. Attach list of dates.....	\$.....
☐ Binders @ \$5.50 plus \$2 post for each order.....	\$.....
☐ Women's T-shirts in sizes 8 ☐ 10 ☐ 12 ☐ 14 @ \$7.50 each.....	\$.....
☐ Men's T-shirts in sizes S ☐ M ☐ L ☐ XL @ \$7.50 each.....	\$.....
☐ Nightshirts in men's ☐ women's @ \$12.50 each.....	\$.....
☐ Gold keys @ \$295 ☐ Silver keys @ \$55.50.....	\$.....
☐ Gilt keys @ \$16.95 ☐ Anklets @ \$27.50.....	\$.....
I enclose my cheque/money order for \$....., or please debit my Diners Club ☐ American Express ☐ Bankcard ☐	

A/c No.

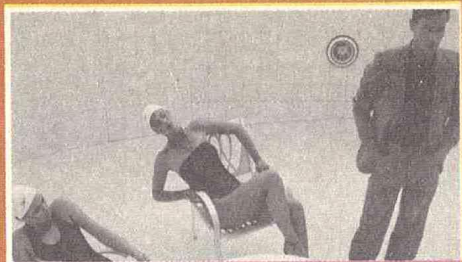
Signature.....

Name.....

Address.....

Order not valid unless signed

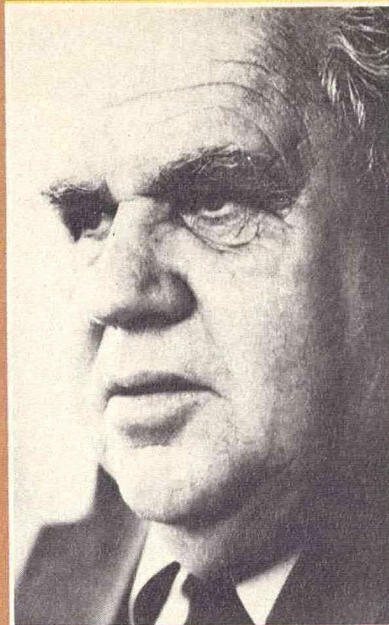
COMING IN NOVEMBER AUSTRALIAN PENTHOUSE



Summer Fashion



Still Life With Woodpecker



Russ Hinze

The Amazing Russ Hinze — Queensland's Police Minister is now the most likely heir to the Peanut Throne when Joh finally calls it quits. But Hinze is a big man and his fame extends way beyond the borders of the Deep North. Frank Robson examines the boots and all political style of the man who advocates public castration for rapists.

The World According To Koko — At nine years of age, a gorilla named Koko is believed by some researchers to be the world's smartest living animal — an animal who can not only think and understand but who has learned to "talk". Writer Gary Hanauer, with the help of Koko's trainer, Penny Patterson, conducted a series of interviews with this extraordinary animal, recording her thoughts on love, life and death.

Still Life With Woodpecker — According to its author this is "sort of a love story that takes place inside a pack of Camel cigarettes". You could dismiss that description as full moon madness or whatever you like, except that the author is Tom Robbins and *Woodpecker* is his new book. If you like the inspired craziness and simple wisdom of *Another Roadside Attraction* and *Even Cowgirls Get The Blues*, you're going to love our extract.

Lang Hancock Interview — In an era when most issues confidently regarded by our forefathers as simple black or white have merged into depressingly confused shades of grey, mining magnate Lang Hancock marches to the sound of a different drum, quite certain that he is the only one in step. At 71, Hancock is a man of contradictions, far-sighted yet tunnel-visioned, intelligent yet devoid of tact, an advocate of individual freedom yet intolerant of any viewpoint other than his own. This interview with Perth-based *Penthouse* writer Dennis Hancock is the most revealing look yet at the king of the Pilbara.

The Invisible Killers — For the momentary convenience of being able to thaw a frozen pie in 15 seconds, Australians are bringing into their kitchens an appliance that, scientists claim, can cause heart attacks, blindness, sterility and deformities in unborn children. Timothy Hall examines the dangers of microwave technology.

Summer Fashion — Wendy Adnam presents a poolside preview of cool clothes for the hot days ahead.

Malcolm Johnston Profile — Australia's best-known jockey has never won the Melbourne Cup, just lost the jockey's premiership and is laughing all the way to the bank. Owen Thomson reports.

manual arm off the record at the end of play.

While some of the more exotic turntables now have built-in stylus timers featured, an add-on device is made by Stanton that will keep track of stylus wear and thus help prevent damage to records caused by a worn stylus.

RECORD AND TAPE CARE: The enemy of all records is dust. And the range of products designed to reduce the build-up of dust and other muck from the surface of records is quite awesome: fluids and films and preeners; pads and sprays and tissues; rollers and arms and brushes.

All have one aim in common: to eliminate grime. Some do this automatically, by traversing the record via a separate arm attached to the base of the turntable. Best known of such devices is the Watts Dust Bug, but Nagaoka also market an extensive range of cleaning arms.

But don't just stop at the cleaning of your records — your stylus will need the same attention. The Discwasher SC1 Stylus Cleaner used with the company's D3 Cleaning Fluid will do the job nicely.

Although cassette tapes require less care than records, the heads of your cassette deck will require specific and continuing attention. The heads will need to be demagnetised at regular intervals (according to how frequently you use your machine). To do this you'll need either a mains or battery powered demagnetiser, such as the TDK HD-11, or the TDK HD-01 which takes the shape of a cassette. Simply load the HD-01 into the cassette well, press the play button and, presto!, instant demagnetisation.

You have to keep the heads clean, too, and to do this you can draw on any number of liquid cleaners. But more convenient are head cleaning kits (by Ampex, Memorex and TDK for example) which, again, take the shape of a cassette.

So far, we've looked at accessories that electronically adjust the output signal of your system and those that improve the sound by removing extraneous vibrations, warps, static, dirt and so on. But there's still more.

Concerned about damaging your expensive new speakers by pumping them with too much power? Then grab a Nexus Speaker Protector Mk II. This component is hooked up between the amplifier and the speakers and once in place can be set for specific power handling capacities. And for the man who has everything, there's a set of gold-plated, high conductivity, low corrosion connector cables.

And finally, for those listeners with inquisitive minds, comes the Realistic Sound Level Meter. It will — over a 60 to 126dB range — record precisely how loud your system is playing. But believe me, if your system is running at 126dB, you don't need a fancy accessory to tell you that that's loud. Damn loud.

Now, the sleeker Celica.



Coupe or Liftback...the choice is yours.

Take a look at the aggressive, chiselled lines of the new front styling. The power of the four new rectangular halogen headlights. The sophistication of the tinted glass, new 185/70 HR14 radial ply tyres and black urethane bumpers. Liftback has a little more luxury and carrying space, with a wide, high-lift third door. But with both Coupe and Liftback you have a new Celica even sleeker than before.

If you think it looks good, wait till you drive it. Test drive Celica today.

TOYOTA AIR by Nippondenso is an optional extra.

TOYOTA

See how much car your money can buy.

AMF 6187

A full-page background image of a cowboy with a beard, wearing a white cowboy hat, a red long-sleeved shirt, and a dark vest, riding a dark brown horse. The horse is in mid-air, jumping over a rocky river. Water is splashing around the horse's legs. The background is a lush, green, hilly landscape.

Come to Marlboro Country.

Now the world's
No.1 selling cigarette.

